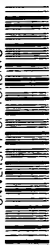


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# REVELATIONS OF SPAIN

IN 1845.

BY

AN ENGLISH RESIDENT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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## EDITOR'S PREFACE.

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AT a period when public attention has been so strongly attracted by Spain and Spanish affairs, and when the changes and revolutions which have occurred in that singular country are still unaccounted for and incomprehensible to the vast majority of Englishmen, no prefatorial apology can be deemed necessary for the present volumes. The want has for some time been felt of a book, which, while conveying to its readers an accurate account of the changes above alluded to, should also afford them abundant data by which to form their own judgment as to the causes, immediate and remote, of those changes. A sound opinion on so intricate a subject could not be formed without an accurate knowledge of the institutions of Spain, and of the Spanish character as it really is, and not as popular error and prejudice, or superficial observers, have frequently portrayed it.

In these volumes the above conditions have, it is believed, been amply fulfilled. The result of no partial tour or hurried passage through the Peninsula, but of the residence for several years in that country of

an intelligent man, gifted with great powers of observation, and ample opportunities of observing, there is scarcely any subject of interest connected with Spain and its inhabitants that the author has not handled in detail. The country under all its aspects, and the people, in all the phases of their contradictory and bizarre character, pass before our eyes: Spain fighting and feasting, pronouncing and fraternizing; Spain in the circus and in the senate-house, torturing bulls, and baiting ministers; Spain in its hours of mad folly, and its rare moments of reflection. Where it has been necessary to go back into Spanish history, in order to make matters of to-day more intelligible, it has been done; as in the chapters on the Camarillas, where the rise and progress of that illicit appendage of Government are traced from its first appearance in the remote days of the early Spanish kings, and through all its vicissitudes, until it is found unabated and flourishing under the fostering care of a Christina.

The absence of the author from England has unavoidably caused the correction and revision of his work to be committed to other hands, and this circumstance must form the excuse for any verbal or other inaccuracies which may have escaped the editor's notice.

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# REVELATIONS OF SPAIN.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE FALL OF ESPARTERO.

THE events of the year 1843, in Spain, have been of so very extraordinary a character, and the principle of representative government in the Peninsula has been tried by such severe and unusual tests, that the social and political state of that remarkable country seems at no previous period to have claimed a more attentive interest.

The springs of society have been stirred from their depths; the pillars of the Commonwealth rudely shaken; order subverted, and laws defied; the executive Chief of the State has been exiled and deposed; a child has been raised to the exercise of sovereignty before the period recognised by the Constitution; a Minister, after six days' tenure of power, has been expelled from office by a Palace-plot, and like the Regent five months before, been obliged to fly for his life; Parliament has been summarily closed, its scrutiny contemptuously evaded,

its functions audaciously usurped ; the heads of the popular party have been thrown into dungeons without warrant ; the lives of numerous citizens forfeited without trial ; the Sovereign has been brought forward in an indecent attitude, and a military government, or the lawless rule of dishonest civilians, established. In such a phase of society, in so dire an agony of political systems, the character of the people must have presented, to an observer on the spot, some novel and singular features ; and the violent paroxysms through which the country has passed, must awaken some public curiosity as to the national vitality which has preserved it. My testimony is that of an eye-witness ; it may not be penetrating, but it is at least impartial.

The early part of the year was spent, under the ministerial presidency of the Marquis of Rodil, in parliamentary struggles between the Regent Espartero and the majority of the Deputies in Congress. The bulk of his own Progresista party was gradually alienated from the Regent's side ; the Minister persisted for a time, in spite of his lost majority, and a crisis was fast approaching. The day on which the Lopez Ministry was formed, was the memorable 9th of May. The new Administration immediately presented to the Regent a project of amnesty, by which the Moderados, banished for the daring attempt on the Palace, in October 1841, were to be permitted to return to Spain. The Duke of Victory regarded this project with feelings of the most determined aversion, and beheld in it a design to compromise his position, and sap the foundations of his power. The

bitter enmity of the military chiefs and politicians whom this measure would bring back to Madrid, was not disguised or doubted. It was an intense hatred and unmeasured hostility; for the victims who had fallen through a mistaken loyalty, whom Espartero sternly sacrificed, more, perhaps, as an example than in revenge,—Léon and Montés de Oca, Borso and Quiroga, Fulgosio and Frias, Boria and Gobernado,—were deeply and indelibly remembered.

The Regent therefore regarded the design for the Moderados' recall as a personal blow. But the nation was undoubtedly disposed for the amnesty, and the popularity of Espartero was forfeited. His very army was averse to the further exclusion of these, their former comrades, whose three years of exile were held to be an ample punishment; while the list of executions, transcribed above, appeared to be a sufficient expiation. It would have been nobler, doubtless, and more politic in Espartero, to have given a graceful consent to the amnesty; disaffection would have been disarmed of its strongest weapons, and opposition would have worn the look of ingratitude. The most powerful foot cannot trample down human feeling, and a silken cord may lead what adamantine fetters will not bind. Espartero, who would probably still be Regent had he chosen a wise course, preferred a stubborn resistance; and the Progresista leaders had no friendly feelings for one who had excited amongst them dissensions and jealousies, who governed with but slight reference to their wishes, and excluded all but a few favourites from the practical management of affairs. The amnesty was therefore

made a paramount question, by which ministers would stand or fall. Unfortunately, too, for Espartero, it was a question essentially popular, a question sacred to human liberty. The expatriated Moderados were homeless and penniless wanderers; "peace and union amongst Spaniards" was a formidable watchword and rallying cry, and the feelings of many Progresistas, as well as of all the Moderados in the country, were sincerely enlisted in the cause.

The extent of the amnesty its import, and tendency, were by no means of a sweeping or dangerous character: the project, on the contrary, was restricted and statesmanlike. It merely conceded to those who were in a position to partake of its benefits, the rights, protection, and security guaranteed to every Spaniard by the Constitution; it granted what it was difficult longer to deny, and was at once both just and generous on the part of the nation towards a number of unfortunate exiles, powerful only as long as they were oppressed, whom it was neither unwise nor undignified to recall, when peace was firmly re-established. The measure involved no peril to the State, for it accorded to the amnestied no social or political importance, and gave to the Moderados no preponderance in its councils. It simply declared that the Government was empowered to employ, if it thought fit, civilians and military men who had previously held public situations.

The question of conceding this employment was reserved for a consideration of individual circumstances, and a government acting with ordinary prudence could easily avert contingent danger.

But the amnesty was scornfully rejected by the Regent; and his private secretary, Linage, was employed to communicate with the Ministry in a way which, significantly evincing his master's chagrin and displeasure, was pronounced to be entirely unconstitutional, and gave deep offence to the Progresista leaders. The dismissal of Linage, Zurbano, and others, a sort of military Camarilla, was called for; the severe requisition was proudly refused. The Lopez Ministry was itself dismissed, and in direct opposition to the Chamber of Deputies, where that Ministry had a large majority. Don Gomez Becerra, the President of the Senate, was called to the head of a new administration. Then was immediately formed that powerful coalition of the Moderado and Progresista interests, which had for its object the removal of Espartero from the Regency, and called itself the Parliamentary party. Soon after, and in consequence, took place the Pronunciamiento of Reus in Catalonia, which flew to Barcelona and Valencia, and was instantly followed by all the provinces in succession. Revolutionary juntas sprang up like mushrooms in a night. As if a train of gunpowder had been laid over Spain, town after town rose in rapid succession; the aspect of affairs was changed as if by magic; and instantaneously the whole Peninsula was in a blaze. God was invoked to save the Queen and the country, and the restoration of the Lopez Ministry was peremptorily demanded.

Spaniards are imperfectly acquainted with the more refined machinery of representative government; and for a series of pronunciamientos, revolts, and out-

breaks, which, to the world at large, have appeared inexplicable, an abundant excuse to Spanish minds was to be found in the Constitution itself. The oath taken by both Sovereign and Regent, under the Constitution of 1837, is an express invitation to the people to canvass the royal acts, and rebel against any one of these which to their judgment appears illegal. This oath was taken by Espartero in 1840, and by Queen Isabel in November last:—"I swear by God and by the holy evangelists that I will keep and cause to be kept the constitution of the Spanish monarchy, promulgated in Madrid on the 18th of June, 1837; that I will keep and cause to be kept the laws, attending only in what I shall do to the good and profit of the nation. If, in what I swear, or in any part thereof, I shall do the contrary, I am not to be obeyed, but that wherein I so contravene shall be null and of no effect. So God assist me and be my defence!" Here, then, is a direct invitation to every Spaniard to "pronounce" when he thinks proper—for private judgment is distinctly authorised. Nay, more, the individual opinion is to become at once an armed resistance; for the same Constitution says—and it is engraven on stone in the centre of every town:—"Every Spaniard is bound, at his country's call, to defend the Constitution with arms in his hands."

It requires little to decide the Peninsular reformer to rush to the public square and make a new revolution. At times, he is so quick about it that *he forgets to put on his shoes*; a fact surprising to our Northern natures, but familiar to all who have witnessed an



alboroto\* in Madrid, Barcelona, or Seville. A dozen *vivas*, the beat of a drum, three steps in advance—it is done! But this supposes a previous preparation of the minds of the multitude—and the multitude was now prepared. Espartero's power was completely undermined; his hold on the popular sympathies, lost: right or wrong, he was individually and strongly opposed to the majority in parliament. The people does not fine-draw, the people is no sophist, the people understands not subtle political distinctions. It saw the broad and striking fact, that Espartero sought to govern in opposition to the wishes of their representatives, and it rose against a dictator. It is easy to talk of French gold and of conspiracies in Paris, but you cannot bribe a nation. The conspiracy was a-foot—the gold was sent—the army was corrupted, but the people judged and acted for themselves; the municipalities declared against the Regent on what they deemed sufficient grounds; and, absurdly as his offences were exaggerated by the prism of political passion, it would be still more absurd to suppose that every city and town, every village and hamlet in Spain, pronounced against the idol of three years previous without substantial reasons, or at the beck of France. The Germanada, or Holy League of Cities, was the only antecedent parallel in history; and if that League was overcome and Spain reduced, it was by the genius of Charles V.

The flame leaped from town to town; the torch was borne with terrible speed—a speed that appalled the Regent's heart and froze him at Albacete. He

\* Emeute.

remained in La Mancha too long ; he went forth from Madrid too late. The Pronunciamenti was a Gorgon that turned him to stone ; perplexing intelligence rushed in from every side—he stood in cataleptic trance. The cry that went forth from Reus (which two queens afterwards visited because it was the first to plant the standard of rebellion) was caught up by turbulent Barcelona ; it awoke the congenial spirit of Catalan rebellion ; it reverberated along the Pyrenees ; it passed over that proud and liberty-loving Aragon which Ferdinand annexed to Castile, and over that Navarre which he conquered ; from Zaragoza—unshaken after forty assaults by the French in the war of independence—to Pamplona, rising like a fortress over the banks of Arga. It strode from Toledo to Talavera, from Talavera to Badajos and Ciudad Rodrigo, on the confines of Portugal. It passed from Estremadura, where Charles V. died, to Valladolid, where Philip II. was reared, and Ferdinand and Isabella received the nuptial blessing. It penetrated to Logroño, to Soria, and to León, and resounded through the scholastic cloisters of Salamanca. It ascended the rugged mountains of Liebana ; it woke the echoes of the forests of Asturias, where the Moor could never penetrate, and where the noble Gothic race remained for eight centuries unconquered ; arousing wild Galicia and savage Finisterre, where the legions were dismayed by the vast extent of ocean, and on their return to Rome declared that they saw the sun sink in the western waters with terrible noise and majesty.

Granada, too, had its pronunciamentos, and its

conflicts between milicianos and soldiery. The national flag was hoisted on the red battlements of the Alhambra; the fiery torrent blazed over peaceful Andalucía. The kingdom of Iliberia felt the epidemic frenzy, and arose with an enthusiasm only short of Barcelona and Valencia. From the dragon's-blood orange grounds of Murcia, it passed to the lemon-groves of Almunecar; from the pomegranate huertas of sunny Malaga to the garden-plain of Córdoba; it flitted over the Elysian Fields of the ancients; it flew from the banks of the Guadalquivir, where Roderick lost the battle that won Spain for the Saracens, to the massive walls of Tarifa, where the first Saracen landed; it crossed the Southern Straits to Ceuta, and bounding backward, avoided the European Pillar of Hercules, where a Northern rider bestrides the couchant lion; but it entered San Roque, which Spanish jealousy to this day records as the "*civitas Calpensis*," and careered in triumph over the Campo of Gibraltar.

The standard of Castile waved at the same moment in rebellion from the summit of the magnificent Giralda of Seville and on the towers of the Alhambra—first planted there by Ferdinand the Holy when he wrested Seville from the Moors, and by Isabella the Catholic when she expelled them from Granada. Revolutionary juntas imitated in their mad enthusiasm the most impressive acts of ancient kings, and the thunderbolts of a blind fanaticism were hurled at the devoted Regent's head. The chiefs of the municipality, the civil and military functionaries, were gathered together beneath the majestic roof of

the cathedral of Seville, and in front of the golden altar the Canon Capáro swore them on the cross to die, if needful, in defence of the city, but never to surrender; while prayers were addressed in a hundred churches to the Virgin Lady of Anguish for the triumph of the national cause. To show what enthusiasm will accomplish: when in the middle of the bombardment three convents were burning, struck by Van Halen's shells, the nuns rushed forth into the streets, "Virgins of the Lord," as they were styled in the municipal proclamations, and calling on the inhabitants by the name of brothers, said they were prepared to endure all, so the tyrant Espartero was not suffered to enter. "The tyrant Espartero!" Such is the force of words. What knew these nuns of party politics? What of the secrets of party intrigue? But the torrent of words had carried them away with the rest of their countrymen—the vertigo had reached their cloisters.

Narvaez and Concha, Pezuela and O'Donnel, lost no time, upon their arrival in the South-eastern ports from France, by connivance of its government, but at once proceeded with extraordinary energy to carry into operation their preconceived design. One placed himself at the head of the revolution in Castile, another proceeded to raise Andalucía, a third repaired to Navarre, while Narvaez himself, the master-spirit of the enterprise, set out with a handful of troops from Valencia, and raising the siege of Teruel, struck the first blow and gained the first success, which here, as ever, was half the battle; while the Regent remained for weeks in unaccountable apathy

at Albacéte. Every hour of unworthy delay was recorded in pronunciamientos and desertion. Fresh troops repaired to Narvaez's triumphant standard; he marched into Aragon, extended the revolt through that kingdom, and was joined by all but its capital. The Regent, benumbed and paralysed, still lay at Albacéte! Narvaez, who shone with the very qualities which Espartero wanted, unhesitatingly marched on Madrid, effected his junction with Aspiroz, encountered the united troops of Seoane and Zurbano at Torrejon, fought the memorable but bloodless battle in which bullets were exchanged for dishonouring embraces, and entered the metropolis of Spain.

Meanwhile Serrano and Mazarredo held possession of Barcelona and the Catalan territory: the Regent, roused at last into action, united his troops to those of Van Halen, and proceeded to lay siege to Seville. Open as this extensive city was before them, with its low and serrated Moorish wall, Van Halen's batteries were entirely inadequate to its reduction; and motives of humanity, with probably a consciousness that the die was cast against him, withheld the Regent from taking it by assault. Meanwhile the news of the capture of Madrid spread with the accustomed rapidity of events of the first magnitude, like widening circles on the ocean. It reached Zaragoza, and Zaragoza (the last city but one that remained faithful), pronounced against the Regent; it reached Seville and struck him as with palsy. He retired on Alcalá, he passed through Utrera, he fled through Xerez, at every step deserted by fresh sections of his troops; he reached Port St. Mary's, hotly pursued by Concha

and his men, embarked in a small fishing-boat, was taken on board the Spanish steamer *Betis*, and carried across the bay to her Britannic Majesty's ship *Malabar*, lying before Cadiz, which city (the last in Spain where he retained a party), pronounced against him as he was taken on board, and sailed, a broken man, for England.

“En fin,” says Sancho Panza, “bien dicen que es menester mucho tiempo para venir á conocer las personas, y qui no hay cosa segura en esta vida. Quien dijera que tras de aquellas tan grandes cuchilladas como Vuestra Merced dió, habia de venir por la posta y en seguimiento suyo esta tan grande tempestad de palos que ha descargado sobre nuestras espaldas?” “In fine, it has been well remarked, that much time is required to come to know persons, and that there is nothing certain in this life. Who would have said that, after those terrible sword-cuts which your Worship dealt about, there would come so rapidly in their train this great tempest of blows discharged upon our shoulders?”

The first pronunciamiento against the continuance of the Duke of Victory's power as Regent, took place on the 23d of May; and on the 30th of June he embarked at Cadiz, calling at Lisbon on his way to England: repulsed with unparalleled meanness by the Portuguese, but received by the British nation as became a magnanimous people.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE RISE OF NARVAEZ.

IT was classic ground that Narvaez trod, when he went forth from Valencia to march to the metropolis of Spain. At Murviédro, on the sandy plain which stretches to the Mediterranean, his path was skirted by the site of the ancient Saguntum, a city founded by Greeks, the ally of Rome, and under the tutelage of Hercules—a city which the brave Celtiberians of other days, after sustaining an eight months' siege, enveloped in a sheet of crackling flame, and perished there with their wives and daughters, rather than submit to the yoke of Hannibal. As Narvaez with his handful of troops passed through the modern town, they might have read on many a stone, picked up from the vanished ruins to furnish other walls, Phœnician and Latin inscriptions recording this oldest victim of *Españolismo*. When they raised the siege of Teruel in the burning summer, and made the cry of “Central Junta” triumphant in the province of that name, they bathed their throbbing temples in the lovely and mingling waters of Guadalavíar and Alhambra, rivers of romance, where the Cid bathed them of old when Alfonso banished him from the Castilian court; and from the steep acclivity bearing still the name of *Peña del Cid*, where the hero fixed his resting-place, they passed by Montalbo and the towers of

Toledo to the field of Torrejon de Ardoz, the birth-place of the fortunate Muñoz, where his father kept a snuff-shop; and a ten minutes' friendly conflict made Narvaez master of Spain.

A scene of the saddest interest was here witnessed, the only redeeming feature of this strange "*transaccion*." Disgusted with the vile betrayal of his troops, and dismayed at the results of this bargain-battle to the discipline of the Spanish army, Seoane, as the leading General of the Esparterist forces, proceeded to write a brief despatch to the Minister at Madrid, descriptive of these deeds of shame. He wrote but a few lines, in substance the same words which fell from the lips of Francis the First on the disastrous field of Pavia: "*Tout est perdu fors l'honneur*." And having written thus far, and conscious that to none but himself and a handful of officers, out of the whole army, could these words of pride apply, his feelings of grief, of shame, and agony, overmastered his soldierly heart, and he fell to the ground in an epileptic fit. For many hours he did not recover so as to be able to hold a pen—his aide-de-camp was obliged to conclude the despatch. But Seoane's sentence remained unfinished; and these words are enclosed in brackets, in the only official record of the engagement: "Here the General fell senseless." His soldiers preferred the proverb, "*Una hora de vida es vida*."\*

There is one Homeric epithet of Mars, to which Espartero may assert his right amongst his countrymen—the only one which they are willing to accord him—that of "wall-battering," the bombardier of

\* An hour of life is life.



cities. Barcelona and Seville will live in the memory of Spaniards, as long as his defeat at Ayacucho in Peru ; and whatever his absolute rights, the recklessness of those assaults upon life and property, and the indifference to the preservation of the noblest monuments of Spain, will be as indelibly engraven on their minds as the loss of Calais on the heart of the consort of one of their kings, our own Queen Mary. I do not approve this feeling—I believe that Espartero may in great part be justified. But such are Spaniards—I am recording prevalent impressions. The epithet "*heroica*" is undisputedly accorded to Valencia, because it was the first important city that pronounced against him, and because, threatened with all his forces, it resisted with the greater resolution ; and the defence of Seville will be exaggerated to all posterity, because his strength was broken against it, when on the holiest of cathedrals was unfurled, to flout him, the standard of St. Ferdinand.

The sliding-scale of Espartero's greatness was rapid, yet distinct in its stages. His fall resembled the bumps of a man descending the rugged front of an inclined precipice. It was not the tremendous crash of an instant after a well-fought field—the doom of a Roderick, a Richard, a Napoleon, but the little and bit-by-bit descent, after no fighting at all, from Madrid to Ciudad Real, from Ciudad Real to Albacete [here there was a pause in the scale], from Albacete to Córdoba, from Córdoba to Seville, from Seville to Port St. Mary's, and thence to the wide ocean. In this sliding scale of foiled ambition, which popular characters would do well to study, he fell from idolatry to enthusiasm, from enthusiasm to attachment, from

attachment to respect, from respect to indifference, from indifference to contempt, from contempt to hatred, and from hatred he fell into the sea! Yet, let justice be done him: he has left none behind him in Spain who can effectually perform the task to which he proved unequal; none that can ride *that* whirlwind and direct *that* storm. No Atlas is to be found. To have even been a Phaeton was famous.

The project of law upon which occurred the grand struggle between Espartero and his Parliament, represented by Lopez, would have really ensnared the expatriated Moderados. The hostility of these to Espartero, more especially of the military section, was intense, and the question was regarded by him as one of life or death. He surveyed it through the mists of Southern passion, with whose lines his long dark features are engraven. But it must never be forgotten, that to accede to the measure would have been to deprive these outlaws of their sting; and it was not difficult to anticipate,—what occurred soon after,—their opening a path to Madrid with their swords. Generosity would have been sound policy. The boon would have made hostile measures by Narvaez ungracious and unpopular, and would have neutralized the obvious charge against the Regent—a charge which cannot be evaded—of daringly setting himself in opposition to the will of his Parliament. It is the Lower Chamber whose voice in the formation of ministries must preponderate in a representative monarchy; and the dismissal of Lopez, the Deputies' nominee, and substitution of Becerra, the President of the Senate, was a marked slight to the more

popular and powerful House, which it is impossible to justify.

One of the most energetic, though characteristically quiet and unboisterous, of Espartero's opponents, throughout the period of his regency, was that estimable character, Martinez de la Rosa. He never could forgive the rudeness and severity of Queen Cristina's treatment, and has frequently compared Espartero to Cromwell; predicting even with great confidence, that the sway of the Spanish Regent would be shorter than that of the English Protector. Martinez de la Rosa's prediction has been fulfilled; for while the Lord Protector reigned but four years, Espartero was not suffered to finish three. Most certainly nothing short of the grossest exaggeration could institute a comparison between the Duke of Victory and Cromwell; but the circumstance is worth recording, as denoting how differently the same facts are regarded in Spain and in England: and I may likewise observe, that a halo has been thrown round Espartero in British eyes (in consequence of his having been presumed to be the advocate of British interests), of which neither in popular estimation, nor in the opinion of sound politicians, could I even discover a trace in Spain. The Spaniards laughed at him even in the meridian of his power, as they laugh at their saints and gods; and if you probed their bosoms deeper, you found that there was little respect for his person; that he was slightly spoken of as a gambler and a *roué*; that the notion of his military achievements was derided; and that he was regarded in no other light but as a lucky intriguer.

When in 1838, during the ministry of Count Ofalia, Espartero first became troublesome to Queen Cristina, and intimated his wishes that two of her Moderado Ministers should be dismissed, Martinez de la Rosa, who was one of the honorary councillors of state called to assist the Queen Regent with certain advice on that occasion, addressed her solemnly thus: "I recognise no law for the construction of cabinets but the will of your Majesty and the parliamentary majorities. General Espartero may place his resignation in your hands, and he then may raise the army. But for me, there is one thing superior to all other considerations—the dignity of your Majesty's throne. To yield to this requisition is to fling the crown out of the window!"

It is generally assumed in England, that Cristina fell in consequence of an assault upon municipal liberty, and that this was the only parliamentary question upon which she was then at issue with the Progresista party. But there was another, and a still more momentous question; for, contemporaneous with the project for nominating instead of popularly electing the municipal Alcaldes, was the fact, that the Cortes re-voted a portion of the tithes for the support of the clergy. This vote was more symptomatic of reaction than the project regarding the municipalities by which it was accompanied; and the immediate consequence was the movement of September 1840, and the withdrawal of Cristina into France. The sales of the remaining church property have been recently suspended; but there cannot be a doubt that an attempt to restore the property sold

would be followed by another and a bloodier revolution than any that has yet been witnessed.

The question of a triple and a parliamentary Regency, or one composed of parliamentary notabilities, having been decided against the wishes of a very large section of the Progresistas, and Espartero having been raised to the supreme authority with nothing but soldiership to qualify him for affairs of state, it became in the highest degree incumbent on him to rule with moderation. He should have shown a suitable deference for the views of those parliamentary leaders, in unison with whom was effected the movement that carried him to power, and with whose general principles his own were in accordance. But so far from this, they were excluded from his private circles—not a man of high parliamentary standing was invited to his presence; and there was the frequent pretension of deciding every question, like Brennus, by the weight of his sword. A partisan spirit has hitherto blinded us in England, both to this most noticeable fact, and to the circumstance that the intrusion of his military secretary, Linage, was carried to a degree irreconcilable with parliamentary government. We are not to be blind to Espartero's faults, because Narvaez is so immeasurably worse. The intervention of a mere private secretary, invested with no other character, and as a foreigner jealously eyed by the proud spirit of Spanish nationality—the interference of such a man in affairs of state, and in high political questions, could be regarded in no other light but as an abuse of power; and the expression of a strong desire through such a channel, after more

direct but vain attempts to bend the will of the majority, was most decidedly unconstitutional.

The favour extended to Moderados rather than to old Progresista friends, the feuds and jealousies promoted amongst the latter, and the entire exclusion of a large section, were errors of quite sufficient magnitude, combined with the retention of his military habits of rule, to account for Espartero's downfall; and, though he always respected the letter of the constitution, he is no longer to be deemed (as his suppositious championship led him to be regarded in England) the victim of an atrocious conspiracy, so much as of his own mismanagement. The parliamentary league before which he fell was not a hollow fiction, but a reality; the unbought voices of the great majority of Spaniards were against him, and the French intrigues have perhaps been in some degree exaggerated.

But the activity of Maria Cristina and her partisans in Paris materially indeed conduced to this memorable result. Her hôtel in the Rue de Courcelles was a rival Spanish court, and her agents were more accredited at the Tuileries than the ambassadors of the lawful Regent. Her offended womanly pride thirsted for a large revenge, attainted soldiers stimulated to excess her natural feelings, and the astute sovereign by her side, who had already insulted Espartero, knew and discouraged not her plans. To win or corrupt the Spanish army, Narvaez and his friends were sent by sea, and a million of francs by land. It was just half a century (1793—1843) since a million francs went across the Pyrenees

in the opposite direction. Carlos IV. sent this sum to the Spanish envoy at Paris, Chevalier Ocariz, for the purpose of bribing the leading members of the Convention to spare the life of Louis XVI., a fact divulged in a pleading of the elder Berryer. But the "Infernal Committee" conceived its suspicions, and Ocariz was ordered to leave Paris within four-and-twenty hours. Espartero had not the same penetration; and a second million of francs, sent likewise across the Pyrenees—from France—completed his destruction.

Espartero's sliding-scale of popularity is the same in London as at Madrid: with this difference, that his flight through its descending gradations was more rapid with us than with his countrymen. As if pursued by fatality, he must commit the gravest error of morality as well as policy, of feeling as of judgment, in the high-hearted land of his asylum; and, as if all Spaniards must be contrabandists, smuggled into the grand municipal banquet of London the murderer of women, Nogueras. Was there none near to tell him of the noble breasts of Englishmen, of their humane and generous sentiments, and their virtuous emotions? Were there none to tell him of Hastings' three years' trial for torturing the gentler sex, for butchering or oppressing the weak and helpless, and "placing death on the fountain of life?" Were there none to tell him of the trial of Queen Caroline, and of the torrent of indignation poured upon her persecutor? Was it well in one, so late of royal standing, to foist, under a false name, upon a convivial assembly of the *élite*

of the British capital, a man so universally branded? The failure of the triple plot to effect a re-entry into Spain, in which Iriarte, Linage, and Nogueras, rivalled the incapacity of their master, caused the illusions of the British public to melt away in indifference, and subside in mute contempt; the atmosphere of London became too cold, and the Duke of Victory lapsed into suburban life.

The moment Narvaez' troops obtained possession of Madrid, military violence became predominant. The convention, signed by Aspiroz, by which the rights of the national militia were to be held sacred, was shamefully violated; and the instant Narvaez had mastery of the city the nationals were disarmed. The entire Senate was dissolved, the provincial deputation was dissolved, the municipality of Madrid was dissolved! The laws of the constitution were violated in each instance, and the nominees of the government were thrust into these offices. The soldiery began to murmur, for the regular treasury was empty, and Cristina's irregular treasury was closed the moment the success of her footing was secured. For demanding their *licencia absoluta*, or leave to quit the service, on the faith of which they had been false to Espartero, and too true to Narvaez, this cruel and heartless adventurer had eight of his soldiers shot! Their brains bespattered the wall where they were slain in the suburbs of Madrid,—their blood lay in eight pools on the parched and dusty ground. The nationals and populace were fired on when a few gathered together, and the ordinary conversation of lively southerners was called a political disturbance..



Espartero's generals and ministers narrowly escaped with their lives. Zurbano stole from Madrid in the guise of a muleteer. Seoane proceeded with a safe-conduct towards France, and was faithlessly arrested on the road. Mendizabal and Gomez Bicerra were long concealed in the metropolis, and eventually succeeded by stratagem in escaping from the Spanish soil.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.—STATE OF PARTIES.

WHEN the Provisional Government, presided over by Señor Lopez, was installed at Madrid on the 23rd July, it found created a new and most difficult position of affairs. It was the child of peculiar circumstances, and to them it was compelled to bow. Lifted back to office by violence, created by an outrage on constitutional forms, its first acts must needs be of a strong character, and its measures, to be successful, moulded by necessity rather than by statute. Two rival parties, diametrically opposed in principle, and held asunder by mutual jealousies, were to be conciliated and kept in play; two separate sets of opinions to be treated with a certain deference.

The task was unsuccessful, because it was impossible. The most violent outrages on the Constitution were perpetrated in quick succession, the exaggerated plea of necessity was invoked for the most lawless acts, and in the end it was shown that they were unavailing. The Marquesa de Santa Cruz was appointed to the palace, and a nucleus of a Camarilla formed; the growing exactions of Narvaez were becoming more formidable daily, the future was obscure and heavy with dull forebodings. The ascendancy of Moderado principles appeared inevitable, and the adhesion of the army to Narvaez was complete.

Señor Lopez, noticing with pain these decisive demonstrations, endeavoured by remaining in power to keep the Progresistas in countenance, and repel the exigencies of Moderado aggression. His object, as afterwards avowed in the Chamber, was to tolerate and even recognise Moderado opinions, but not to permit their induction into power; to give those who professed them employment under the State, but never concede to them political command. The compromise had but one fault—it was impracticable.

The parties are committed to hostilities upon the most essential principles of government. The one is for standing still, or for retrogression, the other for perpetual advance. The one is the determined foe of innovation, the other is for innovating or renovating in every direction. They are opposed as to abstract theory; they are opposed as to material improvement; they are opposed in their financial policy; they are opposed as to popular franchise. The Progresistas established the constitution of 1837, and the Moderados sternly resisted. The Progresistas secularized the religious orders, and the old Moderados vehemently opposed them. The Progresistas sold the *bienes nacionales*, or confiscated (chiefly ecclesiastical) properties; the Moderados strongly decried the measure. The Progresistas abolished entails, seignories, titles; the Moderados exclaimed against all their acts as robbery. The various laws of administrative reform, which the Progresistas proposed and carried, were met by the Moderados with the strongest opposition.

They are alpha and omega, the bane and antidote,

the stationary milestone and the train that flies past it. Señor Lopez sought as a means of emerging from the difficulties of the case, and with the hope of reconciling conflicting opinions, to give a new organization to the country by a premature declaration of the Queen's majority. While Espartero retained his legal rights as Regent (and the royal nonage had yet twelve months to run), this clear infraction of the constitution appeared to be the sole resource. It was justified perhaps by the exigencies of the case; but the very policy here adopted in the hope of a triumphant result, like a random move at chess (the Queen advanced), was the most fatal which a Progresista could have pursued; for it made Isabel her own mistress, and threw her into the arms of the Camarilla.

Spanish political parties and their equivalents in those of England may be popularly thus defined. Of the two extremes in the graduated scale of party, Spain is without the one, and England without the other. There are no Tories in Spain, or their equivalent Carlists, in the legislative Chambers; there are doubtless some isolated Carlists at heart, but they dare not show their tendencies. In England there are no Republicans mixing as such in the political world; and whenever a stray voice is raised, there is no toleration for the doctrine. Chartism need not be taken into account, since it has, properly speaking, no parliamentary existence.

The Spanish legislature is composed of Moderados, Progresistas, and Republicans. The Moderado is nearly the equivalent of our Conservative, and the

Progresista of our Whig. The Moderados are the Right and the Progresistas the Left of the Chambers; the Republicans the extreme Left,—thus assimilating with France. There is a Centre oscillating between the two first-named, which was led by Gonzalez Bravo, and this is the party of “Young Spain.”

When at Madrid, in 1834, was formed the first Estamento (the Aragonese substitute for a States General), Moderado principles were in the ascendant, and the scandal was witnessed of the massacre of friars in the metropolis, which the government could neither prevent nor punish. In the following year there was a revolution set on foot to overturn a Moderado ministry; the ministry fell, and the revolution was successful. In 1836—after the lapse of another little year—there was a fresh revolution, the results of which were constituent Córtes and the actual Constitution of 1837. Three years afterwards, in 1840, there was a new revolution, the revolution of the first of September.

Queen Cristina was expelled from Spain, and Moderado domination fell with her. The greater popularity of the liberal views of policy was temporarily established, the Regent Duke of Victory attained to the highest place as their representative, and the Progresista party was triumphant until it fell by internal divisions.

The Moderado party of Spain, while it accepts the Constitution of 1837 as a fact accomplished, and professes the most utter repugnance to Absolutist principles of government, contends that the Estatuto Real, which was in force up to the revolution

of 1836, comprised within it all the germs of liberty ; and the most notable leaders of the party, Martinez de la Rosa and Isturiz, are fond of asserting in the *Córtes* that, by an application of the English principle of the Reform Bill, from the *Estatuto*, as a kernel, might have been legally and peaceably developed all the popular rights and franchises which are found in the existing Constitution.

But a calm examination of the forms of the *Estamento* of *Procuradores* of the kingdom, the only substitute for a parliament which it presented, leads to the conclusion that not reform but revolution was needed. In such an assembly popular feeling could never have asserted itself, nor effectually urged the concession of primary popular rights. The *Procuradores* were returned by electors with a very high pecuniary qualification ; the principle of election was indirect, and the delegates might conspire amongst themselves, and in returning the *Procuradores* falsify the wishes of the people ; while so little independence was then within the walls of the Assembly, that this so-called parliament, instead of sturdily electing its own speaker, was obliged to return five, from whom the minister selected the president.

The *Estamento* of 1835 was, in fact, no more truly a constitutional assembly than the existing States General of Holland, of Prussia, or Bavaria ; and it is a questionable blessing to a people to have conceded to it a sham parliament, which serves as a ministerial committee-room, and a complaisant voter of taxes.

The right of publicly questioning a government, called here the right of “interpellation,” and plainly

one of the most important functions of a parliament, was recklessly strangled in the case of any troublesome member of the opposition; and the president, who was the tool of the court, did just as he pleased. Thus, in the Estamento of November 1835, Count de Las Navas, a leading popular member of the existing Córtes, rose and said, "I wish to make a proposition to the Estamento." The proposition was known to have reference to a proposed alienation of ecclesiastical property. The president replied, "I can receive no proposition at present," and immediately adjourned the session! The revolution followed speedily, for these Southern nations are too quick and fiery to wait for our Northern reforms.

The old Moderado party has latterly lost ground in the Spanish parliament, growing rusty during the four years that it has been excluded from the management of affairs; and having rather permitted the different sections of the Progresista party to fight it out amongst themselves, than combined for the formation of a vigorous opposition.

Content with their character of undoubted respectability, and confident in the support and concurrence of nearly all the property of the country, and most of the intelligence, they have not unnaturally lapsed into inaction; lagging in the social race, they have been outstripped by more vigorous competitors: and the literary *prestige* of Martinez de la Rosa, the eloquence of Donoso Cortés, and the sound statesman-like reputation of Isturiz, the most notable of the Moderados, have given way to the impetuous arrogance of Gonzalez Bravo, and the party of the Centre,

or "Young Spain." This latter young man, since he pushed himself forward to the post of Premier, has played such tricks in the *Córtes* as denote far more of vanity and vehemence than of true ability, and illustrated the perils of precocious oratory, disdainful of acquiring knowledge and experience, and bearing fruits that rot before they ripen.

The party of "Young Spain" is more respectable than its leader. It is composed of fifty deputies, who have planted themselves ably in the centre of Congress between Cortina on one side and the Moderados on the other; by their compact, energetic, and irresistible adhesion, forcing the majority of the Chamber in whatever direction they please.

The political views of this party are sufficiently plausible. Placing themselves midway between both extremes of opinion, they would moderate progress with the restraints of conservation, and make patriotic views, in profession, the lode-star of all their movements. If there be any hope of a powerful renovation in Spain, it is not unlikely to spring from this party, which, so long as it retains its unity, can absolutely rule the *Córtes*. Should it acquire moral strength to resist the lures of office, magnanimity to be regardless of selfish interest, and integrity to withstand corruption, it might permanently fill the proud position, which it held the other day, of saying who should and who should not be Prime Minister of Spain; have its wishes implicitly obeyed, and proclaim that no government should have its support but one endowed with virtuous energy, and power to organize the country in its administrative and judicial relations.



But the selfish character of Spanish politicians makes this hope indeed chimerical.

The Progresista party of Spain has the strong support of the masses, and whenever its leaders lose their hold of power, they are invariably the victims of their own disunion. Inordinate ambitions and personal jealousies make difficult, if not impossible, the concert and mutual good understanding which are so essential to the effective action of parties. The zeal of adherents, not actually provided for, soon cools down; the weakness within are speedily augmented by the growing strength from without; and the doors of office are too slightly barred to resist the vigorous assaults of their rivals, and the backhanded blows of their false supporters.

Whenever, then, jealousies and internal dissensions in the Progresista camp attain to a certain pitch, the Moderados dispossess them by a *coup de main*—and this not scrupulously or constitutionally after the lapse of several years, as with the Whigs and Tories of England, but violently, recklessly, and at comparatively brief intervals of time. Adversity alone unites the different Progresista sections, and its lessons are too soon forgotten. Moderado principles have the undoubted adhesion of the bulk of the wealthy classes, but these are averse to change. The Constitution of 1837 has been accepted as definitive; and the capitalists and those who have succeeded to property, or have themselves realised it, have the same aversion which may be found in other countries to measures which are calculated to risk its security.

From no quarter have the Moderados a chance of

permanent support, unless by sincerely accepting and adhering to the existing Constitution. They may resist innovation, and shudder at advance, but never recoil backwards. They must submit to the same change which the Tories in England have undergone, and become *bonâ fide* Conservatives. The fears of the bulk of the people may thus be disarmed, and the frank adhesion of the moneyed classes, already well disposed towards them, be secured. This policy has just been strongly proclaimed by the most eminent leaders of the party, and the declaration of Martinez de la Rosa is important: "I judged, and I am still of opinion," (this statement was made by him in the Cortes during the debate on the affairs of Olózaga), "that the Estatuto Real would have sufficed for the happiness of the nation, for the enactment of the organic laws which it needs, and for curing by salutary remedies the evils which revolutions have brought in their train. But, while I retain this sincere persuasion, I am very far from thinking that the nation deserves to suffer a new revolution to carry it backwards. This is my opinion, and my deep conviction, that the country should not be exposed to a counter-revolution, and that it would be criminal in any man to attempt it. My conviction is, that with the Constitution which governs us the nation may be governed; and for this I have sworn it; had I thought otherwise, I would never have taken the oath, for I am not accustomed to be a perjurer." With these enlightened sentiments, the leading Moderados are well fitted to govern; but the violence of their bigoted supporters paralyses the more eminent men, who are unfortunately deficient in

courage, and in despite of whose better judgment reaction and subversive measures are invariably urged forward. The country is soon disgusted, and raised in arms against them; and the constitutional ardour and revolutionary habits of Spain burst forth in open insurrection. In the recent events, the violence of Narvaez and Bravo completely prostrated the good sense of De la Rosa and Isturiz; and most probably in vain did the moderate Moderados insert the small end of the wedge.

A false sympathy for Don Carlos has been recently got up in the British House of Commons. There never was anything more impossible than for that imbecile and blood-stained tyrant to establish once more a footing in Spain. If those who expatiate on this subject in London, making copious draughts on imagination, were to visit any part of the Peninsula, and take note of the popular feeling, they would instantaneously modify their sentiments. His son, Don Sebastian, would have as little chance as the father. Nothing could be more unfounded than the common speculation in England upon Narvaez's character as likely to prove another General Monk, the restorer of the English Carlos. Narvaez is the sworn ally and servant of Queen Cristina, whose daughter Isabel he would as soon think of contributing to remove from the throne to make room for her hated uncle and Salic rival, as of encircling the brows of Espartero with the regal round. The Carlist party in Spain, as Carlist, is without strength, standing, or influence, and is limited to the more factious clergy and to certain antediluvian grandees.

The guerillas who hoist Don Carlos' standard, display it merely as a pretence for robbery, and this year should have sufficed to dispel the most sanguine Carlist illusions. The temptation to fish in troubled waters was far from being neglected, but though the contrabandists filled their nets, the Carlists drew nothing but stones. The Pyrenean frontier has for many months past been crossed by *faccioso* adventurers from France, who have been uniformly shot in detail, or crushed if they resisted in numbers. In the Basque provinces, and in Navarre, no popular sympathies could be again enlisted; and the Vascongados, like the Aragonese, rose against the factious guerillas, and dispersed or slew them in detail.

The prevalence of political nicknames is a peculiar feature of modern Spain, and has doubtless led to mistakes in the foreign appreciation of political distinctions. The adherents of Espartero have been universally called "Ayacuchos," an odious reminiscence of the battle at which Don Baldomero and his brother generals lost for Spain the empire of Peru. The entire Progresista party have been termed "Exaltados," although violent opinions have been professed by but a section; and the Moderados on the other hand have been styled "Devoristas," to indicate an eagerness for place and plunder.

The Parliamentary strength in every Córtes returned without constraint and violence, has been usually, under the constitutional form of government, ranged on the Progresista side, and mutual jealousies have alone prevented them from uniformly commanding. The capital fault of Espartero's dynasty was in

promoting this jealousy and disunion. Instead of rallying all sections of Liberals in support of his authority, to the exclusion of the common enemy, the old Liberals, represented by Calatrava and Arguelles, were played off against the more modern reformers, Cortina and Lopez, Olózaga and Madoz, Cantero and Caballero. The Moderados were despised as an extinct faction, and grew in unnoticed strength with the unscrupulous aid of France, till they rose into irresistible antagonism against the Regent, through a league with the Liberals, whom he had mortally offended.

A powerful section of the Progresista party had supported the project of a triple regency, in opposition to the exclusive pretensions of Espartero to the exercise of the supreme power; and through a jealous and easily understood disinclination to the sole elevation of one who, however well-intentioned, was at best a mere soldier, and no regular proficient in statesmanship. These feelings were never eradicated; on the contrary, they grew more intense. Espartero was no advocate of violent theories of government, but he was too little attentive to the constitutional voice of the Córtes. His obvious policy was conciliation; but this policy is alien to Spanish natures. He excluded his opponents from a legitimate share of power. He leaned upon one section of Liberals, and found it rotten at last, and his imprudence has been doomed to a terrible expiation.

All government in Spain will be a farce, all enlightened administration impossible, until something

like stability and permanence is secured to successive ministries. As it is, even genius has no time to display itself; the fairest promise is nipped in the bud; the profoundest schemes of amelioration and reform are scattered to the winds before the foundation of the edifice is traced, or its ground-plan completed. Executive capacity, like a song, "is good if a body could sing;" but the social difficulty recurs, that "to finish we must begin."

The Spanish ministerial bravurist is kicked out before he has cleared his throat. A fair start is unheard of in the Peninsula. The jockeys are weighed, and permitted to mount; but just as they are drawing up the reins, and before they are firmly fixed in the saddle, a ruthless boot unseats them, and they are left sprawling in the mire; while the unruly and ungovernable animal they bestrode is mounted by a fresh rider. All the Ins are assailed by all the Outs, with a cry of "*Ote-toi que je m'y mette!*" Within the last twelve months, from May 1843 to May 1844, seven different administrations have directed the affairs of Spain. Espartero's last considerable cabinet, presided over by Rodil, fell on the 9th of May. Lopez's lasted but for ten days. Gomez Becerra's subsisted for sixty-five days, the bulk of which were revolutionary.

The Regent fled, Madrid was taken, and the Lopez-Serrano cabinet was again installed in office, which it held for four months. Olózaga was four days beating about for colleagues, and six days an actual minister. Gonzalez Bravo was 154 days in

power, and Narvaez is now the seventh! “*Poca ganancia y menos honra por los particulares que venian de toda España á servir al rey,*” says old Mendoza, in his *Guerra de Granada*; “There is small gain and less honour for those adventurers who flock from all Spain to serve the King.”

## CHAPTER IV.

## “CENTRAL JUNTA.”

THE subsidence of the waters, after the tossing of a tempest, is a thing not readily effected. There is a heaving swell, a breaking into foam, and an angry conflict of unruly currents, long after the storm has swept over the surface; and it was not oil but vinegar that Narvaez poured upon the waves. A multitude of causes combined to embitter the feelings of the nation; despotic principles were too evidently gaining an ascendant, and popular rights were too obviously treated with contempt. If one military dictator was got rid of, it was to be succeeded by another more desperately reckless. There was scarcely a law of the land, or an article of the constitution, which the Provisional Government did not violate within its first month of office. The revolutionary Juntas, by which the movement was effected, instead of dissolving when the country became restored to a normal state, retained their irregular and lawless existence, communicated with the Provisional Government upon a footing of equality, and had the pretension to advise, dictate, and almost command. When their suggestions were not attended to, when appointments were not made in their favour, nor their services, as they deemed, sufficiently rewarded, they proceeded, with the true instinct of Spaniards,



to re-pronounce against the Provisional Government, and demand a "Central Junta" to control it. Some leading towns effected this new movement quietly, and others by force of arms.

It was regarded as ominous by the country, that Cristina's Camarilla should be virtually reproduced at her daughter's court, and that the queen-mother's especial confidant, the Marquesa de Santa Cruz, should be despatched hot-foot from Paris to preside over the palace at Madrid, that the court-lady of the mother should be the court-lady of the child, and the mother's own general the child's body-guard. It was remembered, too, what Camarillas had been in the palace of the husband and father of these two queens, when the patriots of Spain were sent to the scaffold by the mandate of hidden courtiers, and freedom withered at the touch of a Calomarde and a Conde de España; when judges were compelled to give sentence whether evidence was adduced or not, and Rafael del Riego perished, the victim of a coterie. Still more was it remembered what worse than human wickedness, what execrable meanness and infamy, stained the crawling yet insolent courtiers of the earlier Bourbons of Spain, and the monarchs who immediately preceded them; what base and fawning subserviency ministered to royal wills; what grinding tyranny rewarded for these acts crushed down the people to powder; and though their devotion to their hereditary sovereign was not in the least impaired or shaken, though loyalty was cherished like a religious feeling, they shuddered to be enthralled once more by the curse of a Camarilla.

The cry of "Central Junta" is dear to the ears of

Spaniards. It was the rallying cry of the municipal and popular levies, which struggled so long for liberty in the early part of the reign of Charles V.; and during the Peninsular War it was this cry that sustained Zaragoza in its triumphant endurance of forty assaults, and enabled Valencia to repulse Marshal Moncey with terrible slaughter. According to the ancient usages of the country, upon great emergencies each province names a supreme Junta, invested with full power both of internal administration and military defence. Two members, deputed from each provincial Junta, proceed to the capital, and there sitting together constitute the Central Junta of the kingdom. Before the crowning of Joseph Bonaparte the Junta thus formed governed at Madrid, in the name of Ferdinand VII., under the presidency of Count Florida-Blanca.

Barcelona and Zaragoza were the first and boldest to defy Lopez and Narvaez, and make manifest their indignation at the deception practised on the people. These spirited towns withstood lengthened sieges, and did not finally yield except upon honourable terms. In many other towns there were partial attempts at insurrection, but for the most part unsuccessful.

During the siege of Seville there were several free corps enrolled, which were by far too proud of their triumphant defence to suffer themselves to be at once disbanded when their services were no longer needed. The Junta continuing its sittings, without any shadow of authority, for four months after the cessation of the siege, to the period of the declaration of the Queen's majority, could with no decency dissolve

the Cuerpos Francos, which only imitated their betters, and thus matters remained till the middle of November, to great public inconvenience. The Junta went on promoting their favourites from the rank of sergeant to those of *Alférez* or ensign, lieutenant, and captain, long after there was the slightest occasion for such irregular levies. The most absurd consequences resulted. A shoemaker, who had been advanced to the post of *Alférez*, having a quarrel in the Alameda Vieja with some of his fellow-townsmen, required as a military officer the assistance of four private soldiers, who chanced to pass that way, to arrest his adversaries. Arrested they were, and lodged in a neighbouring guard-house. This scandalous abuse led at last to an abatement of the nuisance, and none were permitted to assume military titles who were not confirmed in their appointment by the government.

The people of Seville exaggerated the merits of their defence. Van Halen's battering train was composed of only eight mortars, and about a dozen pieces of field-artillery, none of them more than fifteen-pounders; the guns did little or no execution, and of the mortars two were disabled and dismounted. The bombardment lasted but six days, and the notion of doing considerable injury with such matériel to a city of immense extent, containing 120,000 inhabitants, is extremely fantastic. But rhodomontade and grandiloquence are dear to the Spanish character, and especially to the natives of Andalucía, which has been called the Spanish Gascony; every man likes to have his courage spoken of, and the heads of the Sevillanos were turned by the pindarics of native

bards, and the high-flown compliments of the surrounding villages. The "Junta of Defence" believed themselves considerably greater men than Narvaez, and forwarded to him and Lopez accounts of the siege in prose and rhyme, with a request for places tacked to the end. When these historical memoirs and epic effusions were treated with profound indifference, when they found their encomiastic authorship cavalierly consigned to the trunkmakers, the cry for a Central Junta became very keen in Seville. Attempts at insurrection were made and persisted in with great pertinacity throughout the autumn, and nothing but the energy of the Government authorities and the vigour of Narvaez's military arrangements prevented their efforts, of which there were some twenty at different times, from being successful.

As the Sevillanos imagine themselves to have been treated with great ingratitude, I may as well record the real results of the siege. I saw full twenty houses in different parts of the city—this was about the entire number—which Van Halen's shells had entirely "gutted." The balls did limited damage—a mere crack against a wall, for the most part, a few stones dashed out, and there an end. But the bombs—that was indeed a different matter! Wherever they fell, unless when they struck the streets and were buried in the ground, they carried destruction. Lighting on the roof of a house, they invariably pierced through its four or five floors, and bursting below, laid the building in ruins. The lives lost by these tremendous explosions were fortunately but few—in all not more than twenty—for the male inhabitants were chiefly at

the walls, and the women huddled in the churches. One man who removed with his family to Alcalá, upon his return found the roof and floors of his house pierced by a grenade, which destroyed a sofa on which he had sat nearly every day in his life, and then made its exit through the wall. Throughout the siege there was happily no desecration of churches. The women cooked and slept in the magnificent cathedral; but if they did, they breathed incessant prayers to the Virgin; and no crucifix, with a cord twisted round its neck, was dragged in derision as at Barcelona.

“*Ah, villanos con poder!*” says Calderon, in his *Alcalde de Zalamea*. “Villains with power,” indeed! The Juntas, the moment they were constituted, took measures to prove how sincere was their love of liberty, by persecuting those whom they hated. The brave men, too, who had so longed for the post of danger, looked shrewdly now to their personal safety; and the dignity of their new position, and dread of compromising the public weal by exposing valuable lives to danger, kept them always close in council, and as far as they could from the walls! The Junta of Seville was snugly ensconced in the nearly bomb-proof convent of San Paolo; and that of Barcelona, during the subsequent bombardment of October, packed itself up in a vault of the extinct Inquisition, with an arched stone roof of extraordinary thickness. They smiled in conscious security at the distant booming of the projectiles which flew through the Plaza de San Jaime, while their deluded adherents at their bidding were perilling life and limb. In their

mandates, their proceedings, and their cruel and sanguinary sentences, they followed unconsciously but with singular closeness the system of the ominous body in whose hall they had enshrined themselves. "*Ah, villanos con poder !*" Boys of twelve and thirteen years were compelled by them to do the work of soldiers—tender youths, torn from the mothers of Spain.

At Granada and Almeria there were severe conflicts between the citizens and military, but the attempt of the Centralistas was likewise here unsuccessful. At Xerez the authorities gave to the troops the word of command to fire on the revolted Nationals. But the soldiers, instead of obeying the mandate, joined in the citizens' cry for the Central Junta, shouldered their muskets with the butt-end uppermost, fraternised with the Nationals, whom they caught in a rough embrace, and made all their officers prisoners ! The Ayuntamiento was speedily "no where." The next day all this work was as if by magic undone, and the town "dispronounced" itself at the point of the bayonet. Means had been contrived in the interim to pay up the soldiers' arrears. The enthusiasm of the previous day was miraculously abated. The highly brandied sherry assumed a pale and *golden* hue. Water was poured into the generous liquor, it was diluted to a mawkish negus.

The charming town of Xeres de la Frontera is every day assuming more of an English air, the cleanliness of its streets and the bright colouring of the fronts of its houses showing that the tastes of the British residents are diffusing themselves amongst the native population. But the savage nature of the

Spanish political partisan has burst out here, as in other parts of Andalucía, where, until of late, such manifestations were a pleasing rarity; and in October, on the occasion of electing the provincial deputation, a remarkable outbreak took place in this pretty little town. The committee of the Ayuntamiento was engaged in the scrutiny of votes; the populace was anxiously waiting the result in the open space in front of the municipal hall, and a considerable distance down the Calle del Consistorio. I was close to the Ayuntamiento myself, being curious to learn the result, and still more anxious to watch the evolutions of the crowd. The greatest suspicion of the scrutiny committee prevailed, and murmurings of bitter discontent were raised without intermission. The members of the committee in question were to a man warm partisans of the Provisional Government, and it was a part of the electioneering management of Lopez and Narvaez to suffer no Centralista and no adherent of Espartero to have a finger in that most important part of a Spanish election which consists in the scrutiny of votes.

The crowd knew this as well as the authorities. Presently, an active Ayacucho emerged from the municipality, and announced to his friends in the crowd, in the deep and rapid tones of a conspirator, that the game was up with their candidates! The scrutiny was going all against them, they had not one friend in the electoral college, and the best votes of the district were struck off, for no other fault but because they belonged to the Opposition. "*La mesa està podrida!*" (the table is rotten!) he exclaimed,

shaking his clenched fist with vehemence. The crowd understood him, and caught up the cry: "*Abajo el Ayuntamiento! Abajo la mesa podrida!*" (Down with the municipality! Down with the rotten table!) "*Viva la Junta Central!*" The "table" is the familiar name for the committee of scrutiny. The municipal guard interposed, but were speedily overcome. The front of the Ayuntamiento was instantly attacked, the windows were peppered with stones, the guard at the door interposed, but were vigorously resisted. All the neighbouring shop-doors were shut, and the windows barricaded. A message was sent from the back of the Ayuntamiento to the adjacent barrack, and the brigadier commandant of arms, Don Bernardo de Aguila, repaired without delay to the scene of the Alboroto, with the small force of infantry and cavalry at his disposal, which he planted in front of the Casa del Ayuntamiento, according to the best principles of military distribution, to do execution against a crowd.

At the approach of Aguila, with his handful of disciplined troops, the major part of the mob fled from the Calle del Consistorio into the small streets which branch off from it; and the commandant, with a piquet of infantry, succeeded in dislodging from the hall of the municipal house the portion of the crowd which had penetrated within. Several bayonet-stabs were dealt in this service; no serious wound was, however, inflicted, but the people were expelled. I retired to the house of an acquaintance fronting the municipality, and from one of its windows commanded a full view of the subsequent events. Tran-



quillity was for the moment restored, and the Amotinados (mutineers) seemed to have quietly abandoned the ground to the soldiers, who, of course, remained and prepared for hostilities. Aguila took all needful precautions; planted his men so as to guard against surprise, and posted sentinels in the streets adjoining the Consistorial, where there are some narrow passages. Now, however, came into play the ambushed guns, and a perfidious fire of musketry from the tops of houses and the corners of alleys took down no fewer than six of the soldiers. One of the infantry was killed on the spot and another was wounded; two of the cavalry were wounded seriously, and two slightly. The elevated and exposed position of the latter on horseback, made them more obvious aims for the concealed marksmen. The dragoons galloped up and down the street—the foot-soldiers ran to and fro, but there was no enemy to be seen; the murderous guns of their assailants were discharged from under cover, or from the inaccessible roofs of houses. Dragoons and horses champed the bit impatiently; some of them bit the dust. The infantry soldiers pointed their muskets here and there, but pointed them delusively, for the moment they raised their weapons their adversaries had disappeared. The popular fury now rose with the taste of blood, and women aided their husbands and brothers by flinging down tiles, heavy stones, and flower-pots, on the soldiers beneath, as at Barcelona. It is a fearful scene, street-fighting! Tamer, however, than the Catalan viragos, they hurled no chests of drawers—no hymeneal bedposts—no infants' cradles, on the shakos under them.

Aguila, undaunted by the ugliness of the weapons which rained down from numerous roofs, proceeded to make a *reconnaissance* in a café from which several shots had been fired. As he was in the act of entering with his men, one of the townspeople imprudently rushed out from the further door and darted down the street. The exasperated soldiers levelled their guns at him, and shot him dead ! That man was as innocent of all participation in the fray as I was. He was indeed remarkable for his pacific and timid character, and if he fled it was in positive consternation. His life paid the forfeit of his want of self-possession. Such are the terrible chances of civil strife ! The ammunition of the people became scantier ; Aguila withdrew his sentries and pickets, and planted himself for the remainder of the day and night at the *Ayuntamiénto*. The firing of the *Amotinados* was now distant and ineffective, and the municipal committee with true Spanish *sang froid* continued its scrutiny uninterruptedly, without paying the slightest attention to the *zozobra* (whirlwind) outside. Aguila did not venture forth with his slight force again, confining himself to the protection of the municipal house ; the people, too, declined to show close fight, but kept up a hedge-fire nearer or more distant during the whole of the night. The soldiers ensconced in the municipal hall received no further damage, with the exception of a couple of sentries who were wounded. The impassible aldermen continued their scrutiny for twelve mortal hours, striking off a vote, or thereabouts, for every hostile shot that was fired. Meanwhile an express had been sent off

to Cadiz for troops, and everything was got ready in the middle of the night. At five in the morning of the 16th, 300 men of the regiment of Asturias, under the command of Don Pedro Cabanas, embarked on board a small steamer in the midst of a heavy storm, crossed the Bay of Cadiz, with a surge sweeping to their gunwale, and (with such excellent expedition was the affair managed) were in Xerez four hours after.

This strong reinforcement decided the business. The town was patrolled in every direction; several arrests were made; the leading partisans of the Provisional Government now mingled with the soldiers.

The first Alcalde, Miguel Giles, and the political governor's secretary, Velasquez, read the *bando*, commanding all arms to be given up—and *were fired on in the act*—but the disturbance was effectually suppressed.

Such was the usual character and fate of the attempts to proclaim the Central Junta. Nevertheless it was determined, as a counterplot, to proclaim, without delay, the Queen's majority, and this ceremony took place with befitting pomp at the meeting of the Cortes, on the 15th of November.

## CHAPTER V.

THE OUSTING OF LOPEZ, AND THE EXPULSION OF  
OLÓZAGA.

It was a glorious sight, whatever partisans may say about it, when the second Isabel ascended, in her thirteenth year, the oldest throne in Europe—a throne numbering more ages than her years ; a throne of fourteen centuries, more venerable than that of France, more chivalrous than that of England, more illustrious, in its early history, than any in the world beside ; when the royal girl by her youthful innocence (would that she could have kept it unimpaired !) disarmed contending factions, exorcised the demons of infuriate strife, and beaming from a serener sky, like a pure and benign Santelmo, quelled in an instant the surges of faction, and dispersed the angry foam of waters ! The first Isabel left deep on the throne the impression of her iron footsteps, combined the qualities which shone most worthily in the age which she adorned—for, like our own Isabel,\* she was strong and masculine-minded—put an end to a fierce and barbarous domination, joined many divided peoples in one, united two crowns, and linked two worlds ! To every age its especial uses. The transforming power of time has renovating, of late, the face of the Spanish monarchy, and abridged the royal preroga-

\* Queen Elizabeth—the names are the same in reality.

tive. May the new Isabel (was the general prayer) shine worthily in her limited, but most powerful, sphere; controlling faction by the prestige of her name, and gathering round her throne, by the magic of her undisputed position, all that is most worthy and most virtuous in her empire. May that delicate hand wield a strong sceptre, reconcile freedom with order and progress with conservation; and beneath her quickening sway may the loyalty cheerfully paid to her sex and station, the homage of strength more readily accorded to weakness, revive all the chivalrous honour and lofty *caballeria* of the Spanish character, till the nation is as justly proud as of old, and its name and power, as of old, respected!

The nobleman appointed guardian to the Queen was found to be of such strong Moderado, even Royalist, tendencies, that it had been deemed requisite to counterbalance his influence by some other high appointment; and an extraordinary courier was despatched to the Basque provinces for Don Salustiano de Olózaga, with a letter from the Prime Minister, Lopez, imploring him instantly to repair to the Court. Olózaga obeyed the call, though with reluctance, his intention having been to await the meeting of the Cortes. He found that the Queen's guardian had nominated several violent Moderados to places near the royal person, and amongst the rest the Marquesa de Santa Cruz. He accepted the investiture of royal preceptor, with the well-understood duties annexed of constant vigilance and political inspection of the movements of the now undisguised Camarilla. The mission was both difficult

and disagreeable, "and its results," as he expressed it, "must be almost certainly evil." It was a silent but incessant struggle of conflicting influences. His functions, however, as preceptor, could last only for a few months, it having been determined, as the only escape from the pressing difficulties of the case, to declare the Queen major in November. This brief interval was carefully employed by Olózaga. To the completion of Queen Isabel's political education his days and nights were devoted. He repeatedly explained to his royal pupil that there is no constitutional monarchy possible, if sovereigns listen to political discourse from any others but their responsible ministers, and yield to private affection, or to the solicitations of those whom they may happen to esteem, in preference to the counsels of the men whom the country interposes between ruler and people.

The doctrine thus laid down by Olózaga was rigid, perhaps severe; but it was absolutely compelled by the pressure of circumstances, and by the defenceless youth of Isabel. In the case of a mature sovereign this severity could not with propriety be enforced, but nothing short of it could prevent the complete formation of that unendurable Camarilla, whose nucleus was then gathered and growing harder and firmer daily. It may be said that the sovereign must be at liberty to hear all sides, to enable her to form just opinions, but the official reports of the proceedings in Cortes are accessible, and upon each measure may be obtained the opinion of her council.

The Queen's majority was declared, the functions

both of guardian and preceptor ceased with this declaration; the Lopez ministry retired, notwithstanding an unanimous approving vote from the Córtes, Lopez being resolutely averse to encountering the too powerful opposition of the Camarilla; and Lopez himself designated Olózaga for his successor. Olózaga, relying on his conscious strength, though well aware of all the obstacles, accepted the trying task. He underrated the hatred of the Camarilla.

The natural feelings of dislike on the part of Queen Cristina towards Olózaga have not been sufficiently dwelt on. We have here again the "*fœmina furens*;" a lurking hostility, and a deadly revenge. When Olózaga was in Paris as Espartero's representative, he demanded of the court of the Tuileries the removal of Cristina from the French metropolis, basing his demand upon an accusation of incessant designs hostile to the actual Regency of Spain, revolutionary plans in perpetual agitation, subsidies of money, and threatened inroads. The French Court did not listen to this demand, but Cristina deeply remembered it; and we have now the results of the secret instructions with which the Marquesa de Santa Cruz repaired to Madrid, as well as the source of Queen Isabel's hatred.

The Camarilla set to work at once with a vigour which disclosed their estimate of the powers of the man they had to cope with. They engaged in what Frenchmen call "*une guerre acharnée*." Olózaga was no sooner called in, than a proposition was made to him "to arrange matters with the Captain-General." He asked whether it

was proposed that Narvaez should form one of the new Ministry? The answer was in the negative. Had it been affirmative, Olózaga would have at once resigned, because a Progresista government he was determined to form, and rejected as impracticable an infusion of Moderados, the political distinctions being too decided for compromise. He then was told that it was expected he would take Narvaez's advice as to the appointment of his colleagues. He answered, that that personage would highly honour him if he called him formally for the purpose in question; but that he could not respond to the confidence which had been reposed in him by his sovereign, unless he was to enjoy the most perfect liberty. The same matter was subsequently hinted at by the Queen, when Olózaga firmly replied that, if he was to be charged with the formation of a Ministry, no one but he was to have the management of the transaction; that his faith was exclusively in representative government; and that he must resist every procedure that was not strictly constitutional. The Camarilla was not yet defeated, and it was subsequently indicated to the sturdy premier, that Narvaez would be present at his deliberations previous to the nomination of the Ministry. The successful soldier was to be the Mephistopheles, Olózaga the Faust. The latter replied that there could be no inconvenience in the Captain-General coming to him whenever he pleased, but that in anything beyond this there would be the utmost inconvenience. A violent Moderado was pointed out for a particular ministerial portfolio, but Olózaga at once rejected the proposition, and said that all his col-



leagues must possess his particular confidence, and that deference should be paid as of right to no man out of the Cabinet. He added, that no one could be permitted to serve near her Majesty's person who should choose to interfere with affairs of state—a threat which was understood, and which he would have undoubtedly realized but for subsequent events.

Olózaga was proceeding to choose his colleagues entirely from his own Progresista party, when the first open demonstration was made by the Camarilla. The declaration of Queen Isabel's majority was celebrated first by a royal banquet to the leading members of both legislative bodies, and next by a similar banquet to the diplomatic corps, at Madrid. It was originally intended that none but the Ambassadors and Prime Minister (his colleagues not being yet appointed) should assist at this banquet. Notwithstanding the strict rule thus laid down, it was indirectly conveyed to Olózaga, as the Queen's desire, that Narvaez should be present at this banquet. The outgoing Ministry, Lopez and his colleagues, and Olózaga, by common accord declared that the proposed invitation would have a strong political significance, and that either the exception should not be made or that it should be announced and laid down as a general rule. The determination to have Narvaez present was, however, persisted in, the Queen's wishes on the subject were positively declared; and a compromise was effected by which Narvaez was permitted a seat at the dinner, but his presence was balanced by that of other popular authorities.

On the following day, while Olózaga was engaged

in the Secretaria de Estado upon the difficult task of forming an administration, he was surprised by the receipt of a hurried message from the palace; and having repaired thither without delay, his surprise was increased on being told by the Queen that "he must form his Ministry without delay, for if not, there was another who would do it for him!" Olózaga did not resign in disgust, for he took pity on his sovereign, and his indignation at the back-stairs influence sustained him through the miserable conflict. He instantly formed his Cabinet, and the second day of its existence received for himself and his colleagues, from the Queen's mouth, an invitation to the royal table.

On the appointed day the new Ministers repaired to the palace, and were told at the door that there was no dinner for them! Olózaga, in no wise disconcerted, declared that they did not come to eat, but to have the honour of paying their respects to her Majesty, and pushed into the interior of the palace.

This glorious impertinence of Olózaga's drove the Camarilla to despair. The Marquesa de Santa Cruz—for she it was who came with that smoothly-told but rudest of fibs, and whom Olózaga merely indicated to the Congress, subsequently, as one who is *muy de cerca* to the Queen, "who has the honour to serve very close to her Majesty's person"—bit her lip, and had nothing to answer. The resources even of that cleverest of intriguing women were exhausted: no further obstacle could be improvised. The horrid man would take no rebuff nor refusal! To be sure,

it was deucedly unexpected. Think of a person thus grossly insulted, invited to a grand dinner at the palace, and told on his arrival with a contemptuous sneer that there was no dinner for him, having face and firmness enough to reply, with the most exquisitely cutting politeness: "My colleagues and I have not come, Marquesa, to eat at the Queen's or at any other table. We assure your Excellency that eating is not our object. We come desirous to enjoy the honour of her Majesty's invitation, by seating ourselves at her royal table. Her Majesty will dine and we will look on." The Marquesa had thought to *jouer* Olózaga, but she herself was *jouée*—she strove to humiliate him but was herself humbled, and detected in a very base untruth, for, contrary to her distinct declaration, Olózaga and his colleagues found a sumptuous banquet prepared! Any other man, taken aback by the Marquesa's cool statement, would have said: "No matter; some other day we will enjoy the honour." But Olózaga walked in, and partook of "a most abundant dinner."

A decree recognising the appointments and distinctions conferred by Espartero, up to the period of his quitting the Spanish soil, exasperated the Moderados. The determination announced by Olózaga to respect municipal rights, enraged them still further; and the retirement of Serrano from his ministry, occasioned partly by the decree above mentioned, and partly by the defeat of Lopez, in his candidature for the presidential chair of the Deputies, weakened the new Premier's power. The Moderados had triumphed in the popular assembly, and thrust into the presi-

dency, Pidal, a vehement partisan. The course which in this emergency Olózaga pursued, was to obtain from the Queen a decree for the dissolution of the Córtes, a decree to be used when the fitting occasion should arrive. Olózaga obtained this decree on the 28th, and held it *in petto*. Nothing was publicly heard on the subject till the evening of the 29th. Pidal, president of the deputies, was then called in to consult with the Queen, upon "a horrible and unheard of attempt" by Olózaga, in forcing her to sign the decree of dissolution; and on the night of the 29th, there was convened, by Pidal's advice, in the Real Camara, the vice-presidents of the congress, the minister Frias, and the ex-minister Serrano. To these the Queen detailed Olózaga's alleged violence; Frias signed the decree of his colleague Olózaga's dismissal, and Serrano the revocation of the decree for a dissolution of the Córtes. All the ministers resigned on the following day.

Everything in the world has a cause; and the more immediate cause of these portentous events was the bile of Narvaez. Whence arose the wrath of this fierce Achilles, this Captain-General of New Castile? From a slight but significant occurrence. The 26th of November, the day after the completion of Olózaga's cabinet, was a Sunday, and the Madrileños were abroad, as is their wont, for amusement, love, religion. A crowd gathered in front of the palace, and the word went round that Olózaga had sold himself to the Moderados. Slight is the puff that soon begets a whirlwind here. Within a few minutes, in the area before the royal Alcazar, there was a loud

and tremendous uproar, an *Algazara* \* that rose from the Moorish blood of Spain. The populace called for the head of Narvaez, the heads of ministers—" *Mueran los traidores!* " Narvaez wanted to charge on the people; to cut out their tongues, or cut off their heads; to cut them down—it mattered little how. Olózaga answered " No ! " And so determined was he not to throw himself into the hands of the Moderados, so resolved to give efficacy to Progresista principles, that he proceeded to acknowledge the legality of Espartero's power till the moment of his leaving Spain. Thus was Olózaga's destruction doomed.

The last day of Lopez's continuance in office was the 21st of November. The last day of Olózaga's was the 28th of the same month. He was thus in office exactly a week; and what a week ! The march of a century. That little week sufficed to change the destinies of Spain.

\* A loud tumult of voices.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE ROYAL CONSPIRACY.

ON the 30th of November Gonzalez Bravo received his nomination as Ministro de Estado and premier, with which was combined that of temporary Grand Notary of the Kingdom, for the purpose of receiving the Queen's declaration as to the occurrences between her and Olózaga on the night but one preceding. Summonses were issued to most of the leading and official persons of Madrid to attend at the palace early in the ensuing day; and at noon on the 1st December the following persons presented themselves before Queen Isabel in the Real Cámara:—Don Mauricio Carlos de Onís, President of the Senate; the Duke de Rivas, and the Count de Espeleta, Vice-Presidents of the same legislative body; Don Salvador Calvet, Don Miguel Golfanquer, the Marquis de Peña Florida, and the Marquis de San Felicio, secretaries of the Senate; Don Pedro José Pidal, President of the Congress of Deputies; Don Andres Aleon, Don Manuel Mazarredo, and Don Javier de Quinto, Vice-Presidents of the same; Don Mariano Roca de Togores, Don Candido Manuel de Nocedal, Don Agustin Salido, and Don José de Posada, secretaries of the Congress; Don Ramon Maria de Lleo-part, President of the Supreme Tribunal of Justice; Don Francisco Ferraz, President of the Supreme

Tribunal of War and Marine ; the Duke de Frias, President of the Consultation Junta of the Ministry of State ; the Duke de Castroteneño, Dean of the deputation of the Grandees of Spain ; Don Francisco Serrano Dominguez, Lieutenant-General of the Spanish armies ; Don Ramon Maria Narvaez, Captain-General of the first military district ; Don José Maria Necedal, Dean of the Deputation of Madrid ; Don Manuel Larrairos, first constitutional Alcalde ; the Duke de Híjar, Sumiller de Corps or Grand Chamberlain ; the Count de Santa Coloma, Mayordomo-Mayor ; the Marquis de Malpica, Sub-Caballerizo Mayor, or Great Under-Equerry ; the Marquis de San Adrian, Gentleman of the Guard ; Palafox Duke of Zaragoza, Chief-Commandant of the Alabardero Guards ; the Marquis de Palacios, Mayordomo of the week on guard ; Don Domingo Dulce, Gentleman with right of entry as Guard ; the Marquesa de Santa Cruz, Camarera Mayor ; Don Juan José Bonel y Orbe, Patriarch of the Indies ; and Don Luis de Quintana, Her Majesty's Secretary and Chancellor of the Ministry of Grace and Justice. In presence of all these "notabilities," Her Most Catholic Majesty Isabel the Second made the following solemn declaration, which was taken down in writing by the Notario Mayor, Bravo :—

"On the night of the 28th of the month last past, Olózaga presented himself before me, and proposed to me that I should sign the decree of dissolution of the Córtes. I answered that I did not like to sign it, having this amongst other reasons, that these Córtes had declared me of age. Olózaga insisted ; I again

refused to sign the said decree. I rose, directing myself towards the door, which is to the left of my table for despatch of business. Olózaga placed himself before me, and fastened the bolt in that door ; I directed myself towards the door in front, and Olózaga again placed himself before me, and fastened the bolt of that door. He caught hold of my dress, and obliged me to sit down. He seized my hand and forced me to sign. After this he left, and I retired to my apartment.”

The declaration, as attested by Bravo, proceeded thus :—“ The foregoing manifestation having been read over by me, the undersigned, Her Majesty deigned to add the following : — ‘ Before Olózaga took his departure, he asked me if I would give him my word not to tell any person what had happened ; and I answered that I would not promise.’ Her Majesty then invited all present to enter the room in which she despatches business, and examine the place in which what she had just told them happened ; and so they did in effect, all entering the Royal Cabinet. Afterwards I placed the declaration in Her Majesty’s royal hands, who, attesting that that was her true and free will, affirmed and signed it in the presence of the above-mentioned witnesses, after I had asked those present if they had possessed themselves of its contents, when they all answered that they had so possessed themselves ; whereupon the said act was announced to be terminated, Her Majesty commanding that all present should withdraw, and that this her royal declaration should be deposited in the office of my department, where it is now archived. And



in order that it may be known hereafter, and produce the effects for which it took place, I give these presents in Madrid this first day of December 1843.

“LUIS GONZALEZ BRAVO.”

Such was the Royal declaration, and solemnly attested act, which bore upon the face of it the stamp of impossibility, and, ere four-and-twenty hours had elapsed, was universally discredited. Its disproof, as will be seen in the sequel, was of the most convincing description; and never, indeed, was calumny confuted by a stronger array of human evidence. The Moderados imagined that none would presume to question the royal word, but, happily, they were hugely mistaken.

A remarkable feature in this transaction is, that amongst the great officers of state and of the legislature who repaired to the Palace to receive Queen Isabel's declaration, was her confessor, the Patriarch of the Indies. Her statement, therefore, was made in the presence of the only person in the world who could ask her, in the name of her God, for an account. Perhaps the eye of the right reverend father, when it met hers, rather troubled her; and perhaps this, in some degree, accounts for the excitement with which she ran to and fro, and said—“Here it was Olózaga caught my arm;” “here he held my hand,” *et cetera*; with sundry “*palabras de hora!*” Probably the Patriarch since has told her, that a sullied throne is a throne undermined.

It was a proud position which the Progresista party took in this affair of Olózaga. The Camarilla,

and its Moderado allies in the Chambers—clinging to their ancient courtly recollections, to the shadowy prestige of Sovereign infallibility, and the sacredness of the Regal ark, which even a touch must defile—thought that, to crush the most illustrious subject in Spain, a Royal word sufficed. Who will dare gainsay it? argued the Camarilla, in its dark conventicle—enveloped by the thick pall of the Philips—imbued with the spirit of that Don Carlos, who, in 1760, having exchanged the throne of the Two Sicilies for that of Spain, signed the Family Compact with France—and with much of the spirit of that other Don Carlos, who, in 1839, was drummed out of the Peninsula. “*Grattez le Russe,*” said Napoleon, “*vous trouverez le Tartare.*” Scratch the ultra Moderado, and you will find the rank old Absolutist! The Queen has said it—what more could you desire? *El Rey no cae*—“The King falls not”—declares an old Spanish law. “The Despacho Universal” was but the other day as omnipotent as the Decalogue. The Royal word made heads to fall as freely as the bow-string in Turkey. Who shall doubt the royal word? Impossible. A few years back the King was served on bended knees—a God—unquestionably the courtier’s God. Many of these venerable customs had been revived within the month; grandees to wait at table—grandees to shut in the bedchamber—and the capital offence committed by Olózaga was to have given the Queen his arm to the dinner-table. The villain! His head rolling on a scaffold could scarce repay the indignity! Even in those odious contrivances—constitutional monarchies—the Sove-

reign was impeccable, irresponsible, inviolable. Ah, ha, Don Salustiano, you are caught in a trap! Why it was not so long—only 200 years—since he, whom the Duke d'Ossuna called the Great Drum of Monarchy, Philip III., was roasted to death before his own fire, a victim to that lovely etiquette which would be skinned alive before it touched its Sovereign without special privilege. Doubt the royal word, indeed—not in Spain! It was but a dozen summers since royal protests and contradictions decided most disputes, whether of palace or party, and the *obeisance* paid to the *dernier mot* of Ferdinand could, surely, not be withheld from his daughter. Think of the gallantry due to a girl, and say was it not an excellent plot? They never thought that Olózaga and his friends would have the impudence to defend him; they deemed that he would suffer himself to be led an unbleating lamb to the sacrifice—that he would succumb without a struggle to this personal vengeance. Indeed! The Progresistas were no such finished courtiers; sophistry and empty fictions have no such sway over human hearts. They were worshippers of royalty—not idolaters of its assumed infallibility.

The horrid plot, the deadly attack, was levelled against mankind. If sovereigns are entitled to legitimate command, there is a greater sovereign—Justice. If Queens are interesting, beloved, sacred, there is another, and a yet more powerful Queen—"the daughter of Heaven (as Señor Lopez said), the sister of Time, the companion of Eternity; the only resource and consolation of distress, the only shield

of innocence—Truth, Señores, to whom, since I was born, I have paid my worship—to whom I will pay it till I die; and when I fix my eyes upon her, all other objects disappear!” The Progresista leaders, therefore, did not hesitate to assert and prove the falsehood of the Queen’s statement, feeling well assured that if Olózaga were made a silent victim, Doña Isabel’s character, and the stability of her throne, would suffer more from this Turkish act of suffocation, this sacking up and Bosphorising of a Prime Minister,<sup>1</sup> than even from the stain of falsehood. And they judged rightly. To “Burke” Olózaga would have been to make Isabel hated for life for an injustice not to be repaired, and a revolting inhumanity.

But the fib of a child of thirteen, however solemnly recorded, however obstinately persisted in, might by subsequent good conduct be redeemed; and no one could hold that such a child was a free moral agent. Without experience or suspicion, without reflection or foresight, without the perspicacity which is so essential in palaces, she was an obvious prey and a ready victim for black-hearted intriguers. Her feelings were wrought on, trifles were magnified, equivocal evidences of an imperious design on the part of the minister insisted on. Prejudices were engendered, nursed, encouraged; the flame was fanned, the rest followed easily. She was probably incapable of entirely perverting the truth, but was coaxed and led to distort it. The Deputies of Spain owe it to themselves, to their constituents, to the representative system all over the world, not to contribute to the

propagation of an odious falsehood, nor present themselves in the capacity of issuers of base coin, but to teach sovereigns the wholesome lesson that they are unequal to the extinction of the rights of the least of their subjects; that their caprice and their wilfulness cannot exclude the smallest ray of light, and that their power is nothing unless founded on adamantine truth and justice.

And even when kings were held in Spain to be sovereign lords of life and property, their power did not extend over those still dearer possessions—reputation and honour. To judge without proof, to condemn without a hearing, to accept as indisputable the word of a Queen—that Queen a child—without stopping to inquire whether the statement was suggested to her, whether the story was put in her mouth, is a principle so barbarous that it could not stand for an instant in any country of even surface-civilisation. If constitutional sovereigns “can do no wrong”—if kings are the visible emblems of the Divinity, it is precisely because, in their kingly capacity, they never expose themselves to the commission of evil, nor invite responsibility by setting their assertion against ministers and parliaments. But the infallibility of a Pope is questioned, if his word be contradicted by facts; and when the Deity himself took human shape, he was subject to human weaknesses. The Camarilla and the Moderados would place kings above the Godhead, and little ladies bearing crowns and sceptres in a tenth and superior heaven, unassailable by passion, or error, or infirmity.

“Give me,” says Mr. Carlyle, “the beggarliest

truth before the royallest falsehood!" There is no misfortune—no national disaster comparable to the impurity which taints a throne—no burning disgrace to equal the shame which curdled the hearts of the Madrileños. Their Queen, their Queen was prostrate—the hack of the Camarilla, the sport of its vices, the tool of its treasons, the mouthpiece of its crimes—a hoary-headed girl! "Take any shape but that," they said, "and we are prepared to encounter our doom. But that! that perfidy is unutterable. In the grasp of that odious and unparalleled intrigue our voices are dumb, our hands benumbed, our energies crushed and paralysed. It is the *perfidia monstrua* of all calamities, the crowning disaster—we can but shut our eyes to the hideous spectacle, and weep for the glories of Spain!" Narvaez, with his charmed life, still was "master of the position;" the disarmed milicianos were hemmed in, and trampled down, his creatures possessed the palace, his reckless troops encircled the capital, the situation was rotten to the core. Lopez had withdrawn, not an hour too soon to escape being made a victim, had declined every overture to form an administration, thrown down his portfolio, and unlocked his advocate's box. The prouder and vainer Olózaga had dared the unequal contest, and fell in the first wrestling bout, championing liberty. Spain was fast again converging to despotism, Cristina was to return, the National Guard to be extinguished, the Municipalities to be nominated by the Crown. Where was Ferdinand with his embroidered petticoat? Where the crimsoned inquisitorial dungeon? The imbecile tyrant

and his priestly butchers alone were wanting to complete the situation, which even without them was gloomy and appalling.

The temporary alliance of the Moderado and Progresista parties had the violent termination in which coalitions are usually merged. No common principle bound them, nothing but hatred of an individual. With Espartero's fall the object of their union was attained, and it was impossible that it should survive its accomplishment. Their mutual hatreds at once came into play when he whom they had hated in conjunction disappeared from the scene. They quarrelled over the spoil. The successive expulsions of Lopez and Olózaga from the precincts of the royal palace proclaimed to Spain that the truce was broken. The combatants returned to the battle-ground, and occupied the old intrenchments. The hostile lines were again formed, and the field-artillery rolled to its position. New passions were set in array. Visors, raised for a time to display faces wreathed in mocking smiles, were now let fall and locked for the combat, and hands that had been clasped in false friendship grasped the lance and sword. No courteous tourney was now to be played; but a joust with the point and to the *outrance*. A Moor and Christian fought without quarter; so now was to be the contest of parties; and the ground chosen for the sanguinary battle was the miry soil prepared by court intrigue, which must for ever retain the traces of the combatants.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE SEVENTEEN DAYS' DEBATE IN THE CORTES.

THE early winter had been productive of extraordinary excitement at Madrid, and the focus of heat and condensation of interest had been ever in the legislative Chambers. The interior of these has been described by other pens, and the accidents of the charge against Olózaga are all which it will be needful for me to depict; but vain indeed is the endeavour to give body to that grand and immeasurable excitement. Recal to mind the eagerness with which all London crowded towards Westminster at the period of Queen Caroline's trial, imagine the avidity with which the debates were listened to upon the third reading of the Reform Bill, figure the undying interest with which every sitting was repaired to in the three years' trial of Warren Hastings; and, multiplying these feelings by the intensity of Southern ardour, believe that you have fallen short in your estimate of the consuming and tremulous zest with which the Madrid population thronged, many hours before the opening, to the door of the Córtes, to the trial—for such it was—of the youthful Queen's veracity against that of her Prime Minister—to the case of Olózaga against the Camarilla—to the determining of the question which of the two was to be disgraced and ruined for ever!



Madrid is but a small place, and hence enormous mobs are not here met as in London and Paris ; but then, for intense and tremendous excitement, for the ferocity of tigers, and the passions of fiends, when properly stimulated and armed, no other mob is comparable to this. The Porte St. Denis, and the Boulevard St. Antoine, Guildhall and Kennington Common, are pale by the side of these brown and impassioned faces, these black and wiry locks like the snakes of Tisiphone, these moustaches of Barbary darkness, these ever-moving lines and ropes of facial muscle, strangely set off by the peaked black velvet hat which is universally worn ; and the cloak, which even in his rags, the Manolo wears with the grace of a Roman senator, and the dignity (for he thinks himself no less) of a Castilian hidalgo. It is at the Puerta del Sol that these constituents of the Madrid populace are to be met in most perfection. At the Congreso Nacional, the *entrée* is chiefly accorded to the middle and upper classes, the hearing space being limited : but substitute the ordinary costume of modern Europe for the more national costume of the lower orders, and with the same salient and indelibly marked lineaments, the same intensity of feeling, exciteableness of temperament, flashing of the eye, and play of mouth ; the same subtleness, quickness, and promptness of repartee, you find all the elements of Peninsular humanity, polished to a higher breeding and decorum, but still the same, forming those impatient and interminable *queues* which besiege the doors of the Córtes.

They are there from the early morning hour—the

roll of the *Diana*, or break-of-day drum, found some of them there. What are meals, or repose, or comfort, to their intense anxiety? Politics are to these men a second nature, a life, an only possible existence: they would sit till to-morrow in the gallery, if the fury of debate could last so long (which is impossible, since intense fires soon burn out), and not pine for a crust, nor sigh for a glass of water. Their longings would be only for the forbidden cigarillo! The doors are opened, and the rush is tremendous: ribs are crushed, coats torn off the back—pooh! that is nothing—a bristling row of bayonets, a battery of artillery, would alike be nothing. Life to these men has no charm without the excitements of the hour, society no interest but in the vicissitudes of political intrigue. There are soldiers, gunned and bayoneted, planted at the door (a graphic stroke of Narvaez's policy); but they are soon borne away by the impetuous tide, and only succeed in arresting *some Deputies* by mistake—a proceeding of which complaint was made in the Chamber—the crowd, like the waves assailing Canute, has roughly chastised the insolence which attempted to sway it. The seats in the interior all are occupied; the debates are opened, and continued for days; Olózaga, Pidal, Cortina, Bravo, Lopez, De la Rosa, Cantero, Madoz—all are listened to with profound attention. The excitement was too intense for vulgar disturbance. Occasional exclamations of applause, dissent, or surprise, burst forth now and then, in despite of police agents and President's bell; but not even the violent excitement of the passions produced a serious breach of decorum.

At one the President entered the Hall of Congress, when the sitting was immediately opened. The secretary, Posada, ascended the tribune, and whilst he read the *acta*, or record of the previous session, the murmurs of a hundred voices in the Chamber, and in the *salas* outside, prevented a word from being distinctly heard, while the strong gruff voice of Madoz, the Progresista leader, was plainly distinguishable amongst the crowd of Deputies without. At this moment, with noble step and carriage, and a countenance serene and smiling, entered Salustiano de Olózaga. In an instant an immense shout, a terribly confused *algazára*, arose from all the benches. *Vivas* and *fuera*s \* were uttered at the same time by partisan and opponent, with such thundering reverberations, that the building seemed on the point of coming down. The President's bell was violently rung, but it was like whistling to a tempest. Of its shrill tones not one was heard; the feeble and tremulous motion alone was seen; and the President summarily closed the sitting, abandoning his chair. But the *algazára* was then redoubled, and extended to the strangers' galleries. The ladies even took part in the fray, and waved their handkerchiefs in approval, or shook them fiercely at Olózaga. Their shrill voices, too, supplied the needful treble. The scene was of unparalleled excitement, lasting for near half an hour. The Deputies disputed violently on the floor, straining their voices to a most unnatural pitch in the endeavour to make themselves heard; some appeared highly irritated, and to require the

\* Out !

strongest conventional fetters to keep them even from blows; others left the Hall for the outer *salas*, amongst the rest, Olózaga, as the only means of allaying the storm. These in about a quarter of an hour returned, when tolerable order was re-established. Olózaga took his customary seat at the extreme left, and earnestly conversed with several Deputies. Lopez took his seat on the central benches—a place for him unusual—with the head of the Progresistas, Cortina, on one side, and the Moderado leader, Martinez de la Rosa, on the other. At two the President resumed his seat.

This functionary, bent on proving how much partisanship may adorn his office, from his presidential chair made the gratuitous proposition that Olózaga should not be heard, because he had not been re-elected after receiving the appointment of Prime Minister (from which post he had just been dismissed!)

Olózaga rose, and in a voice that betrayed the terrible agitation which mastered him, notwithstanding the serenity of his aspect, protested against this preliminary injustice, having revelations to make so important, that upon them depended the ruin or the triumph of the Constitutional monarchy. This announcement excited profound attention, and the question whether Olózaga and his colleagues should be permitted to take part in the discussions, submitted in a formal motion by Señor Posada, was discussed with tolerable decency, and decided in the affirmative, but not till the end of the following day. The pressure at the doors of the *Córtes* continued to be tremendous, and on the third of December a man

was crushed to death. The circumstance was not known, or, if known, was not attended to, and was only made public on the following day. Such a trifle could not move the Spanish indifference to death. "*Contarle con los muertos*," is a familiar Castilian proverb to describe a man who is entirely forgotten. The Madrileños marched over the prostrate victim of curiosity, and the claims of humanity were postponed to the eagerness for a seat. If the dying man could have sought revenge, he might have found it in the fact that his recumbent body served to trip a hundred others, his last groan was stifled in the confusion of a scrambling crowd; and I must do his unconscious murderers the justice of saying, that but few were aware of his fate.

Olózaga's character is of that precise stamp which needs persecution and adversity to elicit all the nobler qualities. In smooth water he runs with a relaxed sail before the wind; but when the tempest gathers around, he grapples his cordage with a sinewy arm, and sways the rudder firmly. He has vanities, feeblenesses, follies, in his level hours, but rises with each extraordinary occasion like a man of whom greatness is the inherent quality, and frivolity only an accident. The pettiness of the Golden Fleece was forgotten in the grandeur with which he grappled with the Palace Intrigue; the weakness of his Parisian displays, in the strength with which he smote the Camarilla. He was, indeed, a giant at bay, and a lion taken in the toils, when he faced that Moderado Córtes, and rose to perform the most delicate task which can fall to statesman—to skirmish when

there could be no pitched battle—to disprove where he could not dare deny—to destroy a charge which, left standing, must ruin him for ever, and at the same time spare the tremulous character of his Sovereign—to travel round the whole circumference, and yet not touch its centre—to convince the world that he had never for a moment coerced with brutal rudeness a girl of thirteen, and yet not compromise that royal maiden's honour ! Olózaga did all this, and did it well. His language was guarded throughout, and never wanting in befitting respect to the Queen. “ Never, Señores, was man in a position so difficult as mine ! ”

Yes, that the Camarilla had made him the victim of a treacherous conspiracy, was proved by every consideration which it was possible to advance, without positive compromise of the royal dignity ; and no single point was left unnoticed which tended to complete that moral proof of which the nature of the case alone admitted. The Camarilla was short-sighted in its depth of baseness. It knew the respectful attachment—the “ *maxima reverentia* ” of Olózaga for his royal pupil ; it knew the preponderance of the assertion of a crowned head over that of a private individual ; it knew the reluctance with which the minister would contradict even the most deadly impeachment coming from that quarter, and the coldness with which such contradiction would be received by a hostile Chamber ; but it forgot that there is such a thing as *circumstantial evidence*. More demonstratively by this than by any direct statement did Olózaga perfect his rebutting case, and most

conclusive was the conviction, which, in words of burning eloquence, he sent home to every head and heart. His tears were genuine then, his sobs were unaffected, and his triumph was marred by no melodramatic insincerity, such as when—Espartero meditating no treason against either—he exclaimed in the same Chamber in June, “*God save the Queen! God save the country!*” and subsequently, affecting that the Regent had plans of murder, cried, “*Let the assassins come!*”

The politicians of the Puerta del Sol, who, like the people everywhere, take broad and massive views of policy, who are brimful of imagination and prejudice, but seldom err very widely from the truth in their judgments of individual character, set down Olózaga as an Afrancesado, and as bought over to support Queen Cristina's cause. He probably was, at least, flattered and cajoled, the Tuileries for such men has a potent spell, and his vanity has indeed been brilliantly rewarded. It is scarcely possible to conceive that his desertion of the Regent last summer was impelled by motives entirely pure; but the charge of corruption is easier made than made good; and in every part of Spain, even in his own city of Cadiz, I have heard enough of general expression of ill-will towards Espartero (utterly groundless though it may have been, for I never heard good grounds) to account, in combination with his inefficient military performances since the period of his last marching from Madrid, for the universal desertion of his countrymen. Olózaga, perhaps, only acutely “snuffed the tainted gale,” and retired from the side of a man who was

inevitably doomed to fall. But with the true recklessness of a Spanish politician, he knocked the falling Regent upon the head, and a large section of the Liberal party considered him a backslider and an apostate. In the wonderful mutability of things at Madrid, the recent persecution rallied his old and estranged friends, conciliating those who had ceased to like him; and men who hated or despised him when he was dubious and vacillating, and shrank disgusted from his egotism, placed themselves once more beneath his banner when he showed decision and energy; his errors were condoned and his faults overlooked. Through him it was plain that the Camarilla struck at liberty; that Moderatism and Absolutism were elbowing reform off the scene; and the Progresista leaders, Cortina and Madoz, with the bulk of their party, both Old and Exalted, clung to him as if he had throughout been firm as bronze or marble. Adversity united all the sections of the Liberal party; the Gorgon aspect of an infernal plot made those who had opposed Espartero regret their opposition, and pity the poor young girl who was raised to a throne but a day or two before, to be stripped of her innocence, shorn of her *prestige*, and degraded to a miserable instrument.

“What, Señores (said Olózaga), is the great object which legists propose to obtain by representative government? How was the happy compromise effected between ancient monarchy and modern society, which requires to be represented in all its interests, in all the force of its political opinions? How was it designed to conciliate the stability, the



dignity, the benign deportment of thrones, immovable in the midst of political tempests, with the recognition, renovation, flexibility of popular opinion, and the nomination of that opinion to power which is most generally preferred by the country? In what consists, Señores, the spirit, the mind of constitutional government, but in maintaining sovereigns free from the contact of parties, absolutely free, aloof in their persons from the conflicts which prevail in the country, and choosing for their responsible ministers, for the executors of the national will, the men esteemed most worthy amongst the representatives of the dominant opinion? Was it not presumed that this scheme would provide the means of governing the country through the country, with a shelter for the throne, and a limit to ambition in the respect which tradition secures to monarchy? But how, Señores, are both principles to be reconciled? How is royalty to be fixed thus high? To be exempted from the visitation of party? How is it to represent society and its interests, if you will have it to represent societies and interests of the moment, and yield to the suggestions of coteries and individuals? If you are sincerely desirous to have thrones what they should be, if anxious to preserve our constitutional dignity, I do not fear to assert, that neither ministers, whoever they be, nor parliament, nor the country, will tolerate the intervention of these party and private interests. I do not fear to assert it, because representative government has stronger roots in Spain than some may think, and because the sincere lovers of our august Queen see that, if these are the saving prin-

ciples of thrones, never, in any circumstances, was their observance more necessary, their rigid observance, than when the destinies of the country are swayed by a guileless girl, who may so easily be surprised, may so readily be deceived, unless we admit the guarantees of responsible ministers, and of the majorities which sustain them."

Olózaga's second speech was still more effective than his first. It was a speech which made his life no longer safe in Madrid; and after delivering it, warned by significant threats of assassination, he was no longer publicly seen in the metropolis. It was the bold and energetic declaration of a dauntless tribune of the people:—"Is it judgment (he asked) you want, or is it sacrifice? Is it truth, or base intrigue? Let Señores opposite desire what they may, be their opinions what they will, if they come to tell us in these latter times that the word of the Queen is to be believed without question, I answer 'No!' There is either a charge or there is none. If there be, that word is a testimony like any other, and to that testimony I oppose mine!"

The discussion in the *Córtes* lasted for seventeen days! Before it had terminated, the Deputies, the public, the press, were wearied. The heaving mountain became parturient, in the end, of a mouse of the smallest dimensions—a mere respectful message to the Queen, assuring her of the sympathy, distress, and loyalty of the Congress. Ulterior proceedings against Olózaga—so significantly had public opinion declared itself—were instantly abandoned, and the Chambers were closed, because the *Camarilla* knew

not what to do. One result was, however, made clear by these transactions—that Parliamentary government and Court influence are incompatible; that Monarchy has infinitely more to dread from whisperers and flatterers than from open enemies, and that the evils of a Regency are preferable to the Royalty of a child.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE ROYAL CHARGE CONFUTED.

BUT for one precaution, most judiciously taken by Olózaga, his ruin would have been consummated easily, though by an act of the profoundest baseness. An Under-Secretary of State went to his house immediately after his return from the Palace, on the night of the 29th, when he was informed that he would find his dismissal at home, and made a formal demand of the decree which the Queen was alleged to have forcibly signed.

The plot was deeply planned by the Camarilla, which held that, in the first flow of feeling and prostration of spirits, the degraded Minister would yield without question to the supposed requisition of his Sovereign. Olózaga was not so easily surprised; but, with characteristic penetration and presence of mind, retained the document till the following day, very frankly disclosing his purpose, which was to show it to at least 100 Deputies and others, and thus decisively prove that the signature was in the same regular, unshaken, and school-girl hand-writing, which Queen Isabel had invariably employed since her majority was declared.

The decree was given up on the ensuing day; but the plans of the Camarilla were thus decisively frustrated, for the decree, which they had forged with a

blotted and tremulous signature, could not be altered, and the Queen had no opportunity, by attesting it, to seal Olózaga's lips for ever !

The construction of the palace at Madrid is worthy of consideration, in connection with this plot of the Camarilla. The palace is deficient in great apartments, where a scene like that described between the Queen and Olózaga might occur without the interference of the immediate attendants upon royalty.

The Sala de los Embassadors\* is indeed of enormous extent. Two persons placed in the centre of this hall might well dispute together loudly, run along the floor, and drag each other about, without one word of the quarrel being heard outside its immense area. But, in the Gabinete del Despacho, or Cabinet for transacting Ministerial business, this is utterly impossible. It is one of the smallest rooms in any palace or noble house in Madrid. The room is *scarcely six yards square*, and outside its two doors were standing officially the Marquesas de Santa Cruz and de Valverde, with the Duke de Baylen, Calvet, or Donoso Cortés, and probably Narvacz himself at no great distance.

The moment a voice was raised, or a shuffling of feet was heard, the room must have been instantly entered. Besides, both doors had keyholes, through which Olózaga must have been seen pulling the Queen about and forcing her to sign. But the doors, to be sure, were locked—violently locked—by Olózaga; and it was impossible for their Excellencies, the Marquesas

\* Hall of Ambassadors.

de Santa Cruz and de Valverde, to ask her little Catholic Majesty, through the door, whether she was a consenting party to locking herself in with that ogre—the Marquesas de Santa Cruz and de Valverde were so modestly bashful, and so blushfully innocent! I positively declare that nothing above a whisper could be spoken in the little apartment without being distinctly heard outside. The most farcical part of the transaction was the piece of acting by Queen Isabel, after she had made and signed her declaration, attested by the grand notary of the kingdom, in the presence of all the principal Officers of State. “Come, Señores,” she said, “till I show you exactly how it happened.” (Her whole lesson had been rehearsed to her by the Marquesa de Santa Cruz in her carriage-drive that day.)

The courtly party, and presidents and vice-presidents of the legislative Chambers, hesitated to compromise the dignity of their Sovereign by taking a step which would imply a doubt of her word, and they stopped short. “Come on!” she cried, with childish animation, and with the excitement which was natural and requisite to sustain her through her piece of personation. “Here Olózaga caught me by the arm—here he went to this door and locked it—here he dragged me to the other door and locked it too—and here he held my hand and forced me to sign!” All the time she frisked and flurried about, and too plainly and sadly overacted her part.

Upon the days of Despacho Real, or despatch of business by the Sovereign, the ministers proceed to

the palace, each with his cartera or portfolio, containing the various decrees or orders which require to receive the royal signature, together with any reports or other documents which it may be requisite for the Sovereign to read. The decrees, before being carried to the palace, have invariably received the minister's *refrendata* or countersign.

Upon ordinary occasions each minister repairs to the palace in his own carriage separately, transacts his own business, and retires; ten minutes sufficing for each, and the others waiting, if they should arrive in the interim, until the minister actually engaged retires. But whenever there is a question of a very important decree, which it is desirable to have fortified in every shape, and to send forth to the country with visible tokens of ministerial unanimity and consent, a council of ministers is held, at which the Sovereign for the most part assists, the opinions of all are heard, the subject is fairly discussed, and upon agreement all sign together. The practice of the Sovereign signing decrees with blanks for the date has excited considerable surprise since this *éclat* at the palace divulged it; but the practice has been invariable, and is held to be respectful to the Sovereign. It is assumed that the latter may choose to exercise a discretion as to the period when the decree is to be issued and to have force. It is likewise evident that temporary illness and various other causes may render the Sovereign inaccessible at the precise period of the ministers repairing to the palace, and hence would arise the inconvenience of altering dates already written.

But the option to a minister of carrying dateless decrees in his pocket, and afterwards, when he pleases, giving them force, and specially by inserting a date, perhaps when months have elapsed, and the particular subject has vanished from the royal mind (when a change, too, may have occurred in the royal opinions), cannot, without great irregularity, be admitted, and denotes, like so many other things, the prevalent indolence of Spain. It is not too much to expect that in future the minister will invariably fill up the date in each decree at the moment when it has received the royal signature. Upon the memorable night of the 28th, Olózaga had several decrees in his cartera, all of which her Majesty signed after reading them.

The decree of dissolution was one of them. At the end the Queen presented him with a paper of sweetmeats for his daughter. Not a murmur, nor a buzz was heard, and the whole occupied less than a quarter of an hour! No one attempted to deny this in the *Córtes*. The weight of evidence is made irresistible by the declaration of General Serrano in the *Córtes* on the 17th December, nineteen days after the alleged occurrence. Olózaga had then fled from Madrid, and entered *Castello Branco* in Portugal two days after (on the 19th). No private entreaties could therefore have been used on Olózaga's part to induce him to conceal or colour. The high and soldierly character of Serrano is also a secure guarantee for the impossibility of his departure from truth and honour, and the proud indignation with which he crushed Bravo's attempt to twist against Olózaga some words dropped in confidential intercourse, makes this testimony



entirely unsuspected ; as does likewise the fact that he had a personal quarrel with Olózaga, and had hastily retired from the ministry.

In reply to a question from Roca de Togores, Serrano spoke as follows :—“ On the night of the 28th I had the honour to sit in the theatre by the side of the distinguished person referred to (the Marquesa de Santa Cruz) till half-past ten, and on the following day I paid her a visit in the palace at noon. I was in her company till half-past two, and she said nothing to me about anything having happened on the previous night. She was talking to me with all the frankness with which that lady honours me, and said nothing to induce me to believe that anything of the slightest consequence had occurred.”

The calumny respecting Olózaga's thrusting himself forward to take the Queen's arm on the occasion of the grand dinner given at the palace, immediately after the declaration of the Queen's majority, was equally odious and unfounded. By the Queen's own order, it was communicated through the Grand Chamberlain to the Presidents of the Congress and Senate, that her Majesty, desirous to give an eminent mark of distinction to the legislative bodies, as well as of her gratitude for their anticipating the legal period of her majority, would accord to them the honour of taking her arm to and from the dinner-table.

The Grand Chamberlain, as was his duty, called the two Presidents by their official names respectively, in the presence of all the assembled guests, and these were the first who in the saloon of waiting before dinner were led up to the Queen, and paid to her their

respectful salutations. The Chamberlain announced that one should take her Majesty's arm then, the other on her return. The lead was accorded to Olózaga; and so far was he from desiring to monopolize the favour, that he solicited the Queen to accord to the other President permission to sit at her right hand, the place of honour, which was done accordingly, Olózaga seating himself by the royal desire at the Queen's left hand. The malice of courtiers and of women gave to this *commanded* act the aspect of an intrusive and impertinent liberty.

So far was Olózaga from overstepping those boundaries which the as yet unextinguished chivalry of European countries, and very particularly of Spain, fixes as impassable with regard to the gentler sex, still more in the case of youthful girls, more sacredly still in respect of Queens—bounds strictly conventional and therefore more respected,—that he even with peculiar delicacy resigned his claim to the honour of taking her Majesty's arm upon the third occasion that evening when she needed the service of a cavalier.

The President of the Peers conducted the Queen from the dinner-table to the coffee-saloon, and there his privilege ended. After half an hour's conversation, her Majesty, as is her wont, (for it is obvious that a child is not in all respects to affect the manners of a mature Queen,) retired from the saloon in which coffee is usually served, to the Camara Real or Royal Chamber. It clearly devolved upon Olózaga here to conduct her—a matter, be it observed in passing, of no moment whatever, but its exposition rendered

necessary by the devices of slander—it came to his turn, for the honour was to be alternated between him and the other President; yet, with the instinctive superiority of great minds, and with a delicacy far removed from the vulgar hustling for the favours of royalty, which other men would have shown under similar circumstances, Olózaga gave the *pas* to the President of the Senate, who thus had the honour of twice escorting her Majesty on the same evening, while Olózaga escorted her only once, all taking their leave of the Queen and retiring the moment she had passed to the Camara Real.

From these minutiae it is plain that Olózaga was grossly calumniated. But this was not all. He put a little wine into her Majesty's glass twice only during dinner, and the Palace Jezabels declared that he wanted to make her drunk! The high-principled Bravo too repeated in the Congress some private conversation which he had held with Serrano, in which Olózaga's (most properly) energetic deportment towards the Queen was commented on, but with nothing of the spirit of depreciation attributed by Bravo, and the latter for his pains had the lie flung in his teeth.

But all these scandalous distortions show what malice was at work—a malice fiendish, if you will, but assuredly human likewise—to blacken the character of the man whom it was determined to ruin, and give colour to the infamous charge of compelling his Sovereign to sign.

The alleged fact was an utter impossibility. The whole history of Olózaga's life disproved it. Familiar

with courts and with the best society, having the habitual *entrée* into the first palaces in Europe, of high culture and most gentlemanly manners, a visibly well-bred air pervading his person and whole deportment, he was the last man who could be capable of such conduct—a conduct for which there was not even the shadow of a motive, for the decree was neither dated, nor was he at all fixed in his intention to use it—but to watch the progress of Congress, and be guided by events. Men do not commit crimes except for definite objects, and gentlemen assuredly do not perpetrate one of the highest of human offences for the mere pleasure of, coward-like, bullying a royal girl. Unless we admit the now fashionable hypothesis of mania, which seems especially set apart for excusing assaults upon royalty; unless we conceive that Olózaga, famed over Europe already, the only subject of Spain made illustrious by its highest order; unless we suppose that the statesman and orator, the companion of princes and the preceptor of royalty, regarded his Golden Fleece as nothing, and needed for his reputation to discharge a popgun pistol at his Sovereign, like some minor British heroes, “forgery” is branded on the tale. So far from succeeding, the attempt to ruin an honourable man has met with a summary fate—the reputation of Olózaga shines forth brighter than before. Never was tissue of calumny more rapidly unwoven. Like the web of Penelope, it was undone in a night! The arrows of truth were potent as Ithuriel’s spear, and the lie was strangled almost the moment it was born.

*Dolus patefactus ad auras!*

And may it ever be thus. May falsehood in palaces be visited with a keener censure, and baseness in high nobility struck with a more withering blight. May the fountains of honour be lashed till they are purified, and kept in agitated ferment till their grosser particles subside, and their scum descend to the lowest depth of the waters. May countries be taught what respect mankind has for embroidered villains; and ladies, that lying lips, however lovely, are foul with a serpent's slime!

The bold and unshrinking firmness with which Olózaga defended himself, and the remarkable and convincing ability with which he refuted the charge against him, completely frustrated the plans of the Camarilla, and confounded the minister called to succeed him. The generous warmth, too, with which the Progresistas to a man supported him, and forgot their differences in their allegiance to truth, turned the tide of opinion so strongly against the Court, that there were witnessed the usual results of fraud and crime.

Bitter was the repentance of the foiled intriguers, and intense their regret at the impossibility of recalling the results of their immeasurable folly. Their tale was now borne upon all the winds—and disbelieved; disbelieved in Spain, disbelieved in France, disbelieved in England, disbelieved throughout Europe.

The Queen's reputation, not Olózaga's, was damaged. The cat's paw was burnt. What a naughty man Olózaga was to defend himself! Ministers have been beheaded before now for look-

ing crooked at a Queen. They didn't think he would be so stubborn and impudent ! Was there ever so outrageous a thing as his not ruining himself for the amusement of the court ? Indeed, he should make no defence, but suffer himself to be condemned ; when the Queen would be graciously pleased to pardon him. A proposal to this effect was formally made. But Olózaga knew better.

In whatever light this affair is regarded, with eyes however favourable to the institution of royalty, with a strong desire to rescue an unformed character from serious imputation, making every allowance for royal misconception, and for rashness and indiscretion in the minister's bearing, it is as clear as sunlight that, in asserting that Olózaga "held her hand and forced her to sign," Queen Isabel said the thing that was not ; and that Narvaez and the Camarilla concocted the plan—a plan not worthy of a palace, but of hell itself.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE FORCE OF CALUMNY.

WHEN Olózaga had made his convincing statement in the Córtes, he received hundreds of letters from influential men, who, seeing exactly the true position of affairs, offered him their services in any shape—on the battle-field if requisite. But he wisely repudiated every means of defence save that presented by a judicial testimony. Hundreds of districts, too, from his province sent in their pledges of re-election; and the Spanish people took the same clear-sighted view which, with a rare unanimity, pervaded Europe.

It is impossible to doubt that Olózaga is possessed of the highest moral courage. At every step of his short career in the Córtes, after the horrid charge was preferred against him, he evinced it with remarkable force. He met his accusers at all points, faced the fray with a lion heart, and held his remorseless assailants at bay with a spirit unquenched and indomitable. But this very proud and inextinguishable energy constituted his chief danger, and the irresistible strength with which he tore his toils asunder doomed him to an implacable vengeance.

The designs for his assassination were neither concealed nor ambiguous. They were the boast of every foe, the terror of every friend, the ceaseless topic of

every mouth in Madrid. It was known that the report of the Commission of the Córtes appointed to consider his impeachment, would be hostile to the views of the ministry, and that the persecuting committee would be branded by a solemn decision against it. A government so thoroughly unprincipled would therefore proceed to extremities, and with no juster warrant than the villainy of power, would have thrown him into a dungeon. Poison or a subservient scaffold would have consummated the work of iniquity, and rid his implacable enemies of his more than detested presence. He was informed of this nefarious design, and had but one resource—to fly from Madrid.

The blackening form of slander, which a Castilian proverb well condenses in the phrase, "*El rey mismo tiene espaldas*"—"The king himself has a back," was urged by the Camarilla to the most odious lengths. The subservient tool and premier, Bravo, narrated with gross distortion in the Córtes some private conversations which he had held with Serrano, in which it was assumed that the conduct of Olózaga was pronounced outrageous towards the Queen; and was rewarded with a public affront which he had not the spirit to resent.

Female malice was next in requisition: and the Marquesa de Santa Cruz asserted, that Olózaga's wife and mother had gone weeping to the palace, to entreat her to get the decree of his dismissal altered from its original violent terms to the milder shape which it afterwards assumed—a falsehood of singular baseness, since it was solely the discrimination of the minister Frias, who refused to countersign it in its



primary form, that produced the change in question ; and if the ladies of Olózaga's family repaired that day to the palace, it was in utter ignorance of his unmerited fate, and solely to secure the introduction of a female relation at court. So subtle are the arts of a revengeful woman !

The old unwritten law of the Castilian monarchy, which the Moderados sought to revive in this instance, permitted no subject to express a doubt of the word once passed by king or queen. When Queen Isabel, the second consort of Philip V., resolved, upon her arrival in the Peninsula, to get summarily rid of the Princess Ursins, who occupied the post of Camarera Mayor in the court of Madrid, at the moment when the Princess presented herself for the first time before the Queen, and was proceeding, in accordance with etiquette, to compliment her Majesty upon her arrival—before, in fact, she had opened her mouth, and just as she was about to address her—the Queen pronounced these terrible words :—“ *Faltasteis á mí en respecto*” (You have been wanting in respect to my person). In vain the Princess sought to justify herself ; the Queen ordered her to leave her presence on the instant, and had her carried without delay to the boundary of the Spanish territory. It was the month of December, and the cold was intense : the Princess was attired in a thin court dress ; and thus exposed to the inclemency of the weather, without servants, retinue, or provisions, she was placed in a carriage escorted by soldiers, and dragged without resting to the frontier. Had the present Queen Isabel dealt thus with her faithless Camarera Mayor,

instead of Olózaga, she would have been performing an act of substantial justice. Bitterly do the sayings of eloquent men come back "to plague the inventor." It was sharper than a serpent's tooth to Olózaga to find the use to which the Moderados applied his famous saying, when he formed with them the league against Espartero—" *Dios salve la Reyna ! Dios salve el pais !*" When the declaration of Queen Isabel was published, and Olózaga was hurled from office, the Moderados, trampling on their fallen ally, exclaimed, "The nation saved the Queen ; the Queen has saved the nation !"

In his first speech after the affair of the palace, he wept in addressing the Cortes ; wept—not unnaturally, as any other man might have wept, and as any man endued like himself with intense and powerful feeling could scarcely fail to weep, while his heart was poured out in words and the hideous plot in all its blackness stood unveiled before him. He thought of the snares which had been laid—of the toils which had been lapped around him ; above all, of the part which the young Queen had been taught to act—and he wept.

Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men ! The Moderados called him "a crocodile," and declared that they could not disguise their contempt. When a statesman (said they) sheds tears like a woman, we are disarmed ; he only moves our pity. Candid, kind-hearted men !

It is needless to say with what feelings of rapturous delight the Republicans of Spain witnessed these movements of the Court. A proceeding which made

royalty ridiculous was precisely playing their game, and their principles were hugely advanced by the exhibition of an infantine Majesty, with its weaknesses, follies, caprices, and the crimes of its directing Camarilla.

A Queen grown hateful before she had ceased to be a child—a Sovereign made contemptible ere she had strength to wield a sceptre—the mystery of Courts laid bare—the curtain lifted from the show-box, royalty caught without its wigs or furbelows, the doll stripped of its gewgaw trimmings—such was the spectacle of derision presented by this execrable management, and such the effect of this encroachment by unprincipled courtiers upon the domain of responsible government. The friends of monarchy sighed for the re-enactment of Salic law, and thought that even a dotard in the shape of man were better.

Their Philip III. and Ferdinand VII. were the exceptions; but imbecility in female sovereigns appeared to be the rule. The long-bearded republicans of Madrid and Barcelona shook their sides and their hirsute chins with laughter, and coolly laid their plans for the establishment of a commonwealth. The assassination of leading politicians seemed to grow methodical at Madrid. They reconcile these things in the Peninsula to their sense of honour and religion.

The hedge-firing from about 30 guns, to which Narvaez was subjected, would have been quite successful but for one undexterous omission, the cutting of the traces; the attempt at poisoning which followed would have been likewise complete, had the nerves of

the pliant soldier, who was to have administered it, been artistically steeled with opium; the score of Narvaez's military satellites, who swore to assassinate Olózaga for tearing in pieces the fiction of the Camarilla, would have quite extinguished the degraded Premier, had they not mistaken the number of his new house; and the thirty valiant officers of the army of Spain, who chivalrously took a single editor's apartment by storm, might have chanced to find him at home, had they gone in couples, without tremendous swords and honour-inspiring epaulettes. Passion, like Love and Justice, is blind, and, happily for the bones of non-combatants, blinds those whom it possesses.

An attempt was made on the 12th by an assassin, supposed to be employed by the Camarilla, to assassinate Olózaga; and when he escaped this worthy's dagger, only through his fortunate precaution in having procured two friends to accompany him through the streets, he immediately resolved not to expose his person further, and was not again seen publicly in Madrid. He took counsel of his immediate adherents and of certain leading diplomatists, amongst them the Minister for France, and determined to withdraw for a time from Spain, as the only sure protection against the threats of the military satellites of Narvaez, and the chances of a judicial murder.

Portugal presented the readiest asylum, and following very nearly the course of the Tagus, the exile, escorted by twenty well-armed contrabandists, came by way of Talavera and Coria (the shortest route), on the back of a mule, in the disguise of a trader, with copious saddle-bags, and crossing the

little river Herjas into the Portuguese province of Beira, was soon in Castello Branco.

The vicissitudes of Peninsular politics have, of late, been curiously illustrated in Portugal. It is just two years since Narvaez took refuge there after the unsuccessful attempt on the palace at Madrid, and was immediately ordered to quit the Portuguese territory upon the requisition of Espartero. Eighteen months elapsed, and Narvaez having got back to Spain by the circuitous route of France, expelled Espartero in turn, who in his turn was expelled from Portugal, or never permitted to enter it; and now came the renowned knight errant of the Golden Fleece, Olózaga, who quarrelled first with Espartero and next with Narvaez, and was permitted, like them, to taste the black broth of exile, spied and persecuted, until England at last afforded him a sure asylum.

Spain and Portugal are in the precise relation towards each other of France and Belgium. The Revolutions of the larger are *presto* imitated in the smaller country; the literature of the larger is stolen by the smaller; the political forms are likewise imitated. The smuggling on the frontier is of the same or still greater extensiveness.

The political refugees of each resort to the other country; and, like the game of back-gammon, whenever a man is in difficulties, he passes into the opposite board. In short, they are reciprocal asylums. Ever since 1833, when Don Carlos fled into Portugal, followed by his puffing pamphleteer, Luzuriaga, the dominions of Doña Maria have formed the small

paddock where Spaniards under a cloud have gone, like Nebuchadnezzar, to grass.

Portugal has received alike the cruel Usurper, the wily Mendizabal, the conceited Pezuela, the audacious Narvaez, the downright Zurbano, the oily Linage, the feather-brained Iriarte, the strong-headed Olózaga—all, except Espartero, who was excluded, apparently because he alone, of all their statesmen and soldiers, had ever done Portugal a service.

There is no doubt whatever that had not Olózaga contrived to effect his escape through a cordon of police spies, the government would have managed to have him condemned by the Senate and sentenced to death, which, for the alleged crime of *lesa magestad*, might, according to some precedents in Peninsular history, have been inflicted by four wild horses galloping off with his limbs torn asunder, in different directions ! This sentence would perhaps have been subsequently commuted into banishment to the Philippines, but the least that would have befallen him would have been transportation for life.

In that singular indifference to human suffering which still forms a remarkable trait of Spanish character, and which the horrors of the civil war have served to perpetuate, his fate upon a scaffold would have caused but an inconsiderable sensation in Spain ; and the only observation which it would have probably called forth, is that shrug of the shoulders which is here more habitual than in France, accompanying the familiar phrase, *Son cosas de España*—“These are things peculiar to Spain !” Thus are

palliated or overlooked, the frequent butcheries of the people at Madrid and in the provinces, which are perpetrated by the soldiery on the most frivolous pretences.

A few *Mueras* and *Vivas*, raised perhaps by some government agent or reckless officer in disguise, bring discharges from picquets of infantry, not alone against the crowd which is permitted to be refractory, but down all the adjoining streets and into unoffending cafés. Blood-letting is here such a luxury! The editors of obnoxious journals are tried by courts martial, instead of the ordinary legal tribunals; and when Espartero had Léon shot, his answer to the remonstrance of a foreign minister was "*Es regular!*"

## CHAPTER X.

## QUEEN ISABEL.

THE appearance of Queen Isabel Maria to the eye of a stranger is that of a precocious but somewhat careworn and sickly girl—exceedingly pale, and with nothing either expressive or interesting in her countenance. But that her brow is circled with a crown, at a period of unparalleled youth to emerge from legal nonage, there is little there to arrest your attention; you are neither forbidden nor attracted; you deem her more advanced than her age, but this precocity, as compared with England, is universal in the Peninsula.

If you look more closely, you will see a shade pass now and then over her brow and features, indicative of waywardness of disposition, and of a character somewhat spoiled by destiny; and you will not be far mistaken if you draw this conclusion. But your eye is soon arrested by the sparkling face beside her, all radiant with vivacity and intelligence; younger, yet less frivolous; more laughing and joyous, yet with more of sentiment.

It is the Infanta Luisa, her sister—a charming child—a countenance radiant with the highest beauty, the beauty of the mind. In the sitting of the *Córtes*, where the majority of her royal sister was declared, this darling monopolised all the admiration.



Queen Isabel is said to be of a rather wilful nature, subject to pettish fits ; at times not a little obstinate, and deficient in intelligence as well as in temper. These qualities are inherited in part from both father and mother. If she has thrown her whole soul into her Camarilla, it was likewise a maternal failing, for Mendizabal in his official interviews with Queen Cristina had frequently to lock out the listening Camarilla : the very charge laid at Olózaga's door.

Queen Isabel's Camarera Mayor, the Marquesa de Santa Cruz, now so notorious throughout Europe, is a very fascinating person, of most elegant and distinguished manners and high intellectual attainments—one of the few cynosures of the court of Spain—and to these qualities she is indebted for her influence over the Queen. It is fair to add that she wears one of the proudest and most glorious amongst the historical names of Spain. The Marquis of Santa Cruz, in the time of Philip II., was a most illustrious admiral, who defeated on numerous occasions the Moors of Africa, and completed the conquest of Portugal by destroying Don Antonio's expedition of 60 vessels fitted out by France. It was not he, but the Duke of Medina Sidonia, who commanded the Great Armada.

Queen Isabel has been very imperfectly and irregularly educated. That she should be little enlightened is not surprising ; that she should be deficient in ordinary knowledge is a mere corollary of her inadequate tutoring. She was not altogether three months in the hands of Olózaga, whose instruction

was confined to her political education; and under the guidance of Arguelles, to whom she was previously entrusted, she was rather indocile and refractory. About the court, they say that she is capricious, wilful, *disimulada*; and fibbing, an ordinary characteristic of her age in young girls, is alleged to be very much the contrary of being disdained by her.

For the last three years she has been in constant correspondence with her mother, and inevitably thus impregnated with a strong dislike for the Progresistas, as a party and individually. It was they who drove Cristina from Spain, and who have always thwarted that princess's Absolutist tendencies. Never, therefore, could Isabel listen with affectionate respect to the lessons of Arguelles or of Olózaga, both of them eminent Progresistas; and in Espartero she could only see the tyrant who deprived her mother of the regency, and left herself an orphan. Still being obliged to keep up appearances, and the entire power of the state being vested in Espartero, she was taught to be false and artful by the force of circumstances, and trained by events to deceit. An intimate friend of the master who attended her longest, wrote things concerning her in a German correspondence which I should be sorry to transcribe, and which I prefer imputing rather to the imperfect formation of character at her age, than to anything inherently bad in her disposition.

Her Aya or governess, during a long period, was this very Marquesa de Santa Cruz, whose influence over her is now so unbounded, but whom the events of 1840 compelled, like Queen Cristina, to seek a

refuge in France. Isabel appeared to be warmly attached to the Marquesa, yet she received with not less apparent affection and tenderness the relief of the illustrious Mina, who after the Revolution of 1840 was appointed by the successful Progresistas to take the post of Aya, and was presented to her by Arguelles; and never did she utter a word to her concerning her previous Aya, not so much as an inquiry after her health!

During the Regency of Espartero, La Niña Real manifested towards him, as it seemed, the greatest respect and devotion. She even insisted on having the portrait of "*su caro amigo*," and made such a parade of her desire in this respect that at last it was given her. She placed it in her own room, guarded it with great care, and showed it to her visitors with seeming pride.

But when the Regent's sun became eclipsed, when Narvaez marched to the palace at Madrid, and the Señora de Mina was dismissed, Isabel showed herself affected to the same precise degree, but no further, as she had seemed at parting with the Marquesa de Santa Cruz. "Since you are leaving me," she said, "I must make you a present." And away she ran to take down the portrait of her very "dear friend" Espartero, which precious relic she handed over to her outgoing Aya, saying, "Keep this portrait, Señora; it will be better in your possession than in mine."

The conflicting influences in the midst of which Queen Isabel has been thrown, and the tossing to and fro in the whirlpool of contending passions and

factions, would have spoiled perhaps most hearts and intellects. Surrounded by a succession of rival intriguers friends and enemies have conspired to make her what she is. She knew not where to attach herself; her relief was in profound dissimulation.

The shoot of an old and deformed trunk, how, in the midst of such storms, could she grow straight or fair? Unhappily the women who surround her have a very doubtful reputation—it is the public voice of Madrid; and few fathers of families would entrust a daughter to their care. She has a great deal of *wilfulness*, but no *will* at all of her own; the distinction will be readily comprehended. By whatever arts Narvaez and the Marquesa de Santa Cruz had won their ascendancy over her, their control is unlimited—and I believe that, with a child of thirteen, it would be nearly all the world over the same.

The words pronounced by her, in her royal capacity, were as much repeated by her from their private instruction, as those of any holiday scholar. Her appearance at the grand bull-fight in August last, with the scandalous delight which she manifested at the torturing of the bulls and the agonies of the horses, should never again be repeated. Though with farcical inconsistency she wrote letters to “My dear Olózaga,” inviting him to form a new administration, yet the forms of the old régime are preserved under a constitutional monarchy. A young Sevillian poet of my acquaintance, having written an ode on the declaration of her majority, repaired to Madrid, to have the honour of presenting it to her Majesty. The permission was accorded, and the work reve-

rently laid by him, *selon les règles*, at the royal feet. He should have likewise kissed her feet, but this part of the ceremonial was dispensed with; as it likewise was to Martinez de la Rosa, who the same day presented the new edition of the Dictionary of the Academy.

Queen Isabel has an extraordinary collection of sweets, the most perfect museum of confectionery in Europe. Her royal repository is perpetually vanishing, but not less frequently renewed; and her conservators stuff something much better than beasts or birds—their Sovereign mistress.

This pastrycook museum, which extends over every apartment of the palace, contains some most interesting specimens—the *tortas*, or tarts of Moron, the most celebrated in Spain—the *panes pintados*, or painted buns of Salamanca—the paschal *ojalores*, or carnival and easter dainties—the hard *turrone*s of Alicante, composed of almonds, nut-kernels, filberts, and roasted chestnuts, intermixed with honey and sugar—*dulces* of cocoa-nut frosted with sugar—roasted almonds—avellanas, a peculiarly nice sort of filbert, whole and in powder—cinnamon, pine-apple kernels, jelly, blanc-mange, and custard—gingerbread in its several varieties, and sugared rice in its sundry convolutions—marmalade, jam, and *blando de huévos*, or sweetened yolks of eggs—*capuchinas*, *guindas* (cherry-brandy), barley-sugar, imitation walnuts and sugar-stick, *alfajor*, or spiced bread, and the delicious cheese *jijona*, pomegranate-jelly, *melocotones*, Madroño strawberries, and other curious specimens. Perhaps the most striking characteristic of the

youthful Majesty of Spain, is her relish and constant use of these *bonbons* and sweetmeats. Her papers of comfits strew the palace, her bags of sugar-plums visit the council-chamber, her *dulces* line the throne.

The books of heraldry are not in her case vain, which, as females have nothing to do with shields, inscribe their armorial bearings in a *lozenge*. If she is not "the loveliest," she is indeed "the sweetest" princess. When she is in a good humour, the most remarkable evidence of amiability which she affords is distributing these *bonbons* freely amongst her ministers and palace *grandes*. She does not ask whether these gentlemen have "a sweet tooth," but very naturally infers that what she likes herself must be pleasing to all the world.

The degrees of ministerial favour may be estimated by the number of presents of confectionery, and the Minister of the Interior is *first fiddle* by right of four bags of sugar-plums, till the Minister of Grace and Justice produces five sticks of barley-sugar. When she despatches business with her Ministers (which she does twice a week), she despatches a prodigious quantity of sweets at the same time; and the confecting of decrees, and discussion of dainties, proceed *pari passu*. On the night of the alleged violence, she gave a paper of *bonbons* to Olózaga; and the latter having mentioned this fact as a proof of his correct demeanour, the Palace put forth its version, which was, that the sweetmeats dropped on the floor, and Olózaga picked them up and kept them!

The personal character of Queen Isabel was compromised almost as much by her treatment of Lopez

as of Olózaga. These Liberal statesmen were indeed hustled with as little ceremony as if they were mere intendants of police in the days of Absolutism. Her last words to Lopez, when he finally withdrew on the 24th, Olózaga being on the point of forming his new Cabinet, were—"Whenever any important occasion arises, Señor Lopez, I shall certainly send for you."

Queen Isabel did not fulfil this promise; but, special as it was, forgot it within five days after it was uttered. On the night of the 29th, when the President and Vice-presidents of the Congress were called to her presence to consult as to the most fitting course to pursue with regard to Olózaga's asserted outrage, the Queen asked them, *Que os parece?*—"What is your opinion?" They suggested that other eminent persons should be called in, for the holding of a solemn consultation, and Lopez was named amongst them. Queen Isabel immediately replied, with a negative wave of her finger, *A' ese no!*—"Not him certainly!"

Since the recent return of the Queen-mother, her royal daughters and she have often been seen in public, and their visits to the churches of Madrid have indeed been somewhat ostentatious.

During the enormously protracted ceremonies of Holy Week, every one had an opportunity of seeing the royal family at their devotions. It was an interesting spectacle; three female personages of regal rank ranged by the side of the altar, isolated and exalted over the rest of the community both by power and by the accidents of social position; no

husband, nor father, nor brother, at hand, to afford the support of masculine protection, and their nearest male relative a hostile and wrongful usurper.

Apart from their dignified rank, and regarding them merely as women, two of the three might well stand for Graces, the mother and the younger child; regularity, agreeableness, and expressiveness of feature belonged to both, and elegance of figure and deportment. The brilliant eyes and Italian symmetry of Cristina's outline were reflected in her younger child; strange that the aspect of the elder was so entirely different! The resemblance between Queen Isabel and her deceased father is as remarkable (and each day it becomes more decided) as that of the Princess Luisa to their common mother.

The Infanta has carried away all the grace and good looks of the family; Queen Isabel seeming to monopolise not only the obstinacy, sullenness and violence of the unamiable Ferdinand, but the heaviness of eye, the coarseness of general outline, especially about the mouth and chin, and the unintellectual expression throughout, which indicated those qualities. The abruptness of her gestures, the discourteous mode of salutation, the frequent startings and tossings of the head, were singularly opposed to the elegant demeanour and graceful propriety of Queen Cristina (which made you forget all that you had heard of her peccadilloes), of which the charming little Luisa presented a precise counterpart; and which the mantillas, worn by them upon this occasion, set off to particular advantage.

The Queen-mother's appearance does not belie her



character as a strong-minded clear-headed woman, possessed of resolution, coolness and courage; not much burthened with scruples or fidelity, and therefore, on the whole, not ill adapted for Spain. In the words of a strong local proverb, "she is not one to trip on a pebble," yet firmness and conciliation characterised many acts of her regency. She is fond of governing; and in her new position will be a frequent originator of measures—for to her eldest daughter she seems to have transmitted but little of this ability.

One result of the Moderado re-instalment is a return to many of the old Court abuses. The Palaciego and Servidumbre class is more numerous now than at any period since the constitutional form of government was established. These expensive hangers-on of royalty have made an increase in the civil list indispensable; and the expenses of the royal household, in the estimates for 1844, are 32,050,000 reals or £320,000.

## CHAPTER XI.

## QUEEN CRISTINA.

“LA AUGUSTA REYNA MADRE, D<sup>ÑA</sup> MARIA CRISTINA DE BORBON,” for such is the formal designation of [Queen Cristina by her adherents, would have undoubtedly set out for Madrid immediately after the *débâcle* with Olózaga, but for difficulties of a nature to arrest the most enthusiastic.

It was announced to be the fixed intention of the Liberal party in the Chambers to demand the instant repayment of 8,000,000 reals, or 80,000*l.*, being a very small proportion of the amount of national property which Cristina carried from Spain on her expatriation. The proposal for restitution was certainly most unmannered, considering the enormous sums with which her Majesty fitted out Narvaez, Pezuela, Concha, and O'Donnel, for their crusade against Espartero in June last, and further remembering the two millions of francs which she trundled across the Pyrenees.

It was therefore not the prudence of Louis-Philippe, nor the delicate impediment of being physically *embarazada*, that checked her return to her beloved country, but a more substantial objection to “forking out.” The matter was placed in the most natural light. What more simple than to become the guardian to her second daughter, the Infanta Luisa?

But daughters are not quite so dear as dollars. A junta of refugees in Paris, Mendizabal, Hernandez, Parsent, Marliani, and Pallares, stung poor Cristina like envenomed wasps, and found their way into the columns of more than one Parisian journal.

To smooth Cristina's path over the Pyrenees, Narvaez and Bravo, without consulting the Córtes, (although the sacred right was involved of voting the public money), by decree restored to her the arrears of her pension, of which Espartero, with the concurrence of parliament, deprived her after the violent assault of her emissaries on the palace.

The sum thus restored amounted to twelve millions of reals, or one-half more than the amount of which the Progresistas threatened to demand immediate repayment. It was therefore a safe speculation : Cristina would pocket 40,000*l.* by the exchange, and really under the circumstances she might hazard the journey to Spain.

Into Cristina's private life it is no business of mine to enter, nor to lay bare the delicate mysteries of her second marriage. In her public capacity she has always been remarkable for four qualities, two of them virtues, and two the reverse :—Courage, resolution, insincerity, and avarice. No one knows better than she does the truth of the Castilian proverb, that "*the quid pro quo is at the bottom of everything*;" and as to Cristina's possession of the last-named quality, her carrying off nearly the whole crown jewels of Spain, even to some of her royal daughter's ornaments, leaves little doubt on the subject. Her courage at one period, and her insincerity

at another, will be apparent from the following anecdotes, which relate to the two great incidents in her political life :—

In 1834 took place the massacre of the friars in Madrid, an occurrence of so frightful a character—the result of a panic amongst the populace, who imagined that these harmless men had poisoned the springs of the metropolis—that it re-produced the worst scenes of the French Reign of Terror, and might well have appalled the boldest female ruler. The *manolas* of Madrid rivalled the Parisian *poissardes*, and the shaven regular was slain in his robes at the altar.

When the news of this lamentable event reached Queen Cristina she was at La Granja, that spot which three years after witnessed so remarkable a passage in her history.

Her minister, Martinez de la Rosa, presented himself before her and declared that he must depart for Madrid, to confront the perils of the hour, to check the revolution which impended, and strengthen the disjointed frame of the state; but that before setting out, he must implore her Majesty to come from La Granja to the metropolis and open the *Córtes* in person, undaunted by the raging epidemic and the murderous insurrection. “I will open the *Córtes*,” she said, “come what may:” the answer of a courageous princess, who shares the heroism with the faults of her sister, the Duchess de Berri.

If her courage was in this instance apparent, in another she took care to prove that faithlessness is too characteristic of the Spanish reigning family.

When, in 1840, the law for regulating the municipalities, by causing them to be nominated by the crown instead of being elected by the people, was presented to Cristina at Barcelona, when more than 15,000 petitions had been forwarded from all parts of the country against it, and, the Chambers arbitrarily refusing to receive anymore, the remaining petitions were forwarded to Espartero, then at Barcelona with the Queen Regent; that general implored her not to sanction the law, and Cristina solemnly promised to follow his advice.

The next day she signed the law without his knowledge; the revolution immediately followed, and she was expelled the Spanish soil. *A grandes males grandes remedios!*

The return of Maria Cristina to the seat of government, after three and a half years' forced absence from Spain, is an event of great political importance. A Queen-mother endowed with so much ability, and will to use it, wields, it is needless to observe, an irresistible influence by the side of a girlish sovereign. Everything points to the exercise of that influence in opposition to popular liberty. The cordial acceptance of Narvaez's policy, and the advancement of himself to the post of prime-minister, the adhesion to the principles of military government, the careful and significant courting of the army by the two Queens, their inspection of I know not how many barracks, tasting of the soldiers' food, and passage through their dormitories, are signs of the future which it would be stolid to neglect.

Not less remarkable is Cristina's conciliation of

the clergy, and the little disguised design of suspending the sales of ecclesiastical property, and restoring perhaps a portion of what has already been sold—a design which the relict of Ferdinand warmly encourages, with the twofold object of doing cheap penance at the expense of other people, and retaining unquestioned her own unwieldy possessions.

The moment Cristina's carriage rolled within the walls of Madrid, it stopped before a church, which she entered with a parade of prayer that she has ever since continued, and on her passage from the frontier to the capital she was several times seen to kneel on the floor of her moving equipage, as crosses, churches, and convents by the wayside provoked a holy reminiscence. These very demonstrative acts of the acute dowager announced a fixed intention of effectively reconciling herself with the Church, and indeed a Neapolitan princess could not be expected to remain long in spiritual hostility with Rome.

The high-church party through Spain was speedily re-animated by these demonstrations; Carlist clerigos raised their drooping heads, and some of the factious prelates re-appeared on Spanish soil. A feeling of old-fashioned religion, which moderns call superstition, was rapidly revived and extended.

A river overflowed its banks, and relics were brought forth and paraded with great pomp to make the rebellious waters retire: *vagus et sinistrâ labitur ripa*, exclaimed both priests and people. A drought occurred at Seville, and relics were again carried forth to bring the rebellious waters from the clouds! Similar causes produced most dissimilar effects. Cristina

looked on with an approving and seraphic smile, not at all diminished by the sense of strong security with which she clutched her jewels and her money.

Her policy was likewise triumphant in another matter of great domestic interest. Gonzalez Bravo, the man who had insulted her in his *Guirigay* regarding Muñoz, was forced to sign the appointment of Muñoz as Duke and Grande, and shortly afterwards the said Bravo was kicked out of the ministry, and Narvaez appointed premier in his stead.

Already has the policy of Cristina been signally triumphant since her return. The reluctant liberalism into which Espartero, Arguelles, and the victorious Progresista party had coerced her, has been exchanged for a series of acts of undisguised reaction. The law for restraining municipal liberty, which caused her forcible ejection from the Peninsula, she has seen in principle enforced by decree and carried into actual operation; she has seen the wings of the *Córtes* clipped, the troublesome press gagged, the turbulent *Milicianos* disarmed; and the Church, which was the victim of her insincere spoliation, she sees on the point of having its wealth restored. Bravo, who had ridiculed her, and who equally offended by the lingering leaven of liberalism which he retained, she has dismissed from office; and Hernando Muñoz she has made Duke de Rianzares and seated him proudly amongst the *Grandeza* of Spain.

These personal triumphs are even more flattering than successes of general policy; but both were necessary to Cristina's ambition; and not even these

were sufficient without financial successes as well. Hers was, indeed, a triple ovation: "*partoque ibat regina triumpho.*"

Not only has she contrived to blot out all the debts which she owed to the Spanish Crown and treasury, but has obtained a large indemnification for the expenses in which the movement by which Espartero was overthrown involved her. The policy to which she seems now to have devoted her energies is one somewhat curiously hostile to the interests of her own eldest daughter, but quite in accordance with that allegiance to Louis-Philippe which her three years' residence in Paris has unalterably confirmed.

Queen Isabel's is by no means a secure life; indeed, the seeds of early decay have already begun powerfully to develope themselves. Her youthful Majesty is unhappily subject to a rather dangerous scrofulous affection; in addition to which her person indisputably exhibits symptoms of general dropsy. These are the paramount reasons of state which caused Queen Isabel's recent journey, in spite of the fatigue and the summer heats, to the mineral springs of Catalonia. The possible contingency of her demise is therefore not idly speculated upon, and the far-seeing eye of the French Monarch has fixed upon her sister, the Infanta Luisa, as the consort of the Duc d'Aumale.

That prince's union with Queen Isabel is clearly impossible, and to have wrested from the jealous powers of Europe her alliance in matrimony with the Count Trapani, a Bourbon, is no inconsiderable



triumph to the policy of the Tuileries. But the grand triumph is that which, founded on the precarious state of the health of the reigning Sovereigns, would raise with the younger sisters respectively the Duc d'Aumale to the throne of Spain, and the Prince de Joinville to the Empire of Brazil.

## CHAPTER XII.

## NARVAEZ.

GENERAL DON RAMON NARVAEZ, the successful hero of the day, looks precisely the daring, energetic, obstinate and iron-nerved soldier of fortune which he is. In habits, manners, and appearance, he is of the purest military breed; blunt and off-handed in his address, overbearing in disposition, slow to take advice, impolitic, violent, and very determined in his proceedings. His dark moustache has the rough campaigner's cut, and his pale, stern, and somewhat cruel countenance, betokens his unbending character.

In stature he is rather above the middle size, and his wiry and sinewy person is well suited to the saddle and the field. You can read at once in his eye decision and promptitude; you can find tokens there of the rapid movements which made him master of Madrid, and an evidence, too, of the severity which would readily make a victim.

He is sumptuous and showy in his habits, but not luxurious in his tastes, and is always ready in his food and drink to rough it like a campaigner. These various qualities have endeared him to the army, with the bulk of which he is popular, and exercises over the officers a singular degree of influence. But he has numerous enemies nevertheless, amongst the class of privates and petty officers, and his shooting of five

sergeants and three common soldiers, last autumn, for demanding permission to quit the service, to which they were entitled by solemn promise, will never be forgotten.

No man ever ran greater risks than Narvaez, and Hernan Cortès in the Mexican capital was scarcely surrounded by more inveterate enemies. There are not fewer than 10,000 of the disarmed national militia of Madrid, the bulk of whom are his sworn foes, and whose confidence he unquestionably betrayed. These men, stripped of their weapons by treachery, hourly burn for vengeance; and the continued fire of bullets, the attempted poisoning, and planned assassination in the purlieus of the Opera, had their foundation (according to some theories prevalent here) in retributive justice. A portion even of his own army is not to be depended on.

This it is which has broken his sleep and his health, and given him the haggard look, which, like Cristina, he wears at times. Night is changed into day by his intrigues at the palace, his negotiations with military and other parties, and his secret dealings with the Camarilla. Sleep is snatched irregularly, often entirely destroyed; and in addition to constant occupation he is doomed to a life of alarms. He has more personal enemies than ever Quesada had, or probably than any other man has made in modern Spain; and yielding to the irresistible bent of his character he goes on daily making more. General Serrano has recently started in rivalry with him for popularity amongst the people and the army, and his more winning manners, with the influence

which he has established, promise to the late "Universal Minister" no small likelihood of success. Serano, though of undoubted personal honour, is little better than a doubtful politician; but the Camarilla not coming to terms with him, he lately declared with his old friends, the Progresistas. Concha is likewise no unsuccessful rival of Narvaez, for general popularity and favour, but lately quarrelled with him, and resigned his post of Inspector-General of Infantry. In the present temper of Madrid a chance shot may decide the question. Narvaez's post, Captain-General of New Castile, was a purely military one, and the only pretence upon which he could visit the palace was to get the watchword of the day from the Sovereign, which is in fact the merest nonsense. His only ostensible political character was that of a member of the Senate, until he foolishly assumed the responsibilities of office, and came forth full-fledged as Premier of Spain.

Narvaez calls himself *El Napoleon de la posicion*, and his head is undoubtedly turned by his success. His soldiership is undeniable, but he is a rash and stupid politician. Those who remember him an out-cast two years back, expelled from Portugal upon the requisition of Espartero, a wanderer through the provinces of France, with broken boots that let in the wet, a greasy hat and a thin coat, which ill-protected him from the inclemencies of a severe winter, will appreciate fully the fairy-like change in his circumstances.

The equipages which he now sports were lately the property of the British ambassador; not content

with ordinary *batidores* or outriders in royal state, he has other outriders at the doors of his carriage—military officers, armed with carbines, to protect his valuable life; and so far as pomp goes he may well call himself a Napoleon,—for in the days of the consulate there was witnessed no such splendour.

The Spanish Dictator has courage, rapidity of movement, powers of combination—qualities which participate in the merits of Bonaparte, which Narvaez evinced during the regency of Cristina, and which he eminently displayed on his march from Valencia to Madrid, in terminating that of Espartero. His military abilities are unquestionable, and his power over the army enormous. He has shown, however, a grievous deficiency in policy and grasp of mind (and here the foolish analogy between him and Napoleon ceases). His energy is physical, not at all intellectual, and he is merely a mad soldier. His selection of such a man as Bravo for prime minister betrayed an utter want of perspicacity; for, though a slavish tool, Bravo is the merest popinjay, whose personal character recalls the pitiful days of Ferdinand VII.

The plot against Olózaga was likewise, though successful for the time, extremely ill-judged, as inevitably tending to bring the Court and Camarilla into odium with the nation. It would have been much better to bring in Martinez de la Rosa and Isturiz at once, than to insult the country with Bravo's mock reform but true ultra-royalist administration. Narvaez doubtless relies on his 100,000 bayonets, and the struggle might as well be brought to that issue now as hereafter.

Lofty as is his ambition he can never ascend beyond his present sphere, which doubtless is tolerably well, of Dictator and universal ruler. He can have no greater *representacion* than he now enjoys, for there can be no more Regents, and his attachments will not permit him to be a Cromwell. Besides, he rests on a hollow foundation, for the army may desert him as it deserted Espartero.

At the small town of Majaceite, some years back, this dashing successor of the Duke of Victory won (next to the fraternising but decisive affair of Torreon de Ardoz) his most important battle.

It was at Majaceite that he rescued Andalucia from the Carlist invasion by a brilliant *coup de main*, in a rapid but destructive action, which will not readily be effaced from the memory of the southern provinces. A bold achievement; but what was it to that daring march across the bosom of Spain, in the teeth of a powerful Regent and of his chosen generals, from Valencia to the walls of Madrid? Mark what gallantry has won, what feebleness has lost!

It was amusing to see Narvaez, in December last, refuse the grand cross of the order of Charles III., on the ground of his preferring to hold the post of Senator. The fact was that he hated and dreaded the chances of popular re-election, to which the members of the Upper Chamber are still subjected in Spain. His position for appealing to the people was not over secure, and his feelings were like those of Coriolanus towards the "common cry of curs."

With 50,000 bayonets at his back, he trembled at the risks of the invisible interior of the urn. But

what of that? Between him for Captain-General and Pezuela as Governor of Madrid, the metropolis was well guarded. Narvaez likewise made a parade of refusing, but ultimately accepted, the post of Captain-General or Field Marshal of the Spanish armies, a rank conferred upon none but the oldest and most distinguished Generals. The affected disinterestedness was fear of envy.

The despotic tendencies of Narvaez were very decidedly developed in the course of the autumn, in an attempt to expel from Madrid, at forty hours' notice, our countryman, Colonel Bristow, who has been for some time engaged in endeavouring to set on foot an Anglo-Iberian bank in the Spanish metropolis. The order to leave was conveyed to this gentleman in a most peremptory manner, and indeed with brutal rudeness. But the energetic intervention of our Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Jerningham, speedily restored the balance, and convinced the Captain-General that he could remove no British subject protected by the Embassy, without specified crime, upon a simple *sic volo, sic jubeo*.

Tyranny, therefore, this time had not its fling, and in its huge oscillations was not suffered to do more than strike down its own countrymen. During the entire months of November and December, the net of streets which run from the Puerta del Sol was made, at nightfall, a frequent slaughter-house.

This quarter, so well known to Europe as the constant resort of the Madrilenos populace, has latterly become more celebrated, even than of old,

for the propagation of political rumours, for the diffusion of early intelligence, and as the nucleus of those excited gatherings of Manolos and Manolas,\* which lead to disturbance and to Alborotos.† More than once since Narvaez's advent to power, this quarter had given him considerable trouble, and now his determination seemed to be to wreak a bloody revenge.

His agents frequently appeared there, and excited the people by cries hostile to their well-known feelings, to make a counter-demonstration, which might serve as a pretext for calling in the soldiery; military officers, disguised in civil costume, often repaired to the neighbourhood of the Puerta and excited stragglers by cries of "*Viva la Reina absoluta!*" to respond with "*Mueran los traidores!*"‡ The intervention of the military was instantly commanded, and the bayonet and bullet were buried in the entrails of the people. Sentinels with loaded muskets were planted at the corners of the principal streets, and the Princesa regiment was kept in barracks, ready at a word to be let loose upon the multitude.

Treachery is here too habitual to excite much surprise or provoke inquiry. On many a Fiesta or day of Saints, which Spain regards as of special holiness, plots and snares were thickly strewn around the people's footsteps; murder lurked beneath the wreath of festivity; and the day which began with prayer concluded with mourning. Nay, on the very three days' rejoicing set apart to do honour to the declara-

\* The common name for the Madrid people of the lower orders.

† Emeutes.                      ‡ Death to the traitors!



tion of the Queen's majority, the same heartless villany was witnessed, and some foolish cries raised in the Plaza Mayor, where the people were diverting themselves by the invitation of their rulers, before fountains playing milk and wine, were the signal for troops of ambushed cavalry to charge and cut them into pieces. How many fell upon this single occasion has never been correctly ascertained, but there is every reason to believe that the victims, amongst killed and wounded, were more than thirty.

"They invited us to a ball," said the people, in the true Madrileño spirit, "they invited us to a ball and we had to assist at a funeral;" while a leading Progresista declared, with a profanity found here by the side of intense devotion: "God repented to have created man. I repent to have assisted in forming the coalition!"

About the middle of November there gathered a crowd in front of the Queen's palace, and presently grew larger and larger, till all the open space was filled. Thus it was that it appeared to be the result of concert, and designed as a popular demonstration.

The immediate cause of the movement was an order published that morning for suspending the re-organization of the national militia of Madrid, until fresh dispositions should be taken to render it "a true guarantee of order, and support of the Throne and Constitution." What this meant the Madrileños knew full well, and their rage accordingly knew no bounds. No sooner was the Bando published by the Municipality than the news went round with lightning

speed, together with the familiar "*Alerta, Nacionales !*"

Before ten minutes had elapsed many of the old Milicianos and Mozos de Compañías were seen to hurry along the streets in the direction of the palace, some in uniform, others with a shako and cross-belts but without a coat ; others with an ordinary civilian's jacket and no portion of the military costume but the cross-belts, while the bulk wore the lazy capa, or cloak, which the Madrid population so love, with nothing of soldiership in their appearance but the shako, which over their non-military garments looked odd and hybrid. But it was no time, thought they, for coquetry or studied niceties of dress.

The rallying place of the greater number was the Plaza de la Constitucion, where they tried their throats with the treble *viva*, and tuned them to the gruff, harsh bass of the portentous *muera !* In half an hour the concourse became immense ; a neighbouring *taberna* poured forth its inmates in a numerous body ; these were leading Nacionales, chiefly the sergeants of the force ; and taking an imposing attitude, in half-military array, the entire crowd marched by the Calles Mayor and Santiago, and the Plaza de la Armeria, to the palace.

Narvaez, as Captain-general of New Castile, had taken precautions here throughout the autumn by planting advanced sentinels, but these were entirely unavailing. The crowd bore down all opposition, and proceeded steadily, giving *vivas* for the Constitutional Queen, and *muera*s for the Ministry and for all traitors ! Now came into play Narvaez's protective

arrangements, now were enforced his stringent and bloody instructions.

The palace-guard, composed of strong bodies of infantry and cavalry, turned out upon the instant, and without hesitation charged the dense crowd. Though the latter for the most part wore a portion of their uniforms, none of them carried fire-arms, but a few had bayonets, and the rest ineffective knives.

It was purely a work of slaughter. The people stood one or two charges, and then precipitately retired. Several were wounded, and many more were taken prisoners. A dragoon officer, galloping into the midst of one of the most refractory groups, after dealing a few sword-cuts round about him, caught the blade of his sabre between his teeth (as butchers sometimes do their knives) grasped two of the *alborotadores*\* by the neck in each hand, and dragged them off at a canter to the guard-house, where he left them prisoners. He then spurred back his horse to the scene of the riot, but ere he had returned the crowd had fled.

There was a corrida, or running for life, through all the adjacent district, the dragoon-officer and his men galloping through the scared streets, the clang of arms and of horses' feet mingled horridly with the Sabbath hymn, and the people returning from worship recoiled into the asylum of their churches.

The extreme violence of Narvaez's character renders it most improbable that he can figure successfully, invested with the cares and responsibilities of high civil office, though to the highest post in the state

\* Rioters.

attainable by a subject, his ambition long aspired. He is destitute of political knowledge, deficient in ideas original or acquired, and possessed of no talent but for military combinations and *coups d'état*. His portfolio of Premier may prove like the mantle of Dejanira. A common saying amongst Madrid politicians, in concluding their estimate of Narvaez's character is, "*es muy brutal*."

For such a man the camp is the fitting sphere, and the most suitable employment of his powers is the curbing or the guidance of rude soldiers. His ardent and resolute mind is more adapted for the marshalling of armies than for the niceties of court intrigue or the manœuvring of legislative assemblies.

Moderation, calmness, and a conciliatory deportment, are to his temperament impossible. Yet Narvaez is by no means deficient in popular qualities, and has displayed respectable oratorical powers in the Córtes, where he has sat several times both as Deputy and as Senator. But it was in the war of succession that he found his proper element, driving the Carlist General Gomez forth from Andalucía like a whirlwind, and creating within a short period a fine army of reserve, with which he pacified the province of La Mancha, and made Espartero tremble.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## OLÓZAGA.

DON SALUSTIANO DE OLÓZAGA is a native of Logroño, in the north of Spain, on the confines of the Basque Provinces. He has long represented this district in the Córtes, and it is the pride of the inhabitants to have so distinguished a representative, who is likewise a *hijo de vecino* or child of the soil.

The province is peculiarly situated, comprising the north-eastern skirt of Old Castile, and conterminous both with Navarre and Alava, the more southerly of the three Vascongadas. Olózaga's is an ancient Basque family, and he was quietly reposing himself in his native district during the progress and consequences of the Pronunciamenti which he helped to set on foot last summer, when he was called to the court to be Queen Isabel's preceptor. He is one of the few exceptions to the general rule, that the more brilliant sons of Spain come from the south. It appears now to be pretty well ascertained that the Basques are of Tartar origin; and I am sure the Camarilla are of opinion that in this Basque they caught a Tartar.

Señor Olózaga is a man of haughty character, of keen sensibility, and fiery passions; a man of splendid elquence and great and versatile capacity; a man of inordinate vanity and fickle attachments; a man of

singular political instability, and who, according to the uncontradicted testimony of Roca de Togores in the Córtes, has "broken faith with all parties;" in short, he is the Brougham of Spain.

In their very fates there is a resemblance. As Brougham boasted of writing letters "by that night's post" to his Sovereign, so Olózaga, in his familiarity with Queen Isabel, led her leaning on his arm to table, and tapped her at times on the shoulder. As Brougham, too, lost office and sacrificed himself as a politician by proclaiming at a serious crisis that "the Queen had done it all;" so Olózaga effected his political ruin by attempting to carry things with a high hand, though with no shadow of force, on the eventful night of the 28th November, and by subsequently arraigning his Sovereign in the Córtes.

The very flight of Olózaga to Portugal had its parallel in Brougham's flight to the north. The irritability of Brougham made him rush to the newspapers with his indecent charge against Queen Adelaide; the impatience of Olózaga made him somewhat peremptory in his bearing, when he required Queen Isabel to sign the decree of dissolution; and hence the terrible accusation of violence and *lesa magestad*.

But here all resemblance between them ceases. Never, perhaps, were there two individuals in whose personal appearance there is so wide and complete a difference. It is almost "Hyperion to a satyr." Olózaga is a man of fine and portly person, of stature tall and erect, nearly six feet high, broad-shouldered, square-built, firm and muscular. In strong opposition to the Gorgon mask of Brougham, his features are

very regular, his eye black and lustrous, his cheek full and ruddy with the highest glow of health, his *nose* well-proportioned. His face is decidedly intellectual, his lineaments radiant with mind, his forehead high and broad, his step and air commanding. It is also unmistakably a Spanish face—the hair as jetty dark as the eyes, the whiskers blackly visible, though shorn down to the cheeks, and the colour of the skin a serviceable brown. The play of his eyes is very fascinating when he smiles. The entire aspect of the man is penetrating, bold, and daring, and you can readily believe him to be one who, in the words of Martinez de la Rosa (though with no disrespect or disloyalty), when he carried the decree for signature, *antes vió su antigua discipula que la Reyna de las Españas*, “saw in her rather his former pupil than the Queen of all the Spains.” Olózaga is short-sighted, and makes much use of an eye-glass. He likewise walks very much, when ruminating, with his hands crossed behind his back.

Olózaga is a lawyer by profession, and attained to great eminence at the bar. The proverbial narrow-mindedness of lawyers advanced to statesmanship does not appear to extend to Spain, whose leading jurisconsults are for the most part eminent legists and publicists as well. Two brilliant instances are to be found in the persons of Olózaga and Lopez, whose forensic as well as parliamentary displays are remarkable for their breadth of judgment and vigour of thought, as well as, in the instance of the latter, for an unrivalled play of imagination. Olózaga’s powers may be summed up in the words, that he is a sledge-hammer logician. Olózaga’s eloquence, unlike Brougham’s,

is uniform, sustained, and dignified. He has an eminently statesmanlike and philosophical mind, and all that "pellucid clearness" of statement which the latter once attributed to Lord Lyndhurst. The Spanish orator indulges in neither personalities nor sarcasm ; his words are grave, his matter pregnant, his manner that of a commanding leader. Flights for mere display are never found in his speeches, nor frivolous inequalities, nor highly ornate passages. But wit, illustration, and fancy are condensed at intervals in a single phrase. He is too much of a politician to talk for the women and the schoolboys, and has much of Canning's power and manner, without his oratorical ambition.

In the frequency of Peninsular vicissitudes, Olózaga has been obliged, more than once, to fly the Spanish soil. When the attempt was made against the life of Ferdinand VII., the malice of his enemies sought most falsely to connect Olózaga with that conspiracy ; his bold assertion of liberal opinions had long made him obnoxious to the court, and had he not wisely made his escape, his head would undoubtedly have been forfeited to the hatred of an older Camarilla ; for the palace clique was then as expert in judicial villany as in political intrigue.

Olózaga fled from Madrid in the disguise of a Calesero or calèche driver, with Señor Garcia, Intendant of Police, who was likewise threatened to be made a victim to the royal wrath, and whom Olózaga actually drove out of the capital in the guise and with the traditional whip-flourish of his assumed craft.

The fugitives directed their course towards Coruña,



Olózaga, who, with his other qualifications, is no little of a humourist, sustaining his character successfully all the way, and smoking and tippling enough (as in duty bound) at the *ventas* on the road for the most rakish *Calesero* in Spain. At *Coruña* they remained concealed for some time, till they found an opportunity of embarking for England.

Every favour seemed, in these latter days, to have been lavished on Olózaga to precipitate his descent. He was loaded with honours as if to make his downfall heavier. Unquestionably the most distinguished subject in Spain, he was adorned with decorations reserved for kings. The suffrages even of his old antagonists had raised him to the Presidency of the popular Chamber, and the confidence of his Sovereign had called him to the head of her Government.

He was first, ambassador to France, and next, his Queen's preceptor. All the orders in Spain had been exhausted to decorate him; the favourite of events, the very toy of fortune, he had played sportively, and played successfully, with all situations and with all parties; he had a finger in the downfall of the Regent *Cristina*, and a hand in the downfall of the Regent *Espartero*; and, as if to teach him to forget that he was any longer a subject, and make him the companion of princes and of emperors, the *Toison de Oro*, the Golden Fleece, sparkled on his breast, and assured him that there was nothing in human ambition to sigh for, no glittering prize but he had won. Yet by no fault of his, without an error or omission, without crime, neglect, or levity—such is human security—within a week he was a fugitive from Spain, and an outcast, with a price set upon his head!

“Sábeta, amigo Sancho,” says *Don Quixote*, “que la vida de los caballeros andantes está sujeta á mil peligros y desventuras, y ni mas ni menos está en potencia propinqua de ser los caballeros andantes reyes y emperadores, como lo la mostrado la esperiencia; y pudiérate contar ahora, si el dolor me diera lugar, de algunos que solo por el valor de su brazo han subido á los altos grados que le contado, y estos mismos se vieron despues en diversas calamidades y miserias.” “Know, friend Sancho, that the life of knights-errant is subject to a thousand dangers and mischances, and neither more nor less is it within immediate possibility for knights-errant to become kings and emperors, as experience hath shown; and I could now tell you, if my pain permitted, of some who alone by the valour of their arms, have arrived at the lofty posts I have narrated, and these same saw themselves afterwards in divers calamities and miseries.”

The following most ingenious anagram was circulated by the Moderados shortly after the memorable scene at the palace:—

“Osado! Tu leal y sagaz? No!”

Every letter of the name “Salustiano de Olózaga,” and not a letter more, is to be found in this sentence of fiery reproof; and the anagram may unquestionably rank among the best that have ever been invented. The meaning of the words, arising from the transposition, is—“Audacious man! *You* wise and loyal? No!”

This notice of the latest victim of court intrigue leads, by a natural transition, to a history of Cama-

rillas themselves—no common subject. To speak in Spanish proverbial language, the honey is not for the ass's mouth, and let those who have marrow in their heads understand. Who puts his finger in the family pot, will draw it forth scalded. Yet will I not spare my gums. I will expose the *calva*,\* though the curls be set. *Pardiez!* I will a tale untwist. I am brisk to-day as a canonigo's mule; not a comma shall stick in the ink-bottle.

\* Bald place.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE CAMARILLAS OF SPAIN.

THE first great reigns of Camarillas at the Castilian court were those of Alfonso XI. and his son Pedro the Cruel, in the fourteenth century. The mistress of the former, the beautiful and unfortunate Leonor de Gusman, exercised, with her favourites, entire control over her hot-headed Sovereign ; and the charms of her person, and her graceful affability, made those who approached Alfonso in her presence too often forget their just grounds of complaint, and retire blinded with admiration. Alfonso's legitimate Queen, Maria of Portugal, dissembled her intense hatred till the monarch's death, when his successor and son, as well as heir, lent himself to his mother's bloody design, with a perfidy and cunning which he derived from his father, and improved, without inheriting one of his virtues. By infernal stratagems and traitorous promises of security they lured Leonor from her safe retreat within the walls of Medina Sidonia, and the moment she entered Seville immured her as a prisoner. Transferred in custody to the palace of Talavera, where the implacable Dowager Queen resided, the beautiful Leonor fell a victim to the she-wolf of Portugal—and was executed in Maria's presence. She devoured her blood with dilated eyes, she feasted on her screams.

Pedro's first amorous exploit was to become captive to the singular charms of Doña Maria de Padilla, whose slender but elegant shape, expressive features, graceful demeanour, and lively imagination and wit, exercised a powerful spell over the youthful Sovereign. Maria was not so dazzled by her suitor's rank as to forget the claims of honour. She insisted upon marriage, and a marriage was celebrated between them secretly, but in due form. At this very moment the Queen Mother was negotiating for him a marriage with Blanche, the sister of the Queen of France. Pedro ratified the contract without scruple or difficulty, and the ceremony was publicly performed with great splendour.

A short period after his public marriage was devoted by him to the new Queen, but Pedro soon returned to Maria de Padilla. So immense was her ascendancy over him, that in those superstitious days it was commonly attributed to magic. Her Camarilla was soon one of the most powerful ever seen in Spain. All her relations were raised from comparative obscurity to posts of honour and confidence. Her brothers were made Grand Masters of the orders of St. James and Calatrava. Pedro's former favourite d'Albuquerque was forced to quit the kingdom, his Queen Blanche was thrown into prison, divorced, and subsequently poisoned. He married next Doña Juana de Haro, who was likewise speedily repudiated.

After a horrible series of poniardings and poisonings, Pedro lost the too potent Egeria, whose charms involved the country in civil war, and with the death of Maria Padilla ended the sway of this first and

most fatal of Camarillas. The murder of Blanche of Bourbon, to which it contributed, led to an invasion from France; from which Pedro was extricated by the prowess of Edward the Black Prince, wherein John of Gaunt unsheathed his maiden sword, and the well-worn pride of Duguesclin was humbled in captivity; but in a second invasion from the same quarter, this Nero of Spain was defeated, ensnared, and poniarded by his own half-brother, in revenge for the murder of his mother and brother!

Juan II. was entirely governed by Don Alvaro de Luna, Grand Constable of the kingdom, whose haughty and imperious demeanour excited the nobles to rebellion. The King took arms in behalf of his favourite, and crushed them for his sake. Alvaro's insolent Camarilla, more powerful and exacting than the court of his royal master, soon excited another rebellion, in which the King of Aragon took part with the discontented, and Juan was forced to dismiss his favourite. Then was established an Aragonese Camarilla, in which the rebels possessed themselves of every lucrative post. A second revolution restored the old position of affairs, but Luna was not yet recalled.

The Prince of the Asturias, successor to the throne, allowed his favourite, Don Juan Pacheco, to establish a new Camarilla, without consulting which no step was taken in the government. Fresh battles;—Luna was recalled, and recompensed for his temporary disgrace by being made Grand Master of the Order of St. James. He formed a company of guards in his own name, and gave the command to his natural son, Don Pedro. The Camarilla was much better guarded

than the Sovereign, but jealousy was, at last, more powerful than the favourite's army. He eclipsed, in splendour, even the heir apparent. The Queen had a rival Camarilla, of which Don Alfonso de Vivaro was at the head, and held the post of Grand Treasurer. Luna's destruction was plotted and nearly prepared, when, aware of the designs of his enemies, he invited Vivaro to a grand entertainment at his palace. Luna conducted him, with all Castilian courtesy, to the summit of a lofty tower, whence he told him he could obtain a magnificent view of the city. But no sooner had they reached the upper esplanade of the tower, than he flung his guest to the bottom, and the Treasurer was dashed to pieces!

The assassin strove to pass off the fall to the King as purely accidental, but the truth was made manifest by the clearest evidence. The murdered man was the Queen's especial favourite, and in destroying hers and the Prince's Camarilla, Luna precipitated his own destruction. He was beheaded in the market-place of Valladolid, his property was all confiscated to the Crown, and he who had been the companion, and almost the equal, of kings, ended with a pauper funeral!

Henry IV., the turbulent prince of this reign, succeeded on his father's death, and Don Juan de Pacheco continued to govern both him and the kingdom, establishing a Camarilla as omnipotent as that of Luna had once been. He received the title of Marquis de Villena, and the citizens were as indignant as the nobles at the insolence and extravagance of this new child of fortune. The King was divorced, upon indisputable

grounds, from Blanche, a Princess of Navarre, and obtained the surname of "Impotent," by which he is known in history. Ambition subsequently determined Juana of Portugal to marry him notwithstanding, and she managed so well, under the protecting mantle of a Camarilla, as to give birth to a daughter five years after.

But the impotence of Henry was not less derided in public. Villena (the *ci-devant* Pacheco), in pursuance of the traditional policy of Camarillas, betrayed his royal master to France, and concluded and executed a private treaty with Louis XI., by which the King of Spain abandoned Catalonia—a conduct almost literally imitated five hundred years after, in all its parts, by the not less infamous Godoy. No sooner had the Castilian monarch signed this agreement, than he felt all the shame of the act, and exiled Villena from his court. The banished favourite forgot the royal bounties of twenty years, formed a league of nobles against his Sovereign, which was joined by the King of Navarre, and was again received into Henry's favour!

The remaining leaguers went through the ceremony of deposing Henry, in one of the most singular passages recorded in history. A vast temporary building was erected outside the walls of Avila, and the effigy of the sovereign was placed on a throne, a crown on its head, a sceptre in its hand, the sword of justice by its side. Articles of accusation against King Henry were read in a loud voice, the charges being that he sought to deprive his brother Alfonso of the succession to the throne, and had deceived the nation by



falsely alleging that Queen Juana's child was his own. The charges were declared proven, and the sentence of deposition pronounced in the presence of a numerous assembly.

After the reading of the first article of accusation, the Archbishop of Toledo advanced, and removed the crown from the head of the effigy; after the second, the Count de Placentia took from it the sword of justice; after the third, Count Benevento took away the sceptre; and after the fourth, Don Diego de Stuniga threw down the effigy from the throne; and at the same moment Don Alfonso, brother of Henry, was proclaimed King of Castile and León.

Henry took up arms, but instantly laid them down again, deceived by the disastrous advice of his Camarilla; so complete was Villena's mastery over him. The leaguers had conquered a fourth of his kingdom, when Henry at last was forced into the field; and this disastrous civil war was terminated only by the death of Alfonso. His sister, afterwards the famous Isabella, was then recognised by the king as heiress presumptive, renouncing the pretensions of Doña Juana and her child. The blackness of Villena's ingratitude only caused him to mount higher in his Sovereign's favour. The curse of Camarillas hung over the dawning horizon of Spanish greatness; and Villena's intrigues would have marred that most momentous of marriages which united Ferdinand and Isabella, but for the activity of the Archbishop of Toledo, who carried the Princess to Valladolid, having previously invited Ferdinand thither, and gave them the nuptial benediction.

Ferdinand and Isabella were made, the one of sterner and the other of nobler stuff than that which permits the sway of Camarillas, yet they suffered themselves to be induced by secret influences to treat the illustrious Columbus with the grossest injustice, and sent out the scoundrel Bovedilla to Hispaniola, to inquire into his conduct, by whom the noble Admiral was sent home loaded with chains. This grand benefactor of mankind was very near being hung ! After the death of Isabella, Ferdinand took a second wife, Germaine, a Princess of France, but eighteen years of age, while he was fifty-four, and hating the future Charles the Fifth, and resolved, if possible, to mar his succession, he did perhaps the only foolish act of his life—established in his palace a Camarilla of quacks, and took by their advice a potion which was to restore the vigour of his constitution. His youthful and blooming Queen remained sterile notwithstanding, and Ferdinand only shattered his already enfeebled health; a languor stole over him, his intellect became impaired. The Camarilla potion killed him.

This double reign was indubitably glorious, but it cannot be forgotten that in it was established another and a more despotic reign, that of the infamous Holy Office. I saw the mighty palace of these monk-kings pulled down last summer in Seville, an edifice dome-crowned and splendid as the noblest abodes of royalty, yet covering the blackest dungeons and the most hideous regions of torture. I thought of this stain on the achievements of Ferdinand the Politic and Isabel the Catholic, and deemed that their glories should be hymned by a chorus of human groans, topped by the

shrill treble of those changeful Madrileños who twenty years ago cried,

*"Viva la Santa Inquisicion!"*

When Charles V. came to Spain in his eighteenth year, and landed as king in the Asturias, he brought with him a Flemish Camarilla, which betrayed his inexperience into numerous errors, and commenced with a slight to Cardinal Ximenès, which caused that illustrious statesman's death a few hours after.

Surrounded by foreigners, he had no practice in the Spanish language, and spoke it most imperfectly, his answers to the Castilian nobles appearing both short and stupid; and this future glory of Spain and of sovereignty was near being indebted at the outset of his career for the loss of his crown to his foreign Camarilla. These rapacious strangers sold all the public offices, and in four months sent home to the Low Countries eleven hundred thousand crowns in gold. His tutor, Chièvres, ruled Charles with absolute sway; and the nephew of this intriguer, before even he had attained the canonical age, was appointed to the archbishopric of Toledo, a post never held before but by a Castilian, and which came next in wealth to the Popedom. Upon Charles' subsequent departure for Germany to assume the imperial dignity, he left a Fleming, Cardinal Adrian, behind him as regent of the kingdom.

The same year that saw Charles crowned emperor at Aix-la-Chapelle, was witness of the conquest of Mexico by Hernando Cortés. But the appointment of a foreigner to the regency, and the feeble or vicious

administration of his Flemish Camarilla, roused the spirit of the nation, and the Holy League of Cities almost deprived Charles of his crown, and was on the point of destroying the monarchy. The rebellion was extinguished and Adrian became Pope, while Charles won the hearts of his Spanish subjects (now that his tutor and the other Flemings were dismissed) by a most generous amnesty.

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE CAMARILLAS OF SPAIN

*(Continued).*

PHILIP the Second's was a theological Camarilla—the worst of all. The *mongil* hid no scruples where the object in view was the assumed good of religion. The strong language of the Peninsula correctly characterizes this class of political friars as *espadachins escolásticos*, or “scholastic bullies;” and the popular proverb, with admirable truth, declares, that “*Nunca fray modesto fué provincial.*”

The general policy of Philip was as little subject to the weakness of being guided by back-stairs influence and underhand suggestions as his father's; but these hugely devout and hair-splitting churchmen so far distorted his better judgment, that when his armies repressed the insolence of Pope Paul IV., who ridiculously declared Philip his vassal and his kingdom forfeit, imprisoning the Spanish envoy, he caused his general, the infamous Duke of Alva, afterwards the bloody scourge of Flanders, as he took possession of the Papal towns that capitulated, to do so in the name of the College of Cardinals, with the intention of immediately restoring them, and subsequently to kiss the papal toe.

His return to Spain, after the death of our Queen Mary, was illuminated by the burning of three-and-

thirty heretics together in Valladolid; a spectacle more piquant even than the modern bull-fights. His wife's doings in Smithfield probably gave him a zest for the horrible pageant; and his Inquisitorial Camarilla, with their twenty thousand paid spies, had a pliant instrument, wherever fanaticism intervened, in the gloomy crowned barbarian, who exclaimed, "If my son were guilty of heresy, I myself would carry the wood to burn him at the stake!" He did not burn him at the stake—he only poisoned him. Perhaps the youth was too fond of the Flemish heretics, perhaps too fond of his father's third wife, Elizabeth. Most certainly he died by poison, and the Queen died soon after, it is said, by the same paternal and conjugal hand. Of the Flemings, he judicially butchered eighteen thousand, more than a hundred thousand fled the country for ever, and his tyranny depopulated Granada, and lost the Low Countries to Spain; not, however, till this bloodiest of bigots had the illustrious Prince of Orange assassinated. One of the greatest governing geniuses that ever lived was spoiled by the monks who educated him, and distorted by fanaticism into a Christian Domitian.

Philip III. was governed by the Duke of Lerma with an authority as absolute as that with which his father governed Spain. Lerma's was the most numerous Camarilla ever seen at Madrid; he had his creatures in every class of society, and multiplied offices with such profusion, as to drive the kingdom to the verge of bankruptcy. A general murmur ran through the Spanish monarchy, and the palace itself resounded with complaints of the neglect of agriculture and the decay of commerce.

Spinola arrested for a time the decline of the empire. The ecclesiastical head of Lerma's Camarilla was Bernardo, archbishop of Toledo, his brother, to whom the Duke thus took care to secure the most lucrative post in Spain; and its most active member was Juan de Ribera, patriarch of Antioch, and archbishop of Valencia, a man of learning and ability, but one of the most cruel bigots that ever wielded power for the destruction of mankind. Lerma, duke and layman as he was, aspired to be made a cardinal, and the most fanatical of conclaves was this clerical Camarilla.

It was resolved to exterminate the residue of the Moors; and the charge preferred against them was that, while the Castilian towns were ruinous and deserted, those of Valencia were populous and flourishing, and that the energetic and frugal Moors would soon outnumber the Christian population; in fact, that they were the best subjects of Spain. Six hundred thousand of her most industrious population were sacrificed to this Junta of intolerance, and thrown unprovided on the desert wastes of Africa.

There are grounds for believing that this holy Camarilla was not less attached to assassination, as an instrument of sound policy, than Philip II. was, and that it guided the hand of Ravallac when he treacherously murdered Henry IV. of France, then preparing an expedition against Spain.

Shortly afterwards the Pope made Lerma a cardinal. The superstition of Philip regarded him with such reverence in his new character, and with such worshipful dread as a prince of the church, that Lerma ceased

to be his favourite, and was supplanted by his son, the Duke of Uzéda. Lerma had made a marquis and a minister of his footman, Rodrigo de Calderone, who, being the favourite's favourite, established a Camarilla of his own, of which his father, an old clown, was at the head, and which permitted itself the liberty of insulting intolerably the ancient grandes of Spain. Calderone fell with his patron, was thrown into prison, and eventually perished on a scaffold, while Lerma was exiled to the provinces. His son, Uzéda, the new favourite, amused his sovereign with religious processions, fêtes, and tourneys, while the Dutch ravaged the colonies and intercepted the Eastern commerce of the Portuguese, now subject to the Spanish crown.

Philip IV. dismissed Uzéda upon his accession, but was led, as a Savoyard leads his monkey, by the haughty, ardent, and presumptuous Count-Duke of Olivarès, who aimed at conquering the Low Countries and subjecting all Europe, but only lost Portugal! He affronted Buckingham, and thus occasioned the marriage of our first Charles with Henrietta of France, instead of the Infanta; which led to the coalition of France and England against Spain, and to the expulsion of the latter power from Piedmont. The death of Philip's eldest son is very generally attributed to Olivarès's criminal ambition and jealousy; and undoubtedly his Camarilla was capable of anything.

All the most lucrative employments and honourable charges in the state were accumulated in Olivarès's family, while Van Tromp and his Dutchmen destroyed the Spanish fleet, and the forces of Philip were shamefully defeated in the Low Countries and at Turin. He



grossly insulted the Catalans, and had his army expelled from Catalonia; the feeble monarch receiving his interpretation, that insults justly levelled against the favourite were directed against himself. His vindictive brutality permitted a licentious soldiery to ravish the wives and daughters of Barcelona almost before the eyes of their husbands and brothers; and their deputies bearing their complaint to the foot of the throne, were treated by King and Camarilla with equal contempt.

But the head and severed limbs of the Viceroy, San Coloma, soon were carried by the insurgent Catalans in triumph round the city. The successful revolt of Barcelona taught the Portuguese the lesson of freedom; and the insolent and intolerable Camarilla of the Duchess of Mantua, Vice-Queen of Portugal, lost that country to Spain, while her infamous favourite, Vasconcellos, was torn in pieces at Lisbon as San Coloma was at Barcelona. Olivarès retained his influence over the King in the midst of these disasters, by making himself the companion of his irregular pleasures, leading Philip into debaucheries which scandalised his subjects. The Count-Duke had a natural son called Julian, whom he presented at court under the name of Henriquez de Gusman, with a magnificent equipage, and forced the grand-constable of Castile to give his daughter to this youth in marriage.

The King, proud to copy the licentious example of his favourite, drew likewise forth from obscurity a bastard of his own by an actress named Calderone, recognized him by the title of Don Juan of Austria, a title which afterwards grew famous, and declared

him, when he was only fourteen years of age, generalissimo of Portugal; while the most amiable of Queens was insulted, and the people enraged, to see the heir to the throne, Don Balthasar, living under the tutelage, not of his royal mother, but of the Duchess of Olivarès, the female head of the Camarilla. It was not until the Emperor, Philip's kinsman, formally remonstrated through an extraordinary ambassador, that Olivarès was exiled finally from the Court.

Philip's next Camarilla was presided over by Louis Haro de Gusman, who crushed the people at home with new and insupportable taxes; and, by still more intolerable oppression abroad, caused the revolt of Naples under Massaniello. The absence of Olivarès was a prosperous omen, and the interfusion of the spent blood of the Philips with the vigorous stream in the veins of a plebeian actress, produced in Don Juan of Austria a blooming bully, who was neither a fool nor a madman like his legitimate sires. The military genius of this irregular off-shoot recovered both Naples and Barcelona, the latter after a siege of fifteen months, and the whole of Catalonia returned to its allegiance.

If Philip IV. was of a feeble, his successor Carlos II. was of an infantine character. He was but four years old when he succeeded to the throne, and continued an infant when his head was gray. During his long minority, the Regency was vested in his mother, Maria Anna, an arrogant, incapable, and capricious woman, who detesting Don Juan of Austria for his illegitimacy, excluded from her councils the ablest statesman in Spain, and elevated a German

Jesuit named Everard Nilard to the highest position in her favour and confidence. Presumptuous ignorance, intrigue, and hypocrisy, were this man's leading qualities, and from accompanying Maria Anna to Madrid as her confessor, he rose to the posts of Inquisitor-General, Councillor of State, and Chief of Camarilla. His base extraction led to inexpressible arrogance in his elevation; and when the Duke of Lerma complained of his want of respect, he replied, "It is to me that you owe respect—to me who every day have your God in my hands and your Queen at my feet!"

Louis XIV. upon the flimsiest of pretexts invaded successfully the distant dominions of Spain, and the Inquisitor accepted the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in which Louis had ceded to him all his important conquests in the Low Countries. Don Juan of Austria remonstrated, and the Queen Regent and her Camarilla exiled him from the court.

Don Juan subsequently marched to Madrid at the head of numerous partisans, and demanded Nilard's exile. The Queen first complained that they sought to deprive her of every woman's privilege to choose her own confessor, and next talked of punishing the rebels by force of arms. With difficulty she gathered a few troops together, and the Madrileños loudly exclaimed that she was about to expose them to the horrors of a civil war for the loss of a German Jesuit—a complaint which explained Nilard's omnipotence in her Camarilla. The Jesuit yielded to the thickening storm, and himself retired from court. He proceeded to Rome, and through the influence of the Queen Regent was made a Cardinal.

Maria's Camarilla was still chiefly composed of churchmen; the Cardinal of Arragon was the Queen's new mouth-piece; the Bishop of Placencia held the great lay office of President of Castile; and these ecclesiastics conjointly forced Don Juan of Austria to retire to a distance of thirty miles from Madrid, while the Queen made herself odious to the people by surrounding her person with a regiment of Royal Guards, for the first time in Spanish history, of which she gave the command to the Marquis of Aytona, an important member of her council. But still she wanted a confidant with whom to share the more hidden secrets of her heart; and she speedily made her choice.

Ferdinand de Valenzuela was a native of the kingdom of Granada, of middling birth, but of huge ambition. He cultivated poetry, and to other elegant accomplishments united an agreeable person and a lively wit, qualities fitted to shine in a Queen Regent's Camarilla. He first attached himself to the household of the Duke of Infantado, and next to that of the Inquisitor. Valenzuela soon obtained a knowledge of Nilard's and the Queen's most delicate secrets; and on the Jesuit's downfall, Valenzuela married one of the Regent's bedchamber-women, which opened to him all the doors of the royal palace, and enabled him to console the desponding Regent for the forced absence of her confessor.

Valenzuela and his wife (the latter nowise jealous) now formed the chief section of the Camarilla. His conversation pleased the Regent, his person pleased her more, he was introduced at all hours secretly into

the palace. Scandal seized the topic, and though Valenzuela in his visits to royalty was always accompanied by his wife, the people observed that there were not wanting women in Madrid, willing to share the caresses of their husbands for the sake of worldly advantages. Valenzuela was soon raised to the highest dignities to which a subject can attain; he was made a Marquis, Master of the Horse, and Grandee of Spain. The people loudly complained of his arrogance and rapacity, and the jealousy and hatred of the nobles were unbounded. His administration was to the last degree weak and corrupt.

The South American possessions of Spain were devastated with impunity by the buccaniers—they took Porto Bello by assault, seized and squandered its enormous treasures, and for thirty years were masters of the Spanish Main. The public revenue at home was divided amongst the adherents of the Camarilla, and the Chancellor of the Council of the Indies made by this office alone a revenue of a hundred thousand ducats. Spain became so enfeebled that she could not strike a blow, and without lifting an arm she lost Franche-Comté for ever.

When the King attained his majority, the Queen-mother and Valenzuela continued their influence over him. The latter now thought it needful to conciliate the people, and was the first to make the bloody spectacle of bull-fights universally popular: a cruel diversion, to which may be traced many leading vices of the Spanish character. The Spanish fleets were thrice defeated and broken by the French on the Sicilian coast, and the loss of Naples and Sicily became immi-

ment. The King at last shook off the domination both of Valenzuela and of his mother; the latter hid her discomfiture in a convent at Toledo, and the former was surprised in his sleep, put on board a transport, and condemned to perpetual exile in the Philippines. Under the ministry of Medina Celi, Charles was forced by Louis XIV. to cede his title to the dukedom of Burgundy, and to lower his flag to that of France whenever they met on the seas.

As Carlos II. approached the age of manhood, he manifested the utmost feebleness of intellect: the popular belief was that the disgraced Queen-mother and the expelled Camarilla had left a legacy of hate to the nation and its sovereign, by administering to him a potion for the purpose of weakening his understanding; and some historians allege that so distorted was his moral sense by this "leperous distilment," that he poisoned his virtuous minister and relation, Don Juan of Austria, for not being sufficiently subservient to his caprices.

Shortly afterwards he recalled his mother, who revenged herself upon all her foes by every species of direful persecution; and Spain, in this infamous reign, was reduced to the most abject distress—the King being even obliged, for want of money, to renounce his annual journey to Aranjuez, only seven leagues distant! His next Camarilla was composed of a set of cowardly courtiers, who, when the Duke of Ossuna advised him to take the field against Louis XIV., and animate his troops, like the French monarch, by his personal presence in the camp, concealed their own fears under an affected zeal for the King's

safety, and exclaimed—"Better lose Catalonia, better lose half Spain, than risk the life or the health of our beloved sovereign!"

A third Camarilla was formed during this miserable reign. Carlos' second Queen was Maria Anna, daughter of the Elector Palatine. Before she was long in Madrid, she organised a Camarilla, composed of the Countess de Berlifs, and the Counts Oropesa and Melgar, who imposed on all provisions entering the metropolis an oppressive *octroi*, which they shared amongst themselves. The people rose in insurrection, and marched straight to the palace. A courtier seeking to appease them, told them that the King was taking his repose. "He has been too long asleep," was the reply. "It is time that he should awake and relieve his people." Carlos appeared before them pale and trembling, and stammered forth the names of the Camarilla: the people rushed to the palaces of Counts Melgar and Oropesa, which they plundered as completely as if they were ravaged by fire.

The Counts escaped by a miracle from the popular fury, and expiated their crimes in exile. The King had meanwhile a monkish Camarilla of his own, which first frightened him by persuading him that he was possessed, and going through the ceremony of an exorcism; and next hastened his death still more by opening in his presence the coffins of his mother and his first wife, from the intercession of whose ghosts they assured him that he might obtain the postponement of his death! They likewise, being moved by much gold, told him to submit the question of his

successor to the divine voice of his holy father the Pope—the Pope decided in favour of Louis XIV., in preference to the less powerful Archduke of Austria. A will was signed by Carlos accordingly; and by all these combined influences of superstition and mortal terror, the House of Bourbon was planted on the throne of Spain.



## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE CAMARILLAS OF SPAIN

*(Concluded).*

IN the reign of Philip V. there was an Austrian Camarilla at the Court of Madrid, of unexampled perfidy. The Count de Melgar, admiral of Castile, in his hatred of the minister, Cardinal Porto Carrero, attached himself to the interests of the House of Austria and to its views on the throne of Spain, as opposed to the rights of the first Bourbon. The King admitted him to his confidence, and loaded him with favours, but was made the dupe of Melgar, who kept up a secret correspondence with the Duke de Moles, Spanish ambassador at Vienna, kept the Emperor informed of the discontent of the Catalans, and urged him to make good by force of arms the pretensions of his family to the throne of Spain.

The better to carry out his perfidious designs, the Almirante accepted the post of ambassador to the Court of Versailles. He made all preparations for the journey to France, but they were the preparations of a traitor. Having previously gained over the Court of Portugal, he proceeded to Lisbon, instead of Paris, as his sovereign supposed, making the circuit of Madrid, until he took the opposite road, with a suite of 300 partisans and 150 baggage-mules and horses. The moment he reached Lisbon he threw off the

mask, declared that the will by which Carlos II. left the throne of Spain to the Bourbons was forged by Cardinal Porto Carrero, and took the oath of allegiance to the Archduke of Austria. Two others of the diplomatic corps of Spain imitated his example, the Marquis de Corzena, and the Duke de Moles, ambassador at the Court of Vienna.

While this Austrian Camarilla was at work for the subversion of the dynasty, the Queen, (Louisa, daughter of the Duke of Savoy) had likewise her Camarilla. The Princess of Ursins, a Frenchwoman of bold and masculine character, possessed an absolute ascendant over the mind of the Queen, and with Cardinal Porto Carrero, whose very dear friend she was, moulded every event through the Queen's influence over the King.

In vain Louis XIV. of France insisted on the Princess's banishment to Rome. The Queen fell sick at the idea of parting with her, and the idea was perforce abandoned. A Camarilla to a Spanish Queen is as indispensable as her fan. Intrigue is her oxygen. The Princess of Ursins, however, subsequently retired to Rome, and Porto Carrero became Grand Inquisitor. The Duke de Grammont, a polished Frenchman, replaced the Princess in the Queen's favour; the Duke of Berwick, one of our exiled James the Second's followers into France, having failed to please her, notwithstanding her high esteem for his character. "Why, then," said Marshal Tessé, "did you get him recalled?" "He was a great, dry devil of an Englishman," replied the Queen, "who always went straight before him!"

Such a man was indeed not fitted to shine in a Spanish Camarilla.

The Duke de Grammont soon lost his influence, and retired from Spain, the Princess of Ursins being recalled and restored as first favourite. Through the plots of the new Camarilla, the Marquis de Leganez, a man of the highest integrity, was banished and died in exile. Barcelona was taken from Spain by the allied troops, but the valour and generosity of a British general, the Earl of Peterborough, greatly altered the views of the Spanish people towards England; he stayed the plunder of the German invaders and of the Barcelonese themselves, and rescued from their hands a high court lady, the Duchess of Popoli, whom they were on the point of ravishing.

The troops of England and of Portugal occupied Madrid, and a third of them were lost by debauchery; but the military skill of the before discarded Duke of Berwick, an Englishman guiding the troops of France, restored the monarch to his capital. The Camarilla was no sooner re-installed, than it proceeded to "feed fat its ancient grudge." The Duke of Infantado, the Patriarch of the Indies, the Inquisitor General, and the Count de Lemos, were thrown into prison, and the palaces of the Duke de Najéta and the Counts Oropesa, Haro, and Galvez, were plundered of all their contents, and the property of their owners confiscated to the crown.

The next exploit of the Camarilla was to accuse the Prime Minister, the Duke of Medina Céli, of divulging secrets of state, and other trumpery charges, upon which he was thrown into prison, where he died

the following year, having been condemned to death upon Camarilla evidence, and not beheaded through the extraordinary clemency of Philip. In retribution for this act of Camarilla justice, Madrid was occupied a second time by the allied troops shortly after, but recovered by the gallantry of the Duke de Vendôme; and the peace of Utrecht, while it excluded the Spanish rule from the Low Countries, confirmed to it all its other dominions. But here took place an amusing instance of Camarilla insolence.

The Princess of Ursins' ambition, after playing so long with sovereigns like nine-pins, aspired for herself to sovereign rank, and she had the modesty to forward to the Congress assembled at Utrecht, through the King, over whom her influence was excessive, a modest proposition for creating a portion of the Low Countries into an independent State, of which she was to be the ruler—her title being the same as that of Sancho to the government of Barataria, a very strong ambition. The claim expired amidst the ridicule of the Hague, Vienna, and London, and the indignant murmurs of the Spanish people.

The Queen died, and the Princess of Ursins is said to have entirely consoled the King for her loss. This pushing Camarera Mayor was now animated by the hope of succeeding her royal mistress on the throne. She had the power, and more than the pride of a Queen; all that she wanted was the name. Though she had buried two husbands, she still had good looks, had talents of the highest order, and was backed by a powerful party. But her project was dashed by unexpected events.

An Italian priest, named Alberoni, the son of a poor labourer of Placencia, raised himself to the post of Envoy from the Duke of Parma to the Court of Madrid, wormed himself into the Princess's confidence, and persuaded her that the course of true policy was to persuade the King to marry the Duke of Parma's daughter, Isabella Farneza, whose character he represented as that of a weak and simple woman, over whom the Princess could easily dominate.

Finding Castilian prejudices unalterably opposed to herself mounting the throne, the Princess took the bait, obtained the King's consent to the marriage, and persuaded herself that she was about to reign in the name of another. Alberoni was despatched to solicit the hand of his mistress, and no sooner had he left Madrid, than the Princess of Ursins learned how grossly she had been deceived, and that her future Queen was a proud and enterprising woman, endowed with superior genius. She sought to break off the negotiations, but the marriage was already concluded by proxy.

The Princess ended her days an exile from the country which she had governed fourteen years with almost absolute authority. Alberoni received the title of Count and the post of Prime Minister, to which he added that of director of the new Queen's Camarilla. The Pope shortly afterwards made him a cardinal. His bold policy, and ill-regulated schemes of grand ambition, raised all the potentates of Europe in arms against Spain, from whose soil he was, ere long, expelled in disgrace, his carriage being attacked on the road by brigands set on by his

enemies; one of his domestics killed, and himself forced to continue his journey in disguise, and on foot. Philip lapsed into gloomy bigotry, and, shut up in San Ildefonso, prayed and fasted with equal fervour.

His confessor, Father D'Aubenton, kept his conscience on the rack, and Jews and so-called heretics at the stake; the Camarilla was now strictly monkish, and its intrigues terminated in *auto-da-fés*. This Jesuit happily died, and Philip, persuaded that it was for the salvation of his soul, abdicated in favour of his eldest son, caricaturing the retirement of Charles V. to the monastery of St. Just; but taking care to solace his retirement with a pension of a million of crowns, in addition to the immense sums which he had caused to be transported to his retreat.

Louis the First, surnamed the "Well-beloved," was the mildest and most benevolent of kings, and illustrated his ascent to the throne by an *auto-da-fé* of peculiar brilliancy, in which five wretches perished at the stake in the presence of the monarch and his court. The character of his queen was of peculiar lightness and gaiety, and her Camarilla was composed of a number of demireps, whose manners were formed in the profligate court of the Regent Duke of Orleans. The queen was ordered to keep within bounds, her French dames were sent out of the country, and her Camarera Mayor and chief of Camarilla was now the Countess Altamira. This lady had only time to embroil the courts of France and Spain, for the young king died of small-pox in the first year of his reign, and the nineteenth of his age.

Philip re-ascended the throne, not, however, till his monkish Camarilla refused him the communion, unless he took the step which would re-establish their influence. He immediately chose a new foreign favourite, a Dutchman, named Ripperda, who had no salient quality but ambition; yet Philip made him a duke and a grandee of Spain, which he ruled with absolute power and incapacity. The moment he arrived in Spain he renounced Protestantism, which was his great recommendation to the superstitious sovereign; but his administration was so ignorant and so utterly detestable, that it would not do even for Philip, who at last ordered him to be arrested. Ripperda took refuge in the hotel of the British Ambassador, from whence he was torn by the people, and immured in the tower of Segovia. He escaped from an impending impeachment to the coast of Africa, where he again changed his religion—say rather his profession of faith—and was taken into the service of the Sultan of Morocco. He left Holland a Protestant envoy, left Spain a Catholic and a grandee, and died in Africa a Mohammedan and a pasha. In the latter period of this troubled and inglorious reign, Isabella of Parma governed in the name of her consort; and while she and her Camarilla regulated affairs of state, the King regulated the fasts and religious processions.

Ferdinand VI. had for his consort a princess of Portugal, whose chief of Camarilla was the celebrated Italian singer, Farinelli, while the King's wretched asceticism threw him so completely into the hands of his confessor, that he was induced to send away his

Queen, and was on the point of retiring into a cloister, when Farinelli's voice lured him back to the world. Enjoying the Queen's favour in the highest degree, this artist, by dint of his exquisite trills, and substantial payments of British gold, persuaded the Queen to persuade the easy Ferdinand to observe a policy of strict neutrality in the terrible European contests which preceded the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, though the interests of Spain were directly involved. This prince was likewise induced by the monks and inquisitors who formed his Camarilla, to expel the Moors by frequent proscriptions, the effect of which policy was the depopulation of large tracts in the southern part of the kingdom, and the result, famine. Of a gloomy disposition like his father, the loss of his Queen reduced him to such melancholy, that he shut himself up in a room at Villa-Viciosa, and starved himself to death.

Carlos III. was less under the influence of Camarillas than any of his immediate predecessors; but he had the inconvenient mania of never withdrawing his confidence from a minister once appointed, no matter how gross his incapacity or how repeated his failures. Notwithstanding his relentless extermination of the Jesuits, which appears to have been almost entirely a money transaction, Carlos was so influenced by superstitious scruples, and in such entire subjection to the monkish Camarilla, of which his confessor was at the head, that it was with the utmost difficulty his minister Grimaldi could persuade him to apply a portion of the revenues arising from the temporarily vacant episcopal sees to the patriotic and admirable



work of encouraging the societies established under the name of "Amigos del Pais," for the maintenance of the arts, agriculture, and industry. His clerical Camarilla likewise involved him in the disgrace of first fanfaronnading in the *Gazette* how all Christendom should see his mode of dealing with the Algerine infidels, and subsequently failing in two expeditions undertaken against that regency, and purchasing an inglorious peace for fourteen millions of reals.

In the reign of Carlos IV., the Camarilla was especially infamous, and presided over by Godoy, Prince of Peace, who sacrificed the interests of his country to those of the successive governments which rose in revolutionary France, and particularly to Napoleon, both before and after the establishment of the Empire. Godoy's intrigues caused the Prince of the Asturias, the future Ferdinand VII., to be removed in disgrace from the court, and he was as much hated by the people as the Infanta then was loved. He took the title of "Highness," and was said to have aspired to the throne. He permitted Junot uninterruptedly to traverse the kingdom, and take possession of Portugal without striking a blow. The consequences of this base policy was of course the conquest of Spain. The indignant Madrileños invested the palace of Aranjuez, and called for the traitor Godoy, who, with all his other malversations, was believed to have even defiled his Sovereign's bed. Godoy was found concealed in a garret, the people beat him almost to death, but his life was spared; and he retired into France with the royal family, to re-appear in Spain to-day after an absence of nearly

half a century. During eighteen years that Godoy was chief of Camarilla, he appropriated to his own use the domains of the Crown, and the treasures of private individuals, and alienated for ever to France the islands of Trinidad and St. Domingo.

All living Europe is aware of the enormities of the Camarilla of Ferdinand VII., with the restored Inquisition and Calomarde's police at its bidding, and martyred Liberals in hundreds hanged or loaded with irons, with scarcely the form of a trial, and without even the form of evidence—a reign illustrated by the dropping asunder of the mightiest of colonial empires, while the Sovereign was embroidering petticoats for the Virgin ; and in which men were proscribed for their love of constitutional liberty, who had been the loudest to cry during the War of Independence—  
“ *Vencer o morir por la patria y por Fernando Septimo !* ”

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE ACTUAL CAMARILLA.

THE Madrid Camarilla is at present composed of six individuals—Narvaez, the Marquesas de Santa Cruz and de Valverde, the Duke de Ossuna, Juan Donoso Cortès, and a bustling member of the Senate, named Calvet. The leading spirits are the military Dictator of Spain, and the not less daring Marquesa de Santa Cruz; all are faithful adherents of Cristina, extreme Moderados in their politics, and strongly tinged with Absolutism, though most hostile to the dynastic claims of Don Carlos. They are perhaps not unfavourably disposed towards the union of Queen Isabel with the son of that fugitive prince, which would reconcile their professed Moderado principles with their covert leaning towards despotism; but in every thing relating to the marriage question they take their cue from the Tuileries.

The two Marquesas are endued with a spirit of intrigue worthy of their male associates; and the lengths to which they will proceed in the furtherance of their designs are apparent from what they have lately done. While Olózaga was preceptor, and Arguelles previously was guardian to the Queen, these women with difficulty muffled their vexation at the faint and divided influence which they were able to exercise over the Royal girl; but the moment her

majority was declared, their feelings overflowed, their selfish zeal ran riot, and they at once asserted their pretension to an undisputed control over the future destinies of Spain. Lopez, unwilling to be their puppet, was their first victim. Olózaga, determined to abridge their power, and, if needful, expel them from the palace, was their next. He was distinctly sounded more than once, but found inflexible in his resolve to govern through the Progresistas. He was sounded again; again found unalterable, and his ruin was then determined.

Every devilish and waspish means of making his access to the palace uncomfortable was resorted to. He never had an audience of the Queen that the Marquesas of the Camarilla, one as Camarera Mayor, the other as Superintendent of Azafatas, or tire-women, were not hovering close and around him, listening upon occasion, overhearing all the conversation, ready to report it to Calvet and Narvaez, and to poison the young Queen's mind with their own dishonest comments the moment her Prime Minister withdrew. When Olózaga at last began to take vigorous measures to counteract them they fell into the *rôle* of eavesdroppers, and the Minister heard the rustle of their satins, and saw their prying heads through the chinks of the ill-shut door. Then it was that he afforded some shadow of pretext (a faint shadow, undoubtedly) for the charge which was subsequently made, by rising deliberately and closing the door. He never bolted it, never seized the Queen by the wrist, nor offered violence, nor was wanting in loyal duty. But he mortally wounded this brace of

hidalgas and grandees of the kingdom by detecting them in their chambermaid meanness; and if the rage of one "*fœmina furens*" is so terrible, what may be the vengeance of two combined?

The change which followed—base and infamous as it was—was no unnatural consequence within the precincts of a Spanish Court. The Queen was far from being innocent in giving credence to that charge, and supporting it by her solemn attestation; but her childish capacity, distorted by whispering intriguers, was imposed on, perhaps, by the exaggerated importance which the two Marquesas attached to the fact of Olózaga's rising to shut the door, and she was easily persuaded that he had insolently bolted it as well. Believing thus much, she readily became indignant, under-estimated the importance of a *highly-coloured* statement, and hesitated at no consequences. She was coaxed into a charge of *lesa magestad*, and the minister's head might have rolled upon the scaffold.

Such was the befitting climax of a series of persecutions unparalleled in the history of European courts. The very day after Olózaga's nomination as Prime Minister, the Queen, crammed with her constitutional lesson by the Marquesa de Santa Cruz, who was primed before by Narvaez, told the Premier drily, that if he did not form his cabinet at once, another was ready to do so in his place! Olózaga knew that the Camarilla, not his Sovereign, was speaking, and he did not yet retire.

Two days afterwards he repaired to the palace with his colleagues, *by invitation*, to dine with her Majesty,

and was told that no dinner was prepared ! He knew that the Camarilla, not his Sovereign, was speaking, and he did not yet retire. In very shame they were forced to give him dinner. But with such a man, who would understand no rebuff, and take no refusal, extreme measures alone could be successful; and then, on his preparing to dissolve the Chambers, was concocted the black conspiracy. The Queen smiled on him, and gave him sweetmeats for his daughter, at parting; and next day she swore—yes, it was substantially an oath—that he had pulled her about like a drab, bolted all the doors, squeezed her wrist, and constrained her by force to sign the document ! She was silent that evening and night, silent next morning and day, until the afternoon, when Narvaez heard it by the merest accident, at his accustomed hour of waiting on her Majesty, to receive from her lips the *Santo del Dia*, or watchword of the day.

The captain-general was dumb-founded, horror-struck, taken by indubitable surprise; and Calvet, too, who was likewise there by accident, could not master his agitated feelings—the shock came on him so unprepared ! The one ran off to acquaint the military chiefs of his party, the other to summon the President Pidal and the Vice-Presidents of both Chambers—and now the ball was opened. So glory be given to the Camarilla and to the indisputable superiority of the “Bedchamber Women” of Spain over those of stupid England.

The formation of Camarillas is a mystery, as their deeds are deeds of darkness. An impenetrable cloud is over their origin, and all their after movements are

occult. Their intercourse with the Crown is illicit, their action on the nation's destinies is a crime ; they are compelled to work in secret by the force of an involuntary shame. Creeping, grovelling, and insidious, inured to baseness, and accomplished only in the arts of cunning, the Camarilla burrows into the palace like a rat, to emerge a thundering charger. It does not enter boldly by the door, but wriggles through the narrowest hole it can find. It crawls in upon all-fours like a dwarf, and comes forth an armed giant.

Queen Isabel's Camarilla was brought to Madrid by an amnesty, and its generous nature immediately proceeded to undermine the party by which the boon was accorded. The miserable affair of the dinner to which Olózaga's ministry were invited, and found the doors of the palace shut in their faces, was a strikingly characteristic incident. The Queen asks her Ministers to dine, but the Camarilla does not choose that they shall dine. The rascally servants do not obey their mistress, or if they do obey her, and a dinner is prepared, they insult her invited guests by telling them that there is no dinner. They meddle with affairs which do not concern them ; they are insolent, faithless, tricky, and dishonest, and deserve to be turned into the street.

But the Palace Junta strikes unseen, and its wounds are irreparable. No constitutional defences are proof against its blows. Its seigniorial powers are of life and death ; wherever its vengeance falls, it slays. The thunder-bolt is preceded by the lightning-flash, but there is nothing to herald the coming of

the Camarilla's wrath. It is a reproduction of the spirit and forms of the Holy Office, and works in subterraneous silence; its fires, like the hidden volcano, are matured in sightless caverns, and explode in instantaneous destruction. Like the trunk of the elephant, it picks up the merest trifle as nimbly as larger objects; and is punctiliously ceremonial as well as super-scrupulously religious; for

“En España no hay ladrón  
Que no tenga su devocion :”

“In Spain there is not a rogue who has not his special devotion!” A great alarm was created amongst them by Olózaga's audacity in giving the Queen his arm at a diplomatic dinner. The polite and considerate offence was pronounced *lèse-majesté*; and shortly after was revived the old court fashion of dukes, duchesses, marquises, and their dames, waiting *bonâ fide* at table, and dirtily drabbing in the bedchamber of a damsel of thirteen—a rapid progress backwards toward the days of the Philips. “Duchess, hand me a fresh chemise.”—“Marchioness, a clean towel.”—“Baroness, the bidet.”—“Countess, find my nail-brush!”

The nucleus of the Camarilla was formed immediately after the fall of Espartero. When the Provisional Government laid hold of the reins of power, Arguelles irrevocably resigned his post of guardian to the royal orphans, and the Duke de Baylen was appointed in his stead. From the Duke, on his nomination, it was exacted as a condition, that no appointment should be made in the palace, of at all



an important character, without the consent and approval of the Government.

There was a third party, however, of no inconsiderable weight, who laughed at the pompous conditions of Lopez and Caballero, and this was the conquering Narvaez, who resolved to be exclusive stage director, and managed matters so well with the Duke de Baylen, that within a few days Lopez was astounded to see numerous appointments made without consulting him in a single instance—appointments all of an important description, and one of a lady of the most ultra-Moderado principles, whose post required her continual presence by the Queen's side.

Lopez did not feel himself strong enough to remonstrate, and the measure which he took was merely palliative—being the appointment of Olózaga to the post of preceptor to the Queen and Infanta, with a view to his neutralizing the effect of the previous nominations, and preventing, if possible—but in vain—the formation of a complete Camarilla.

So odious is this name to Spanish ears, that no one dares pronounce it openly in any public assembly. The existence of the hated thing is adverted to merely by indirect allusion; and even Olózaga, when, smarting under the infliction of its recent malice, he made his explanatory speech in the *Córtes*—did not call it by its name, but spoke of “unconstitutional private relations, and secret influences existing in a certain circle, which has its proper name in Castilian.”—“It was proposed to me that I should arrange matters with a certain person, who was not to form

*part of the ministry,"* &c. Were the existence of this detested conclave publicly recognised, perhaps the Madrileños would tear some three or four persons to pieces, as they talked last summer of tearing the Canon Ceparo in Seville. The meaning of the word *Camarilla* is, "closet," or, "little chamber," answering precisely to the German "*Kämmerlein*," allegorically applied by Körner to the scabbard of his sword.

"Bleib' still im Kämmerlein !

Bald, bald hol' ich dich ein.—Hurrah !"

The name "*Camarilla*" points indirectly to the *Camarera Mayor*, or principal lady of the palace, whose power is always paramount under a female sovereign ; it happily, therefore, designates the present court clique. It is likewise the name which schoolmasters give to the place where they correct their pupils !

*Camarillas* are the chronic disease and cancer of Peninsular governments. Their existence in constitutional dynasties is less daringly and ostentatiously proclaimed ; but it is only the more corrupt and treacherous, the more odious, base, and profligate. This canonizing of a cheat and enthroning of a lie, this placing of the burning coals of falsehood upon the lips of a Royal girl, and exalting of the polluted thing to the crest of a circling diadem, was but a gust blown into the outer world from the tainted atmosphere of Peninsular courts—a sample of their nature ! Absolutism had its disadvantages—the caprices of an idiot might enchain a nation's will—the violence of a madman might urge it on to ruin. *El*

*rey es ley*, "The king is law," was a terrible and humiliating sentence. But representative governments have sometimes greater inconveniences amongst a people too unenlightened to control their courts, and make sovereigns bow before that public opinion, which is indeed the Queen of the World. In Spain there are two governments, one ostensible and responsible, the other hidden and irresponsible; one in front of the Parliament, the other behind the Throne; one preparing laws, the other obstacles and impediments; one submitting measures, the other intriguing for its downfall—the Ministry and the Camarilla.

But let the latter pause and tremble in its mad career. Swift and terrible is the rising passion of a southern people. The rending asunder of Quesada, of the Governor of Cadiz, of the hundred victims of Barcelona and Valencia, are fearful proofs of the sudden waking and destructiveness of their vengeance; but what were these to that horrible massacre of the friars in 1834, when the appearance of a mortal epidemic gave currency to the ignorant rumour that the waters of Madrid were poisoned, and scores of miserable victims were slain at the foot of their altars—slain by a Christian people, who, at other times, before they were maddened by the passion of fear, were ready to kiss the hem of the garments of the now accused *religiosos*: such a mystery is the heart of man, compounded of the lamb and tiger!

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE REPRESENTATIVE CHAMBERS.—SKETCHES OF PARTY LEADERS.

UNDER the Constitution of 1837, the name, together with the ancient institution of the *Córtes*, was abolished; and to gratify the semi-republican tendencies of the *Exaltados*, the designation and some of the forms of the new legislative assembly were borrowed from the United States of America. The Chamber of Peers was called a Senate, the Chamber of Deputies a Congress. This nomenclature originated partly in error. In America it is not either Chamber that is called a Congress, but the union of both. The Spanish reformers meant to have called the lower House, like the Americans, their Chamber of Representatives, but mistook. They called their spade a shovel, but the original name survives. The elective principle applied to both Chambers, destroys the system of balances and adjustments, which makes an Upper Chamber valuable. Instead of two separate heads and tongues, it is like two tongues wagging in the same mouth, with a surplus of noise to the same tune; or like an enormous bell with two clappers.

It was a bad but happily an practicable thing to do away with the time-honoured name of the *Córtes* of Spain! Spanish constitution-mongering in the

old and new world has been a long series of "fantastic tricks," ever since the Constituent Córtes, which assembled at Cadiz in 1812, decreed that "we proclaim, sanction, and legalize the One, Holy, Roman, Catholic, and Apostolic Church, *and no other*, on the Spanish soil." There is here a smell of burnt flesh; and yet these men were for the most part republicans!

There are occasions, however, when the name of Congress is not inapplicable to the Spanish representative Chambers, as at present constituted. In acts of great importance and solemnity, both Chambers become amalgamated, combining in one grand representation of the national will, and deciding by a joint vote of the majority of the two Houses, whose separate individualities are for the time lost and forgotten—a peculiarity to be witnessed only in Spain.

This is indeed a Congress. Queen Isabel's majority was carried thus in November last. But the plan is more fanciful than deserving of imitation. In one respect the Spanish Congress perfectly resembles the Congress of the United States; I mean in the length of the speeches. Upon remarkable occasions, it is quite common for the orations of the leading men to be adjourned from day to day, as with the Transatlantic statesmen; and on the late palace affair, Olózaga, De la Rosa, Lopez, Murillo, and Cortina, spoke each at least two days.

The incredible subserviency of the Deputies to the Cromwellian dictatorship of Narvaez, was made manifest in the permission which the Chamber accorded by a large majority to Narvaez's war-minister

to proceed before the military tribunal against one of its own members, Señor Mateo y Calvo, charged with having conspired to assassinate the Captain-General. Calvo was not a military man—unamenable therefore to a court martial; and the rights of the civil tribunals and prerogatives of the Chamber of Deputies were both outrageously violated. That compromise was the prelude to more scandalous proceedings, and the Chamber, first submitting to be gagged, was next deliberately strangled.

The existing constitution of the Senate is entirely a hybrid creation. It is compounded of royal nomination and popular election, one-third going out by rotation, and being subject to re-election, at every period when the Chamber of Deputies is renewed. It thus endeavours to amalgamate democracy with dependence on the crown, and the result is that it is neither flesh nor fowl, and has no real influence in the State. When quiet is restored, and organisation has proceeded a certain length, attempts will probably be made to establish an hereditary peerage, with entails of 60,000 reals (600*l.*) a-year in families possessed of real property; the bishops and grandees to have seats in the Chamber. This project has been spoken of at the Casino clubs of Madrid. A few of the bishops are usually elected members of the Senate. When vacancies arise, the people return three names, from which the crown selects one.

The Spanish are very eloquent in their representative Chambers—very fluent at least, impassioned, and bombastic. Beyond the precincts of Congress, one seldom hears a popular speech: conversation, the

tertulia, the café, absorb the electricity of the political masses, and the eloquence of popular assemblies outside the Córtes is unknown. I speak now of normal conditions of society; for at periods of "pronouncement," when every village arrogates to itself unlimited sovereign power, there is talk enough in the revolutionary Juntas. But beyond the vortex of anarchy and rebellion, the public meeting—that magnificent institution, as sacred to liberty as trial by jury and habeas corpus,—is as unknown here as in France.

The principle of public meeting is the safety-valve of a state, and had it been known and duly exercised in Spain, we should have heard but little of the recent Pronunciamientos. Strong resolutions, remonstrances with the Chambers, and petitions to the Crown, would have been their constitutional and equally effectual substitute; and the parliamentary battle, strengthened by these allies, and backed by the legitimate pressure from without, would have superseded the horrid bombardments, the marching and countermarching of troops, the frequent demoralization, and the disgraceful compromises which will be long unhappily remembered. The uses of a Parliament are not yet understood in Spain, nor the irresistible power of a constitutional opposition, without needless appeals to arms.

The following is the portrait of a Spanish Speaker, or President of the Congress, painted by himself: "The President announced to the Congress that five incidental propositions had been laid on the table, in relation to the affair of Olózaga. The five distinct

propositions were then read. Señor Cortina (the Progresista leader) wished to address the Congress with a view to prove that these propositions could not be entertained (a right which he claimed under the 111th article of the Reglamento).—*President*. No other has permission to speak but Señor Bravo Murillo! (This Deputy is a violent Moderado, to which party the President, Pidal, belongs, and the effects of a speech in his striking manner in preference to one from Cortina, would most materially serve the President's party). Several Deputies protested against this decision of the President, and confused murmurs arose from several benches.—*President*. No other has permission to speak but Señor Bravo Murillo!

“ The voices of Señores Lopez, Alonso, and Ovejero were heard demanding permission to address the Chamber, amidst great confusion and the noise of many other voices. For a long period there reigned amongst the Deputies a frightful uproar; each sought a different thing; each uttered expressions in opposite senses; nothing could be heard amidst the prolonged din and clamour in the Chamber. Order being somewhat re-established, at the request of Señor Cortina the 111th article of the Reglamento was read, in which it is stated that a motion to the effect that a given proposition cannot be entertained shall have preference over all others. (This clearly made out Cortina's right).—*President*. No other has permission to speak but Señor Bravo Murillo!—*Several voices*. This is to stifle the voice of the Deputies: This is to trample on the law.—*President*. No one can speak unless



give him permission. No other shall speak but Señor Bravo Murillo!" And Bravo Murillo did speak a speech which lasted to the end of the sitting, and which it was impossible therefore to neutralize by a prompt reply; a speech full of the grossest affronts and invectives against all the leaders of the Progresista party; a speech replete with prepared malignity, and which this President probably had read beforehand.

The number of Deputies is 241, and of Senators 145. The expenses of the Houses of Senators and Deputies are set down in the estimates for 1844 at 979,620 reals, or about £10,000. In Spain they pay their representatives.

The oratorical talent arrayed in the present Congress is such as no Legislative Chamber in Europe might be ashamed of; it comprises the following Deputies:—Lopez, Olózaga, De la Rosa, Cortina, Isturiz, Bravo Murillo, Madoz, Posada, Gonzalez Bravo, Cantero, Donoso Cortés, Alonso, Gonzalez, Castro y Orozco, Alcon, Sartorius, Roca de Togores, Caballero, Carrasco. It is singular what a number of great historical or celebrated names are to be found in the list of actual Spanish Deputies. The list comprises the following:—Cid, Gonzalez, Rodriguez, Cortés, Saavedra (Cervantes), Murillo, Cano, Herrera, Velasquez, Calderon, Lope (3), Zaragoza, Alva, Ramirez, Suarez, España, Alonso, Nuñez, Alvarez. And to wind up the catalogue, I find the names of both Don Quixote and Sancho in the Deputies; Gomez Sancho, and Quixada, which latter name Cervantes declares in his opening chapter to be a variation in the spelling of his hero's patronymic.

Don Joaquin Maria Lopez is pre-eminently the eloquent popular orator of the Spanish Chambers. His ancient democratic habits have never deserted him ; and even in power he is more of the tribune than the minister. The violent outrages on the Constitution, which marked the career of the Provisional Government, are not to be charged so much on him as on the necessities of his position, the requisitions of certain of his colleagues, and the irresponsible military authority, backed by 50,000 bayonets, at his elbow. Spain is not England ; and had Lopez not dismissed constituted bodies by the dozen, and held reasons of state more cogent than the letter of the law, he could not have stood for an hour against the unscrupulous intrigues which from every side assailed him. Let the fall of Olózaga, attesting their infernal coil and constrictor power, be the test of Lopez' clear-sightedness.

Though fiercely democratic in all his opinions, and though his hand has strongly helped to strip the Church and Aristocracy of their loaded wealth and privileges, if there is one quality for which he is more remarkable than another, it is his chivalrous loyalty to the crown. Yet in the affair of Olózaga he took the decided part which befitted his character. His parliamentary oratory is of a more brilliant class than that of any member of the British senate—I will not say that it is of a higher order. Its fault is, that it is too ornate. It reminds you of the perpetual glitter, and sometimes palling richness, of Curran and the old Irish school. The vocation of Lopez was to be a poet. His imagination is perhaps the most fervid in Europe.

Some of his flights are of extraordinary beauty. The only drawback is, that you sometimes doubt his sincerity.

Señor Lopez is the most eminent member of the Spanish Foro; and I speak from a tolerable knowledge of the English and French bars when I say, that no bar in Europe possesses so brilliant an advocate. He is at times extremely elaborate—but the art is not obtrusive, and the dazzling glitter is often quite overpowering. His eloquence is not formed, like that of Olózaga, on any classical model, but is as original as the style of Victor Hugo. When Lopez gave up the Provisional Government, on proceeding to re-open his advocate's box he tapped his head in the Chamber and said, "Behold the only patrimony of my children!"

This statement and significant gesture were both full of meaning. He has a very numerous family, and provides for them entirely by his professional exertions. It is a most creditable distinction in Spain, where office is sought almost exclusively for its emoluments, that Lopez has been at three different times a minister of the crown, and retired thrice from that government, of which he was always the most influential member, without any permanent office, or title, or decoration; without a cross or a riband to display upon his breast, in a country where these favours are most extensively distributed. Even from the premiership of the Provisional Government, by which high titles and orders were lavishly disseminated amongst the leading instruments of a successful national movement, and from the side of a Queen whose majority

had been just proclaimed, he withdrew to private life in a strictly private capacity, without a charge upon the pension-list for himself or any of his connections, without an inscription in the court-list or a real of the public money. Five hundred different lucrative and permanent offices were at his disposal, but he preferred a practising lawyer's independence.

Don Francisco Martinez de la Rosa may be said to be the personification of the Moderado party, of which he is by far the most illustrious member. His high literary reputation—his well-established European fame, make all Spaniards proud of him, and his is the rare fortune to have soared above the reach of jealousies. His excellent and classical tragedies display the same qualities of mind which shine in his parliamentary oratory—refined and severe taste, lucid and methodical arrangement, great clearness of statement, well-chosen, not redundant, ornaments; occasional but most felicitous illustration.

His eminent characteristic is correctness;—correctness in his views—correctness in his language—correctness in his life—correctness in his deportment; and his eloquence has but one fault—that it is too elaborately correct. He is, unmistakeably, an honourable man and gentleman; and these qualities, not over-abundant amongst those who surround him, are the more beneficial to his personal influence, because the more conspicuous. He is a good logician, and he is likewise an accomplished sophist; preferring the former weapons when the case will admit of his using them, but not despising the latter when he is hard pressed. Surrounded by such an atmosphere—

exposed to such unscrupulous assaults—it is hard to forego even equivocal means of triumph: it were idle to look for a perfect man in Spain. Martinez de la Rosa is a native of Granada, and another proof that the most brilliant geniuses of Spain and France are from the south. He is one of the representatives of Madrid. Moderado principles receive great encouragement in the south from the fact that Martinez de la Rosa, the head of the party, is one of its illustrious sons. The brilliant and chivalrous history of his own Iliberian kingdom—\*

“El mas hermoso que el sol alumbra,”

(The loveliest that the sun enlightens) as a Grana-dine poet most truly declares it—has been well illustrated by De la Rosa; who has sung the exploits of its most distinguished warrior, and thrown much light upon its antiquities, in his novel of “Isabel de Solis.” Isturiz, next in importance as a Moderado leader, is also from the south, being a native of Cadiz; which was likewise the birth-place of Mendizabal.

Don Manuel Cortina, the parliamentary leader of the less “exalted” Progresistas, is a man of great tact and sagacity, of grave and mature judgment, of powerful argumentative eloquence. He has been extremely steady and consistent as a politician, more firm than decorative, more logical than brilliant, but withal a very pleasing speaker; in exposition most clear and masterly; and one who, perhaps, more than any other, has secured and retained the confidence of the bulk of the nation. Señor Cortina, like most of

\* The ancient name of Granada.

the eminent men of Spain, is a native of the South, and represents the province of Seville in the Congress. Don Manuel Cantero, another very prominent leader of the same party, is one of the representatives of Madrid. The leading men are invariably returned for two or more provinces, and make election of whichever they please ; for the most part preferring those of which they are natives, or with which they are allied by close political relations. The rich Marquis de Casa-Irujo represents Cordova, where he has much property ; and the aristocratic radical, Count de las Navas, who plagues successive ministries with exaggerated *interpelaciones*, is a representative of Salamanca.

It was well said by Cortina, in the affair of Olózaga, that the question was not between an individual and the Sovereign, but between Doña Isabel and the Constitutional Queen of Spain. Cortina is an active bright-eyed little man, and is commonly called *El Sevillanito*, or “ the little Sevillian.”

The leader of the Republican party in the Congress is Señor Aiguales de Izco, a large-bearded, wide-breechesed man, something like our own Muntz in appearance and politics. His tone of voice, however, is more sepulchral, more like that of a true Capuchino, or Franciscan friar of the most rigid school. I believe much of Izco’s gravity to be affected, and his general manner assumed, by way of attracting personal notice, and selling the journal *Guindilla*, of which he is editor and proprietor. He represents the extreme Left, as Cortina represents that part of it which is next the Centre, or Young Spain.

This latter party consists of about thirty Moderados and twenty Progresistas, for the most part young men, who stick marvellously well together, and hold in their hands the balance of the Córtes. They look on while the older members of the assembly contend, pronouncing judgment, and reversing the order of the world by which the old passed sentence on the young. That their vigorous and flaming ardour should have superseded the ancient Moderados as it has done, is just what might have been expected; and to make good the general system, the head of this party was a premier, and late an editor—the sarcastic man of the *Guirigay*.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## GONZALEZ BRAVO AND HIS MINISTRY.

DON LUIS GONZALEZ BRAVO, the late Spanish premier, is a person of singular conceit and vanity, which he shows in his countenance, air, and movements. He has the affectation of figuring as a great character, and throws himself into very theatrical attitudes in the Congress, talking loud, while far abler men are addressing the House, to his partisans around him, and perpetually showing off as a leader. He is foppish in his person, cherishing his black locks with great care, and endeavouring, by his rapid turns of body and remarkable gestures, to impress observers with a notion of his immense vivacity and quickness.

He is a native of Jaen, for which province he is Deputy. His eloquence, which must be admitted to be effective at times, is indebted to his self-sufficiency and impetuous vehemence for its buoyancy. You may look for all that passion can accomplish there, but for nothing of the triumphs of reason or of wisdom. He is a great master of sarcasm, and so entirely unscrupulous that he pours forth the most tremendous and cutting invectives, with a recklessness equal to that which he displayed three years back in writing down Cristina, and an indifference to the care of his personal reputation so excessive, that, during his first week as minister, he pocketed, without notice in any



shape, the lie twice given him in the Chamber ! It is only in a revolutionary country that a man of Gonzalez Bravo's youth and unsettled, equivocal character, could have ascended to the post of Prime Minister.

His elevation is likewise a proof of the influence of journalism in Spain, and of the success of newspaper violence—another phase of revolutionary times. His paper, *El Guirigay*, or “The Slang,” was one of the least scrupulous of its class of satirical and personal journals, and contributed beyond doubt, as much as the bill for the regulation of municipalities, more than Espartero's ambition, and not much less than her unfortunate *liaison*, to the expulsion of Maria Cristina from the Spanish soil. From a violent Exaltado-Progresista it is amusing, in the rapid revolution of three years, to see this young man converted into a decided Moderado, and raised to the premiership in the interest of that Regent whom he so successfully ruined ! It must be confessed that within those three years he has felt his way very ably in the Córtes, acquired daily additional weight, and shone as an orator in some of the most animated and striking displays which have been witnessed of late years in that assembly. His satirical talents have been transferred from the desk to the tribune, with fresh zest and *gusto*, and his impassioned energy appears to increased advantage since the pen has been exchanged for the *puissante propagande de la parole*.

These are precisely the attributes which fascinate youthful, ardent, and ambitious men, and which conferred upon Luis Gonzalez Brabo—for thus he prefers to write the name—the command of the powerful

phalanx of fifty united members, which, planting itself between the old Moderados and the less "exalted" Progresistas, decides almost every parliamentary contest, and calls itself "Joven España." But his qualities were speedily proved to be overrated; and before he was a week in office, the world inquired with amazement how the premiership of Spain could be conferred on, in every sense, so insignificant a man.\*

The first affair by which Don Luis Bravo became known to fame, was his connexion with a very extraordinary and peculiar local society, called the *Partido del Trueno*, or Thunder Club, a society of riotous young bloods, who delighted in nocturnal attacks upon the audiences returning from theatres, the guests from tertulias, and the other street-passengers of Madrid; a worn phase of the mischievous disposition, persevered in with such mysterious pertinacity at home, to appropriate bell-pulls and street-knockers. The exuberance of still wilder southern spirits, impelled Gonzalez Bravo and his friends to serious personal outrage, and in one of these scuffles he received a pistol-bullet, by which his life was nearly forfeited. This equivocal specimen of a statesman was supported by the French embassy; and the character of his father before him was likewise equivocal, or rather

\* The Prime Minister, when he should be writing sage decrees, was scribbling scurrilous paragraphs: from his portfolio peeped forth old numbers of "*The Slang*," and his official robes could not hide the harlequin's jacket. "Vistan me, dijo Sancho, como quisieren, que de cualquier manera que vaya vestido, seré Sancho Pauza;" "Let them dress me up as they will, however I am dressed, I shall still be Sacho Panza."

not at all equivocal, he having been dismissed from the Treasury for malversation.

This first of prime ministers\* is the living impersonation and type of the prevailing Spanish vice of embleomania or rage for office. He has no one qualification for ministerial functions—neither knowledge of history, of his country, or of mankind. Like the bulk of Spanish politicians, he derides the notion of patriotism; and as he did not enter office for his country's good, the conclusion is irresistible that it was for his own; but impurity of motives is so general a failing here, that their disguises are not even assumed. He held his portfolio for the squandering of places to himself, his family, and party.

The office-hunters of Madrid, epitomized in him, thank their God that they have a country to plunder, and crawl like vermin over the wasted bosom of Spain. When the tide begins to turn, that may happily carry them into power, they turn conveniently with it; and Bravo, who all his life was a Progresista, or Reformer, entered office as an Ultra-moderado, or Tory. His defence of the change was characteristic:—*No es ridículo estar para siempre el mismo?* “Isn't it ridiculous to be always the same?” Principle this school regards as a farce, stability as a bore, adherence to professions as the flattest imbecility. Narvaez wanted a pliant tool, and found one at hand in Gonzalez Bravo, who, driven to the wall in Congress by *interpelaciones*, to which he had not sense or

\* It is a curious circumstance that the boisterous premier's name should exactly typify his roystering disposition, the patronymic *Bravo* signifying “wild.”

discretion to reply, declared that "he would answer no more questions;" and seems born to prove how incapable a minister may be made of a tolerable spouter.

But his capacity to feather the family nest has been strikingly developed, for one of his earliest acts upon receiving his portfolio, was to appoint his wife's brother, a hanger-on about the Principe Theatre, where the elder brother is one of the actors, to the post of State-groom to the Queen; and his father, dismissed lately from the Treasury by the uncompromising Calatrava, for declining to furnish accounts when charged with malversation, to the all-powerful office of Under-secretary to that same Treasury! He next appointed to the Diplomatic Corps—the palace was not enough—some of his own equivocal relations, and dismissed, in two days, to make room for his friends, one-half the political chiefs in Spain!

Four days after the Queen made her "solemn declaration," Bravo's ministry was completely formed, and on the 5th December the Decrees were read in the Córtes, which appointed to office the most extraordinary set of incapacities to whom portfolios had ever been entrusted even in Spain. At other times and occasions ministries were wont to be composed of men of ability, weight, experience, and standing; now they seemed to be selected from the respectable class of court-lacqueys and grooms.

High talents and statesmanlike faculties are sometimes looked for in these elevated departments; where there is neither talent nor statesmanship,

people wish to see gentlemanly deportment and an honourable reputation; and where neither character nor bearing is gentlemanlike or honourable, the least they can expect is high blood and aristocratic connections. Men do not like to be governed by shoe-blacks; but to be governed by unshining shoe-blacks, to be flayed alive by flunkies with a flunkey's range of intellect, is worse than Phalaris' bull, and might beget an Agrigentine clamour. The Spaniards declared that their new Ministry comprised "*todos los incapazes*,"—that Bravo, its worthy head, was the "*mas picaro y pillo*" in Spain, (epithets for which I refer the reader to the dictionary,)—and that Mayans was Minister of *dis-Grace* and *in-Justice*.

The incendiary rage of an Eratostratus for notoriety, the rash daring of a hare-brained Phaëton, were accurate types of the administrative madness of Bravo, who, not content with his impudent refusal to answer all questions, and his scornful closing of the Córtes, with his suspension of the legal re-organization of the municipalities and national militia, with the issue of an order by which was nullified the royal decree for the recognition of the honours conferred by Espartero, with his audacious reply to the Moderado leaders when they consulted him as to his future plan of Government,—“I mean to organize the country by Decrees, and afterwards to ask the Córtes for a Bill of Indemnity,”—proceeded like a true renegado-Republican in a Moderado livery turned up with Absolutism, to transfer the Inspectorship of the national militia from a civilian to the War Minister, preparatory to the disarming of that popular body,

and put forth a document entitled "*Heads of a Project for the Political and Social Organization of Spain*," which contained the bases of something still less than the banished Estatuto Real—a combination of downright re-actionary plans, concocted under the guidance of the virtuous Camarilla, insanely advancing towards a new Despotism, amidst the grim smiles of Absolutist agents, and the stupefied stare of the Spanish nation.

The heart of Don Carlos leaped with joy at Bourges, and the Pope's bosom at Rome yearned towards these purely-minded Apostolical agents. For ten years His Holiness had allowed the ecclesiastical affairs of this eminently Catholic country to pass without active intervention, in contempt and spiritual interdict, without recognition of its Crown, or its authorities, and scornfully withholding the necessary bulls for the canonical institution of the bishops named by the government.

All the urgent solicitations of the Queen Regent, and of Espartero during his subsequent regency, were unavailing to move or to bend the intractable tenacity of the Papal See. This new and unprecedented zeal seemed to indicate not so much a desire to recognize Isabella Secunda, as a wish to give force and encouragement to the principles adopted by her government. Orders were despatched to Monsignor Capaccini at Lisbon, to put himself in communication with the Spanish capital, and Señor Castillo y Ayensa was sent as Plenipotentiary to Rome to negotiate an arrangement of those ecclesiastical differences, which were now so much deplored. The position of the

Castilian crown and clergy was now a source of deep anxiety to His Holiness, though the legal claims of Isabel to that Crown, of Cristina to that Regency, were never before recognized; and the suspicion was assuredly encouraged that an approximation to the principles of Absolute Government was more valued at Rome than legitimate rights.

The appropriate close of this irrational year for Spain, and winding up of the affair between Olózaga and the Camarilla, was the summary termination of a session of the *Córtes*, with nothing done, and all debates made fruitless, by the grave, dignified, and consistent Bravo—a course superior to Penelope's undoing of the web, since thus without the trouble of unravelling, the threads were cut asunder; and remarkably consequential, seeing that Olózaga was dismissed for only threatening to do the same thing: a course, let it be added, sanctioned by obvious policy, since, the steed having scampered off, it was right that the grooms should be dismissed; and Olózaga's person being safe from dungeons, and his head from scaffolds, a show of Parliamentary proceedings was needless, as it could no longer bring that terrible naughty man into the sphere of the merciful charities of Narvaez, and the Camarilla.

Furthermore, by this course, an unpledged Prime Minister was saved the unpleasant necessity of avowing that he could not answer even an ordinary question in the *Córtes*, and barring out the schoolmaster contributed much to the facilities which "Young Spain" desired for spending a merry Christmas. The apples and nuts of office, set off with an abund-

ance of the rich minced-pies of the Treasury, which the young gentleman's father, as Under-Secretary, baked in his own oven, and stuck with stolen plums, furnished forth a truly agreeable repast; and not the less delightful, that the chuckling stuffers, who crammed thereat, had so cunningly shied the puzzling examinations of the *Córtes*. The mummers pranced at Madrid, while Ametler poured his shells into Figueras upon the Christmas night. But Spain looked on with a scowling brow, and an eye that flashed indignation; an outraged people regarded the scene with contemptuous disgust, which Europe shared; the Moderados, who lost their reason, and the Absolutists who called themselves Moderados, rushed madly on in their career of despotism, forcing a crisis by their violence, accelerating their merited downfall by a riotous extravagance of mischief, and the most tranquil spectators were swayed by a feeling of desperation.

The last day of the year was made memorable by an act, in which Bravo, like a Lord of Misrule in the heat of Christmas week, usurped legislative powers, the Chambers being closed by his mandate, and issued his Decree giving force, without alteration, except as to the Royal nomination of the *Alcaldes*, to that very law for the restrictive organization of the Municipalities, and for suppressing their right of petition on political questions, which Cristina signed at Barcelona on the 14th July, 1840, and which caused her to be expelled from the Spanish soil, amidst the thunders of a Revolution. On the same closing day of the year, the new ministers cleared out



their offices of nearly the whole *personnel* of their respective administrations—fifty-four being expelled from the Home Office alone, as if to scatter the seeds of a new Revolution. Integrity, capacity, experience were nothing, compared with the paramount object of a provision for hungry retainers; public affairs were subjected to the torture of a training of tyros, and legions of the disaffected sent abroad to infect the community. Sixteen of the highest judges in Madrid and the Provinces were removed, and the bench was packed with partisans; the Finances were entrusted to the keeping of eighteen new individuals, associates of ministerial purity; and the logic of the bayonet was strengthened by the introduction of a number of Carlist officers to posts of confidence in the army.

Even the lists of Bravo and his colleagues were not deemed sufficiently decided; and when ministers presented them to the Queen, they were set aside for other appointments with which Narvaez had previously supplied her. The Iron Dictator's imperious will extended even to such minute regulation as obnoxious names of streets; and when on the same last day of the year, Mr. Bulwer, the new British Envoy, arrived in Madrid, and drove to the Embassy, he found the name of the street in which it is situated, changed from the Calle del Duque de la Victoria, to the Calle de Alcalá!

## CHAPTER XX.

BARCELONA.—A SPANISH ARMS-BILL.—FIGUERAS.

NEVER was there a more melancholy prospect than that presented by Barcelona, when the capitulation was signed and ratified in November, and the gates thrown open to the population of Spain. To whatever side the eye was turned in the leading streets of this ancient capital, no sight could be obtained but of houses entirely or partially destroyed, churches and public edifices riddled with cannon-ball, roofs thrown off and walls struck down by the destructive explosion of shells and grenades. In the streets barricades were thrown up in every direction,—not slight and flimsy structures such as were hitherto known in the partisan warfare of cities, but substantial erections, constructed of solid masonry in stone and lime—a new and original device, suggested by the sad exigencies of Spanish domestic strife.

It was on the central and more elegant quarter of the town that the madness of factious violence was especially vented ; and the rage of contending citizens burst over their most precious monuments. The Plaza San Jaime, where the Patulea had planted a battery and the Junta of Defence held its sittings, was entirely laid desolate, the Fortress of Montjuich having made this quarter the special aim of its shot and shell ; and the splendid Plaza del Palacio, the

most brilliant cluster of houses in the city, and a model of street architecture, was in many parts irreparably damaged, in some entirely destroyed. The Exchange, a fine building, was greatly injured, having been struck by 400 cannon balls; and the unusual strength of the structure, which was composed throughout of stone, alone preserved it from being laid in ruins; while the handsome palace of the Captain-General of Catalonia, in the same quarter, was defaced with shot, and ready to crumble to the ground.

In every direction were seen the traces of successive batteries thrown up by the Junta of Defence, and vigorously bombarded from the citadel, till its occupants succeeded in effecting their destruction, and every fresh barricade erected to frustrate probable charges of cavalry was the signal and aim of a heavy cannonade. Before the final surrender, 8000 shot and shell were fired into the city—the *third* bombardment which Barcelona had suffered within twelve months—and in this last attack by the merciful Narvaez, it sustained eight times the number of projectiles which Espartero was so taxed with inhumanity for discharging against it in the previous December.

It was by the Calle de San Pedro that the Captain-General of Catalonia entered Barcelona on the 20th of November, at the head of his troops. The street was thronged with people, and immense was the enthusiasm which the close of this terrible two months' siege excited. Tears stood in every eye, and flowed from most. Hundreds of women were in ecstasies of delight, and some fainted from excess of joy. The

privations of these innocent sufferers, many of whom were exposed at Gracia to the inclemencies of an early winter without a cloak or a blanket, were truly horrible, and the sudden change of feeling was enough to drive them to the verge of madness. Many burst into frantic demonstrations, clung to Sanz's officers, and kissed them! Tears were no longer strangers even to the rough eyes of soldiers, and men wept like children. When the General rode up surrounded by his staff, there were loud *vivas* for the Queen and the army, and a general *palmoteo* or clapping of hands. The very Jamancia, who had held out so long, seemed not displeased with the change, and looked on with approving eyes. The entire city was occupied by the troops that evening without difficulty, not however without a few symptoms of resistance in Atarazanas, the insurgents' stronghold; but these immediately ceased when Degollada and the other most compromised members of the Junta betook themselves to a boat covered by the French flag, and left the city with sixteen heavy trunks filled with the fruits of their disinterested patriotism.

On the same night a number of Nacionales and Patulea paraded the streets with arms and ammunition, and sang in the Catalan dialect the burlesque ditty which, during the siege, had so often cheered their spirits:—

“ Zim, zim, zim ;

“ Madros a la paela,

“ Zim, zim, zim ;

“ 'L primer' sera'n Prim !”

“ Moderados to the frying-pan ; the first shall be

Prim!" Around their necks, too, was displayed the miniature kitchen-utensil, which they had unconsciously borrowed from Cobbett as a badge, and on which they had threatened so often to roast their enemies. This folly would have been suffered to pass without notice, had it not been accompanied by a refractory spirit when the order was given to lay down their arms. But various other groups began at night to assemble, and cheers were raised for the Central Junta. It was found requisite to make some arrests, and the Cabo, or commander of the patrol, having proceeded for this purpose into the midst of a disorderly group, the Patulea threw themselves upon him, and strove to deprive him of his *látón*. The Cabo, whose gray hairs had not weakened his heart, made good the arrest of his prisoners, and one of his assailants received a severe sword-cut on the head from the hand of one of the general's sons. The rioters were dispersed, and some of the most *pillo* amongst them fled the city.

When Sanz entered Barcelona, it immediately struck him, as an admirable measure of security for the future, to convert the fort of Atarazanas into a citadel, as well as Montjuich. Atarazanas commands the Rambla, as Montjuich does the Plaza San Jaime, and the Plaza del Palacio. Sanz's idea was not much inferior to that of Louis-Philippe, with reference to the fortifications of Paris, except that he talked no nonsense about "apprehension of the foreign invader." The government adopted and subsequently proceeded to carry this plan into effect, throwing no disguise whatever over the fact, that the design was to keep

in check their own Patulea, the *gamins* of Barcelona. So formidable is this turbulent population, and such tremendous proofs of desperate valour did they give within the last year, that the government at the same time formed the resolution of garrisoning the town for the future with seventeen battalions.

The events of this two months' siege were unmatched in the history of the world. The volunteers, composed of Patulea and Cuerpos Francos, formed the most turbulent and picturesque troops in existence, and wandering amateurs or outlaws from all countries swelled their ranks, including sixty French republicans, who had come *en masse* from Paris and Perpignan. The Junta of Defence held its sittings in a vault of the suppressed Holy Office; and in this carnival of wild abandonment, scoffing at their heavenly king as well as at their earthly rulers, the mad Patulea dragged a crucifix in derision, with a cord round its neck! To avoid the imputation of unilateral ruffianism, Narvaez's artilleros from Montjuich, on the Queen's birthday, to do it especial honour, fired a royal salute, *with ball*, against her Barcelonese subjects!

Astounding were the shifts resorted to by the Patulea during the last days of the bombardment. When the cold set in towards the end of October, and they began to feel the pinch of their ragged condition, they broke open the cloth Almacenes, and tore up the bales as they met them into such lengths as they deemed convenient. This done, every man performed his own tailoring. For the colour of the cloth, or the materials with which they stitched it,

they were utterly unsolicitous. In the Plaza de San Jaime, and on the ramparts, these volunteers of the Jamancia were seen sewing up, as you would a sack, with packing-needles and twine, extemporised breeches—of which “inexpressibles,” indeed, would be the suitable name; sleeveless coats, and a rough-hewn reproduction of the ancient Spanish mantle, chosen for its handiness, and for its not encumbering the muscular movements in serving the guns and fighting. Hats of all shapes and sizes surmounted this hasty wardrobe; the round and tufted sombrero, the high-peaked hat of the old Spanish shape, the wide-leafed light brown felt, constructed for protection from the sun, the red gorro, the straw hat, the glazed, the peaked, and the woollen nightcap. Some, who were too late at the rifling of the Almacenes, were still in their shirts, or had the native striped blanket—a sort of plaid—round their shoulders; and many who had arranged themselves in spick-and-span-new broadcloth had their feet entirely naked!

To complete this remarkable picture, the banners of red and black,—displayed by them on Atarazanas and their other forts, and, indicating their determination to die before surrendering, were made up from the spoils of the rifled woollen stores, and—indicating thus involuntarily the triumph of our manufacturing industry—were composed of British broadcloth!

There has scarcely been a political disturbance during the present century, either in Europe or America, in which Englishmen, with their restless and enterprising character, have not directly participated.

In Greece and in Columbia, in Paris and at Warsaw, in Spain, and Portugal, and Circassia, our countrymen have been found in the thickest of the fight—everywhere soldiers of liberty, prepared to ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm; perhaps, too, mixing sometimes in matters which did not much concern them, and taking rather an erroneous view of political questions. Still, right or wrong, they have been with the people. During the last siege of Barcelona, two Englishmen, named Prior and Garrett, played a very efficient part in directing the movements of the Jamancia, and constructing the various batteries. A Genoese, named Merello, likewise took an active part. These strangers volunteered into the free corps, and led their sections of Patulea through the whole two months' siege, assisting, it is said, as skilfully in the gunnery practice as if they had been members of "The Honourable Artillery Company" of London. They left Barcelona together for Port-Vendres, in the Spanish steamer *Fenicio*, with two members of the Revolutionary Junta, Don Ramon Coll and Don Narciso Negrebernis. The steamer *Cameleon* likewise bore to France nearly one hundred officers of the Cuerpos Francos, who, not relying on the capitulation, had sought the protection of the tricolor. Strange how a little travel opens one's eyes. The keen debates in the last session of Parliament about the registry of arms in Ireland, where fine and imprisonment was the only punishment proposed, make one a little curious as to how they manage these matters in other countries. Here is a Spanish arms-bill:—"Don Laureano Sanz, Captain-



General of Catalonia, &c. The public tranquillity was threatened yesterday by armed groups of the national militia of this capital.

“In the Plaza del Rey and the Barrio of Gracia, there were uttered *vivas* for the Central Junta, the seditious provoking the peaceably disposed, and singing *alarming ballads* at the risk of promoting scenes which must be avoided—to that end I ordain and command : 1. The National Militia of Barcelona shall give up its arms, accoutrements, ammunition, drums, and trumpets, within the period of six hours from the publication of this Bando, to the Commandant of Artillery in Atarazanas. 2. Any individual not complying with the foregoing requisition will be shot immediately. 3. Domiciliary visits for the purpose of search are hereby authorised ; and any person in whose house a musket shall be discovered will be instantly shot, unless the owner of the weapon shall be discovered in the said house. But in case of his discovery the owner of the said weapon will be shot, and the occupying tenant of the said house shall pay a fine of 100*l.* Catalan ; but if he shall not have wherewithal to satisfy this demand, he shall be sentenced to six years’ imprisonment. 4. Penalties of proportional amount will be inflicted for the offence of concealing swords, pistols, bayonets, accoutrements, ammunition, drums, and trumpets. Barcelona, 22nd November, 1843.” This proclamation had the desired effect.

Modern civil warfare in Spain is so practised in the means of defence and demolition, that all the other nations of Europe may upon occasion borrow a

leaf from her book. The science of temporary barricades has been closely studied in France, but brought to nothing like the perfection of the adjoining kingdom; and in Barcelona the streets were built across by solid Titanic walls. More than one infernal machine had been planted in the houses of the Calle de San Pedro, to be exploded in the event of the town being taken by assault; and an enormous mine was constructed at the entrance of the Plaza de San Jaime, to be sprung amid general destruction against charges of hostile cavalry.

The investment of the Castle of Figueras by Prim, in the month of December, was marked by more shocking barbarities than any that were witnessed during the previous series of Pronunciamientos. For this there were two reasons—first, exasperation at the sturdy Ametler's holding out with such obstinate and rugged determination, and defending Figueras the moment he had vacated Gerona; and secondly, the consciousness that he was maintaining the defence as a nucleus of encouragement for operations elsewhere by the Progresistas, upon the occasion of the affair of Olózaga. Prim proved how well he could concentrate in one person the rival atrocities of Cabrera and Nogueras; 300 Milicianos having been expelled by Ametler from the castle, as not to be depended on in the struggle, Prim, with incredible blindness of policy, refused to receive them as an allied force, or otherwise than as prisoners of war, to be dealt with at his pleasure. Contrary even to the bloodiest precedents, the two envoys sent to treat for them, in advance, were seized and summarily

shot! Upon the main body advancing somewhat nearer, in the confidence of a friendly reception, Prim ordered his cavalry to charge these unoffending men, and his infantry to open upon them a simultaneous fire. Thirty-five were killed, and twice as many wounded! The rest of this miserable band of outcasts, whom Ametler perhaps too hastily condemned, were forced to fly for shelter to the Sierra. There, for some days, they wandered like forlorn ghosts, till cold and hunger made life a pain, and death a thing indifferent, and in their despair they betook themselves to the very fortress from whence they had been expelled. Here, instead of bullets, they met protection and forgiveness; and after brief parley, Ametler again received them, his resentment softened by the monstrous inhumanity of Prim.

This singularly cruel desperado, envious of the infamy of Nogueras, sent out his scouts to seize upon the mother and sisters of Ametler, all of whom (four in number) he declared his determination to shoot, unless their gallant relation surrendered. Having possession of the town of Figueras, he likewise threatened to seize the wives and mothers, the sisters and the daughters of all within the castle walls, and hold them *in terrorem* with the prospect, so agreeable to women, of being probably shot. The answer to these sanguinary propositions was still more sanguinary; it was the discharge, in one day from the castle, against the town, of four hundred and eighty shot and shell, by which scores of houses were laid in ruins, and some of those females whose lives had been threatened, were butchered by their own relations!

True to his inexorable word, Prim subsequently seized the survivors amongst these helpless women, with matchless cruelty announcing his determination to range them, chained in close order, in front of the batteries which he proceeded to construct outside and within the town, and leave them exposed to inevitable butchery, if Ametler should dare to open a fire! No civil war has ever raged in Spain, in which women have not been victims. Ametler subsequently got most of them into the castle by stratagem; but Prim revenged himself by proclaiming that, if a suspicion should arise of their spying, he would shoot both women and children.

Ametler is a Gitano, and patterned Rommany, at times, with his Estado Mayor, some of whom, too, were of Gipsy strain, and most guerrilleros. These are rare instances of Gitanos mounting to high office in the state, for their tricks of Germania pull them down by the skirts. The dexterity of the Caloré class is unquestionable, if it could be found allied to proportional honesty. But the difficulty is in overcoming their nomad habits. They shine as guerrilleros. Ametler is a man of most determined character, and has given numerous proofs of a desperate valour. Prim is unquestionably brave, but a person of ridiculous vanity, whose head has been turned by fortuitous successes, and by being made a count and a lieutenant-general. Ametler on the other hand is a perfect guerrillero, and not in the least indisposed to make allies of robbers. He garrisoned the Castle of Figueras during the siege in great part with guerrilla troops, whom

he sent out at intervals to ravage the surrounding country.

He proceeded, early in January, after winding up the year with a long and obstinate, but useless defence of his isolated position, and an honourable capitulation, to take up his temporary quarters as a refugee at Perpignan, accompanied by Martell, Bellera, and others, to the number of thirty, and escorted to the French frontier by a detachment of Baron de Meer's cavalry. Prim was so disgusted at the appointment of the Baron over his head, that he was on the point of going over to Ametler's party and trying his chance for keeping possession of Catalonia. But the sinister reputation of De Meer and the star of Narvaez triumphed, and the vain and arrogant Prim has consoled himself with refusing the subordinate office of commandant of custom-house carabineros. His exterminating genius since lies fallow. Ametler did not break up his nucleus of insurrection, until he had received a communication to that effect from the Progresista committee at Madrid. His exiled party distributed themselves through France and Belgium.

The Barcelonese refugees had the town of Albi in France, at the foot of the Pyrenees, assigned for their residence. Before they were there a month, they were forced to make an appeal to the charity of the public, avowing that they were in the most abject distress, and that they had not been able to carry more than a few francs with them. Their begging-box was open for the admission even of sous, illustrating the beauties of revolution.

The Catalans have seen with great disgust the

re-appointment of the Baron de Meer to the post of captain-general. They remember acutely the tyrannies formerly practised by this officer, and see the evidences of a Moderado re-action in the fresh commissioning of this noted Cristino commander, as well as in a hundred instances besides. The appointment of Shelly to the post of pontifical chief of Barcelona—the same general whom one of Zurbano's serjeants wounded in the wrist in the famous fraternizing field of Torrejon,—a most uncourteous act, seeing that no one else was wounded there—spread dismay amongst all but Moderados; and multitudes fled to France.

It must, however, be added, that the terror thus struck into the hearts of the Patulea was a signal for the revival of hope amongst moneyed men, and that numerous *propietarios*, capitalists, and bankers, who before had shunned the re-opened city, now crowded through its gates, and proceeded to resuscitate their buried treasures. Some of these stores had already yielded to the assiduous investigations of the vanished Junta, and their travelling expenses to France were easily and pleasurably paid. The poorer rogues betook themselves on the Sierras to the congenial employment of robbers, the turbulent district of Mastrazgo, which the affair of the Queen and Olózaga at Madrid incited to fresh devilries, sent forth its guerrilleros to prowl in all directions, the Facciosos of Groc were again on the alert, and the captain-general of Valencia and the intrepid colonel Zavala in vain endeavoured to re<sub>mo</sub>ve the scourge.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## ASPECT OF MADRID.—THE PUERTA DEL SOL.

THE general aspect of Madrid has greatly improved since the Revolution of La Granja and the promulgation of the Constitution of 1837. I do not at all believe that the mere series of words, of which that incongruous state-paper is composed, has either altered materially the face of the country, or beautified the metropolis. But if it has not proved an ark of the covenant, nor allayed the angry waters of civil disturbance, it has afforded at least some token of stability, and appeased, if not extinguished, the passion for change. Within seven years it is undeniable that a visible improvement is perceptible, and that material amelioration, and experience in the science of comfort, have penetrated even to those cold and central regions where all was cheerless and miserable. There is less of the solitude which passed for peace than in the era of Ferdinand, but there is infinitely more of human advancement; and if constitutions and representative forms of government have been at times shockingly abused, the freedom of thought and limb by which they have been accompanied have made their uses and their power conspicuous by a gratifying progress in the face of the most powerful obstacles.

The political vicissitudes of a country rarely affect

its metropolis. The seat of government, and centre of wealth and fashion, remains unscathed by domestic disturbances; even foreign invasion affects it lightly, unless in the rare instance of lengthened siege or bombardment. The occupation of Paris twice by the Allies did not materially affect its appearance, pursuits, or amusements, and Moscow was made no funeral pile till the torch was applied by its own inhabitants.

Madrid has had her bosom torn by domestic strife, and been a seething cauldron of political turmoil, ever since the first unsheathing of swords in the consuming War of Succession; but the face of the city has been yearly improving, and the solution of the great problem of life has been hourly progressing, slowly, yet with visible advancement. The tongue, wag it ever so idly, cannot drown the clamour of the back and stomach; and the needful provision of primary requisites is never neglected by the loudest politician. All over Spain the traces which have been left behind by the late series of Pronunciamentos and bombardments, are far less visible to the eye than a stranger would believe.

Meanwhile, it is not to be supposed that Madrid does not still lag far behind in the rear of European civilisation. Comfort as yet is not understood except in the higher circles, and in a portion of middle life; the numerous forced emigrations to France and England have been of essential benefit as eye-instructors; while the habits of foreign residents in the Spanish metropolis, and especially the manners and influence of diplomatic circles, have beaten down a



portion of that stubborn pride in which the Spaniard wraps himself as in a cape, impervious to the slighted civilisation of the "outer barbarians." But it is above all the travelled Spaniard who is a powerful agent in convincing his countrymen that, so far from monopolizing the world's wisdom, they are far outstripped by societies of exterior men, and that foreign inventions have their usefulness as well as ingenuity. Still Madrid to this day is singularly comfortless; and there is scarcely a decent lodging to be had in the entire metropolis. You must absolutely either live in a noisy hotel, or take a house to yourself and furnish it, which is odious to most *garçons*. The amusements are both few and uninteresting. There are two Spanish Theatres open, but these will soon grow tiresome; and the only public spectacle besides the *Córtes* is the Opera, where there is rarely a good company.

In the political circles of the Spanish metropolis the loss of Mr. Aston, our late minister, is acutely felt. From all parties his person and manners commanded respect and esteem; his entire devotedness to Espartero made him decided but not bitter enemies; and the brilliancy of his entertainments and fascinating freedom of his hospitality conciliated universal regard.

The character of his accomplished successor is winning the same popularity; and our future policy at Madrid will be entirely and indisputably impartial, selecting no favourites, backing no doubtful or, it decided, powerless champions, and dealing with the Spanish nation instead of individual intriguers. No

censure is here implied upon Mr. Aston, who, as well as our government, was dragged by the tide of events; but there is a mass of prejudices against England to be encountered, which demands and is receiving the most judicious treatment.

The splendid equipages of Mr. Aston have passed into the possession of Narvaez, who dashes through the streets, with an escort of Hussars both before and behind his carriage, in so royal a fashion, that no secret seems to be made of his consciousness of the fact that he is the true ruler of Spain. Long after the attempted assassination he drove out in his carriage riddled with bullets, as if in contempt and defiance of his enemies—a feeling similar to that which Quesada so often displayed, and which may unfortunately end in similar destruction.

Narvaez entertains rarely, but when he does, it is with an aim at princely magnificence, which suits his dashing character. On the evening of the day that the Queen's majority was declared, he gave an entertainment to three thousand officers of the garrison, and there being no private apartment in the metropolis which could accommodate so large a number, he hired for the occasion the entire of the most extensive *café* in Madrid.

In high political circles, the Marquis de Casa Irujo is the most magnificent entertainer. The Marquis is said to be the richest man in Madrid, and was lately spoken of for Finance Minister. He has been called the Torreno of modern Spain, without Torreno's ability.

Amongst the capitalists, Señor Carrasco has the

most hospitable *salons*. He is a leading banker, and now a man of great wealth, a warm adherent of Queen Cristina; and before he became a minister, it was in his palace (for every large house here is "a palace"), that the partisans of the expatriated Queen held their meetings. From the *millionnaire* set Mendizabal is much missed. In diplomatic circles, Count Almodovar is a frequent entertainer; but the most brilliant receptions are those of the young Duke de Glucksberg, the representative of France. Amongst the pleasantest parties are those of Madame Calderon de la Barca, the lively authoress of *Life in Mexico*, whose position in diplomatic circles through the distinguished post which her husband lately filled and through his influential admixture with Madrid politics, as well as the high literary reputation she has established by a single work, make her *salons* the resort of whatever is most refined and intellectual in the Spanish metropolis.

This lady is possessed of most attractive manners, and of refined taste, as well as keen observation. The Spaniards, though she is a foreigner, strange to relate, take pride in her, from the circumstance of the name which she bears being identical with that of their great dramatist, Calderon, from whom her husband is descended. Our country has estimable representatives here in the highest circles, and the parties of the Countess Montejo, a lady of Scottish parentage, are remarkable for the elegance which pervades them. Since the retirement of the Duchess of Victory, and during the mere girlishness of the Sovereign, there was properly speaking no female

court ; and the want was chiefly supplied in private circles. But why linger in vulgar drawing-rooms, when the romance of Peninsular life is in the streets ?

In modern Spain, what is called “ the Stone of the Constitution,” in every town plays a conspicuous part. This stone is placed in the principal square, the name of which has in all cases been altered to that of “ Plaza de la Constitucion.” Thus in Spain even saints have been deposed. These squares, under the new *régime*, have been commonly obtained by throwing open the abolished convent gardens. In Cadiz this is the case with nearly every one of the public squares, and the effect in such a confined and crowded city is very admirable.

The Constitutional Stone in the provincial towns, as well as in the metropolis, is inscribed with these words, taken from the Constitution of 1837 : “ Every Spaniard is bound at the call of his country to defend the throne and constitution with arms in his hands.” Before this stone, on political anniversaries and occasions of public rejoicing, a temporary orchestra is erected, where a military band plays the Hymn of the Constitution, of Riego, the Royal March, &c., with a variety of waltzes and other pieces, and the inhabitants promenade in the square for several hours, the mantillas of the women and the velvet hats of the men making music to their dark and lustrous eyes. These promenades to military music form everywhere the chief amusement of the inhabitants. In gazing on the constitutional stone of Madrid, during the swing of Narvaez and Bravo’s dynasty, I thought,

“Poor stone! you have been erected there for the purpose of being more conveniently desecrated.”

The mocking Manolo first called these street-posts “friars,” to mark how much he cared for their violation; but the foulest receptacle of the sewers of the metropolis, is the post before me, which he has christened “Liberty!” Such were the feelings of respectful veneration inspired by the sight of the *Lapida Constitucional*.

When Philip II. made choice of a barren plain as the site of his new capital, one would suppose that it must have presented some peculiar advantages to compensate for its bleakness. One cannot conceive that a monarch of his capacity, with unlimited power and an enormous treasury, could be much controlled by considerations opposed to convenience, or be slow in making the most suitable selection. Yet what this omnipotent despot did, was to choose exactly the worst site possible in the length and breadth of Spain.

At Madrid, wind, rain, and dust, in their respective seasons, have undisputed mastery; and the wintry blasts from the Guadarama hills have frozen to death, more than once, in their boxes, the sentinels at the royal palace. Beneath the summer sun it is a torrid zone, with heats as sultry, and dusts as suffocating, as in the deserts of Andalucía. Unhappily, too, like woman in the poet's libel, it is “to one thing constant never;” and the variations of temperature are of a most fatal character, carrying off numbers of the population annually with *pulmonia fulminante*. In March and October, one day is like a warm, bland May, the next like an English

February. At noon, perhaps, there is not a zephyr stirring, and the Madrileños are tempted forth to the fields which skirt the Manzanares. Presently a wind blows full from snowy Guadarama, which thoroughly explains how the ancient cloak has retained its popularity in the Spanish metropolis. You pass at once to an ice-house from an oven ; and cannot choose but to admire the wisdom of the sovereign who pitched his capital 2000 feet above the level of the sea, sacrificing everything to the central point of his kingdom, with pantometral *compas* in hand : ridiculously overlooking the incomparable claims of Toledo, and caricaturing the inspired attitude of Columbus in the midst of the monks of Valladolid.

There is a sort of legislature sitting in what is styled the Legislative Palace—the Córtes of Spain—calling themselves the representatives of the nation ; but the bulk of them the produce of bayonets. There is another and more powerful legislature sitting in the Queen's Palace—the Camarilla, headed by the Captain-general. But the most powerful of all—the pulse of Madrid, the barometer of public opinion, and director of popular movements—is that humble but more potent assembly which meets at the Puerta del Sol ; the laziest loungers in Europe, but perhaps the most active debaters, the most swayed by prejudice and impelled by rumours, but yet correct in the main as to their estimates of character, and the conclusions to be derived from passing events.

Here there are no palatial *convenances*, nor social conventionalisms, to mislead or to suppress ; no parliamentary forms of phraseology and discussion to

hamper and cramp the utterance of undisguised opinion. Truth flourishes in the open air—a hardy plant—shoots up in the dew and ripens in the sun, without pruning, training, or covering with glass-houses. The debaters here are frank and plain-spoken, and the audience mingles unrebuked in the discussions. With every cigarrillo a character is puffed away, and with each fresh demand for *fuego* \* new light is thrown upon the world of politics.

Here is a fellow in rags who wears his tattered cloak with the dignity of a grandee, for every Castilian deems himself noble; there is a more youthful *picaro* with a hat more highly peaked than ordinary, and an inordinate supply of tags adorning its velvet round—that is the energetic youth of the assembly—the Gonzalez Bravo of the *pavé*—the Young Spain of lanes and alleys; there with a loose *faja* or red sash swathed round his waist, with leggings thrown wide open and displaying those muscular calves, with a short and tight-fitting jacket exhibiting to full advantage his amazing breadth of shoulder and depth of chest, is the Mars and Massaniello of the party, prepared to take the lead of a popular army: and around and in the midst of every circle is the due proportion of Madrid Manolas, the viragos of metropolitan low life, discussing more eagerly and far more fluently than the rest, with flashing eyes and dilated nostrils, and each with a formidable knife stuck between her right leg and stocking, beneath the garter; some, too, smoking their paper cigars with

\* “Fire;” a light transmitted from one paper cigar to another.

as much *nonchalance* as the men. In this centre of intelligence and focus of popular disturbance, you will hear more in one hour of the scandalous secrets of Madrid, and learn more of its patriotic or treasonable designs, than in the choicest *réunions* of its most exalted diplomacy.



## CHAPTER XXII.

## THE SWING OF DESPOTISM.—NATIONAL APATHY.

THE evils and inconveniences, intolerable to a free people, arising from what is called in the jargon of the Peninsula, "suspension of the guarantees," and "an exceptional state," were under the *régime* of Bravo and Narvaez pushed far beyond the limits of endurance, and Alicante and Cartagena arose, but were finally reduced to submission. Arrest without warrant, and shooting without trial, were amongst their ordinary means of government, (a variation of villany unheard of before). General Roncali shot thirty-one prisoners in the back at Alicante, upon the mere recognition of their identity.

It was not the General's cruelty alone that led to this horrid slaughter; the act was in obedience to the peremptory orders of the Government, to execute without consideration or delay all who might be concerned in the revolt. Roncali was officially complimented for "having stifled the sentiments of his heart," an unwarrantable assumption that he had a heart to stifle; and the sign-manual of the virgin Queen of Spain was put to a nefarious document which thanked him for his butcheries.

In the other provinces, where isolated and insignificant insurrection demonstrated the national feeling but fell powerless through want of co-operation, obsequious captains-general pursued the same murderous

policy ; in Galicia, and in the province of Salamanca, several Spaniards were massacred at the same period ; and the War Minister, Mazarredo, Narvaez's pliant instrument, in a despatch to the Galician authorities, in which he thanked them likewise for their bloody assiduity in the work of extermination, recorded with a grin of satisfaction, the contemporary murders of Roncali. Such was the "dainty dish" set before two Queens of Spain—such were the happy tidings which welcomed Cristina's return.

Roncali's butcheries at Alicante, though never surpassed in atrocity, were far from being unprecedented in the modern history of Spain. Not to dwell upon the cruelties of Cabrera and of Carlos, the treatment of the noble Riego, and of the equally unhappy Torrijos, by Ferdinand VII, was precisely of a similar character, and the parallel is worth pursuing. Riego and Torrijos were soldiers of liberty, whose aspirations were for Constitutional government. What else was the aim of the insurgents of Alicante ? Riego and his comrades were shot, with one exception, an Englishman, who was rescued from the dungeons of Madrid by the strong remonstrance of Canning. Torrijos, too, and the fifty-three companions who disembarked with him at Malaga, were shot by the mandate of Ferdinand's sanguinary council. Let modern tyrants tremble, for their names will live in popular execration, enshrined in song, and recorded in familiar ballads, like the name of him who ruled when that slaughter was commanded :—

" Non por su culpa caia Riego :  
Traicion  
D'un vil Borbon !"

The name of Narvaez will point a moral as well as that of any other tyrant.

Retribution strangely follows in this life the trifle with the lives of his fellow men ; and when the tiger of the Peninsula is let loose he tears his victim to pieces. Though the fumes of blood cast a film over the eyes of despots, which hides from them the end that awaits them—an end as cruel as their lives had been—the finger of an avenging Providence not less certainly writes their doom in invisible ink upon the palace wall.

The Conde de España was a wholesale murderer, and was slain by his own people ; Moreno, the political butcher of Malaga, was himself assassinated in the end ; Quesada, the trampler of the Madrid populace beneath his horses' hoofs, was torn by that populace asunder, and his mutilated fingers stirred a convivial bowl for the Nacionales who slew him ; the Governor of Cadiz, in 1830, was assassinated for his severities, in the street ; Elio, Captain-General of Valencia, was the executioner of his political adversaries, and perished on the scaffold. The contemporary annals of Portugal furnish similar instances ; for within ten years, Gomez Freire, an unpopular minister, was shot down in the streets of Lisbon, and Telles Jordao, the inhuman persecutor of the Constitutionalist prisoners in the Tower of St. Julian, was torn in pieces and as frightfully mutilated as Quesada was in Madrid. This is the true mirror for ministers in the Peninsula—the awful lesson which “ must give them pause ” in the midst of their riot of power and barbarous instincts. “ *No hay boda sin tornaboda,*”

says a significant Spanish proverb,—“There is no wedding but there is a day after it !”

During this profligate interregnum of suspended laws and constitution, the ablest and most upright Progresista statesmen of Spain, Cortina, Cantero, and Madoz, were thrown into dungeons without a shadow of a charge against them ; and Lopez, the premier and coadjutor of Narvaez three months before, was forced to hide himself, lest he, likewise, should be dragged by his late colleague to a dungeon, upon the convenient allegation that he was a conspirator ; when, after a four months’ saturnalia of despotism, the Constitution was nominally restored, these outraged members of the National Congress were coolly told that there was no charge against them, and let loose from prison, where their detention for one hour was a portentous public crime.

During the same period all journals were suppressed which would not load their columns with base adulation of the Government ; and the liberty of the press was buried in the same grave with the strangled liberties of Spain. The Constitution was trodden down in the dust ; the rights of the people were curiously violated in every minute particular,—in taxation, in the municipal franchise, in the return of the provincial deputations, in the composition of the national militia, in the conditions of military enlistment.

Each succeeding hour, in point of departure from the fundamental compact, and subsisting laws, was marked by a still more atrocious violation. Happy they who dwell in lands where such things are impossible ! Six men armed with portfolios legislated in

all respects in contempt of the Córtes; both Senate and Congress had a seal on their lips, and the press had no voice but of fulsome flattery.

The Minister silenced all his opponents, then paid some venal rogue to praise him. "Order reigned at Warsaw." A perfect system of espionage was introduced to strengthen and secure this virtuous administration; and a *cabinet noir* established in the post-office, where every suspected letter was opened with such little ceremony that, instead of re-sealing and forwarding the violated correspondence, the reckless empleados too frequently threw the letters in the fire, or flung them aside as waste paper; to such depths of infamy, under Bravo and Narvaez, was the noble Spanish character degraded.

When the latter had completed his experiments *in corpore vili*, and found how much subdued Spaniards would bear, he resolved to try his hand at the work of direct government, and flung away Bravo like a squeezed orange. With *El Guirigay* were likewise thrown into the basket the bulk of his colleagues, Don Luis Mayans being alone retained as Minister of Grace and Justice,

This appointment by Narvaez was singularly characteristic. The sole title of Mayans to consideration was the fact, that he governed as a military despot, and his first contact with the political world was as aide-de-camp to the Infante Don Francisco de Poulou. A mere dragoon, he is singularly unsuitable to the grave post to which he has been promoted; his "long sword, saddle, bridle," grotesquely mix with croziers and wands; his cocked hat and epaulets

are quaintly inappropriate to the surveillance of the episcopal and judicial benches, and the bar and ecclesiastical circles are deeply offended.

The portfolio which Narvaez has himself assumed, together with the Presidency of the Council, is the one to which he would naturally aspire—that of War. Mazarredo held this for him as his lackey and warming-pan, under Bravo's exploded ministry. A young man of little administrative capacity, but possessed of some talents for intrigue, the late war minister was the chief officer of Narvaez's staff, when in 1838 the latter commenced the organization of an army of reserve, during Count Ofalia's ministry, which, in the unerring and anticipative instinct of hostility, was designed to act against Espartero.

Like Buckingham towards our Charles I., Mazarredo has ever since been Narvaez's "doag;" and for his services to the Camarilla, and to sweeten his retirement, the Queen has appointed him her chamberlain. In the selection of his other colleagues, Narvaez has not been infelicitous, the Marquis de Viluma, his foreign secretary, being an accomplished diplomatist, Don Pedro Pidal, his Minister of the Interior, an able and decided partisan, and his Finance Minister, Don Alejandro Mon, of high and unblemished character. The Marquis de Peñaflorida, Minister of the Interior under Bravo, was a person of little capacity, who had given no higher proofs of administrative skill, than scribbling minutes of the proceedings at the table of the senate, where he filled the post of secretary. And Señor Carrasco, his Minister of Finance, was the man who, as a commis-

sioner for the conversion of the Córtes bonds, and a frequenter of our Stock Exchange, has left behind him an unenviable reputation. He has been a repudiator in Paris and Amsterdam, as well as London. His own budget was advantageously arranged in 1835, 1836, and 1837; and he was a bankrupt successively upon every Exchange in Europe. Such a man was worthy to be Finance Minister under a Premier whose father was dismissed from the Treasury for malversation.

Never, perhaps, in the history of Peninsular governments were a set of more indecent and scandalous traffickers than Gonzalez Bravo and his colleagues dismissed from office. The *empleado* subalterns who, as long as they retained their grasp of power, were necessarily silent as to their masters' malversations, laid bare every villainous secret the moment they were dismissed, and Spain was astounded by the rapacity and meanness of her rulers.

The affairs of the Treasury were found in a state of desperate entanglement; Señor Carrasco's transactions on the Bolsa were in the worst spirit of gambling, and the most sacred income of the state had been devoted to raising the price of stocks in speculative time-bargains, with a view to carry out, by deceiving the public, his proposed operation of a loan. The very "*depositos publicos*," or suitors' fund in the courts of equity, had been invaded and alienated for this dishonest purpose; and to complete the picture of hollow financiering, Señor Mon declared his conscientious inability to adhere to Carrasco's contracts. Spain was shaken from her centre to her

most distant extremities, and dismay presided at the new tobacco board.

Portillo, the Minister of Marine, had been a still more scandalous stock-jobber. The funds which he should have applied to the maintenance of the degraded navy were employed on the Bolsa of Madrid in his own behoof, and in a contract with a company represented by Señor Buschenthal, to supply two war-steamers for the service of Spain, one of the conditions being that the sum of ten millions of reals, or £100,000, should be sacredly deposited. Portillo, "for a consideration," dispensed with this condition, while González Bravo and his father made sure of their share of the spoil, despatching to Irun no fewer than twenty-four four-wheeled carriages, and one hundred beasts of burden laden with bales and packages. From Bravo to his successor, Narvaez, the people turned with their proverbial sarcasm: "*Tan buenos uno como otro, y picaronazos todos!*" (one as good as another, and huge rogues all.)

It is an undoubted fact (and recent events remarkably tend to prove it) that the bulk of the substantial and moneyed classes of Spain and Portugal, of the influential portion of Peninsular society, is attached in politics to Moderado opinions. The Progresistas and Septembrists have been more noticeable of late years, because they have been noisier; but democratic opinions have enlisted no large portion of the wealth or weight of the community, and the profound indifference with which the simultaneous arrest of the Exaltado leaders in Madrid and Lisbon, and the high-handed proceedings of Narvaez and Costa



Cabral have been generally regarded, are sufficient to attest the fact. To this must be traced the easy overthrow of Espartero, and of the system of government which prevailed since 1838 in Portugal, with the equally easy maintenance of their successors in power, while each new day was marked by a fresh violation of the Constitution. The Spanish nations have proved Moderado indeed! moderate to the extent of tameness. None but a Peninsular people could have submitted for an hour to such acts of flagrant illegality.

There is much in the disgust engendered by frequency of revolutions, much in the palpable disappointment arising from successive popular movements; but whatever may be said on this subject, Spaniards to this day neither comprehend nor appreciate constitutional government. A powerless Parliament, an ignorant people, and a press but little entitled to respect, leave practical despotism, which mocks with responsible forms, an ample margin for acts which absolutism would scarcely have attempted.

That cold indifference which is so fatal to freedom appears to have stolen over Spain, and verbal criticism and social irony are chiefly now the shapes assumed by independent political opinion. The feeling is, that "Governments may do as they please, and be d——! they are all alike;" and the position seems to be generally taken, that the institutions of the country are not worth fighting for.

This is an uncomfortable state of things; but I believe that the unsatisfactory results of former struggles, and the strong bias of the richer classes towards

Moderado opinions, will make revolutionary movements less frequent in future. Yet of concord there is little prospect. There is no national political party, properly so called, in Spain; for if the wealth is Moderado, the numbers are decidedly Progresista; and the only element of union is the instinct of a common security. The Moderados charge the Progresistas with an undue and disproportionate exaltation of latter years—a charge which the helplessness of their resistance to Narvaez goes far to substantiate; and declare that they attained to a position beyond their real importance in the country, through the treason of a drunken sergeant at La Granja and of an ungrateful general at Valencia. The Progresistas, on the other hand, denounce the Moderados as the slaves of the court and of Carlist opinions; and though there may be a temporary lull, there is no true or lasting calm to the seething effervescence of parties.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## THE CATALAN AND VALENCIAN GUERRILLAS.

SPAIN is the country of guerrilla warfare; the classic ground of irregular skirmishing. The Albanian mountaineers are no bad random shots; and the bushrangers in our own colonies of the Cape and Australia need scarcely yield the *pas* to any soldier-robbers in the world. But in Spain the practice is invested with a romance and a local colouring, and long and unremitting practice has brought it to such perfection, that approximation appears outstripped and rivalry impossible.

The very name of the thing, and the wit involved in it, are purely Spanish—*Guerrilla*, “a little war;” and this gay and sarcastic people give the same name to a particular game of cards. The mountainous character of the whole of Spain, the demi-savage lives of the peasantry, and the familiarity with arms, begot by the incessant prowling of robbers, and by the frequency of war in the country, have combined to invest the Guerrilla life with peculiar facilities and attractions. It is an old strain in the Iberian blood.

The great Viriatus, who struggled so long and so successfully against the might of Rome, was little more than a guerrillero; Pelayo and Ramiro, who, from the Asturian hills went forth to fight against the

Moors, the almugavars, too, who in the middle ages were the predecessors of the modern Spanish infantry, belonged to the same school of informal but successful warriors. A rugged spirit of independence is the foundation of the character, a spirit as old as the days of Hannibal :—

“Sagunto vá pereciendo  
Antesque vencido ardiendo !”

The grandest specimen of this singular race, since Viriatus, sprung up in very recent times, when the gigantic oppression of Napoleon called forth a still more majestic opposition. In the brave and energetic Mina was embodied a personification of the noblest features of guerrilla warfare : for it was no marauding purposes, but a true love of liberty, a patriotism staunch and undying, and proved in courts to be incorruptible, which led him to inspire his first handful of followers with his own indomitable ardour, till their numbers swelled to battalions and armies, and the plain farmer rose to the rank of Captain-general and Grandee of Spain.

The very provincialism which is still such a bar to a strong central government, retaining, as of old, the jealous distinction of separate states and kingdoms, nurtures the patriotic spirit of fond attachment to the soil ; and whatever evils may befall her, Spain will never be deficient in a bold peasantry, nor want for men who love to the death the independence of their own pueblo. New Minas will ever spring up to spring the mine for the foreign invader. In civil broils the guerrilla warfare has assumed a far less honourable aspect. A flag is hoisted, but the flag is

a pretence ; the real pursuit is plunder ; and of late years it has been a common saying in Catalonia, Valencia, and parts of Aragon, that "*la guerrilla es el estado normal*."

The Catalan and Valencian guerrillero is a politician ; but, like more peaceful pursuers of the game, a sham one. In troubled times, if Carlism becomes in vogue, he starts a Carlist, and shoots and robs the natives for his own behoof. If "Central Junta" is the word, he calls himself a Centralista, and takes toll from both Centralists and Parliamentarians. If "Progress" is the shibboleth, he makes the most violent progress of any tenant of the hills in plundering and stripping the lieges ; and if "Pronunciamientos" are the order of the day, he pronounces the whole social frame unhinged, and himself the only equalizer ; he will likewise pronounce the arrest of the richest men in the province, and the exact amount of their ransom.

He is severely impartial, for he will seize and mulct them all ; and so long as a man has money, he doesn't care an *ajo* \* for his politics. He will squeeze either money or blood out of him indifferently—money if he can get it, and blood if he cannot. The brigand bands which Zurbano swept from the Catalan principality, sprang into life again last winter amid the prevalent confusion ; and Morella, renowned as Cabrera's stronghold, was haunted by the guerrillas of Lacova. But these were kept in subjection for a time by the activity of General Roncali.

The district of Mastrazgo † is the political pulse of

\* A clove of garlic.

† El Maestrazgo.

Spain—the true thermometer by which you may ascertain its actual state and condition. If the metropolitan heart of the kingdom begin to palpitate, Mastrazgo is instantly in a fever; if Madrid is in the least commotion, Mastrazgo is violently disturbed.

This lawless district is the northern limb of Valencia, extending between Catalonia and Aragon like a flaming tongue, a refuge for all the outlaws of Spain, and for years infested by three terrible *faccioso* leaders, Groc, Lacova, and Marsal. The most noted of these is Groc, who, at every fresh political disturbance, swells his guerrilla troops with fresh scores of the discontented, and sallies forth for aid and foray in his equivocal character of half a bandit and half a military partisan. His name is the terror of Valencia and Aragon; and without exaggeration it is this rugged monosyllable which hushes the screaming babes of Eastern Spain. Throughout the winter his depredations were incessant, as were likewise the attempts of the Captain-General of Valencia to rid the province of the scourge, in vain—for Groc had a band of *facciosos* never less than 200 strong.

The only effectual mode of combating these bandit guerrilleros was that adopted by General Mina, who, in 1835, enrolled a corps of Cazadores de Montaña or mountain riflemen, for this special duty. These were picked and skilful men, of character and tried integrity, and with their activity, good rifles, and excellent aim, were in a fair way of thinning the Sierras of their formidable beasts of prey. But with the death of this illustrious General the force fell away and decayed, and robbery and partizan warfare,

unlike Bernardo del Carpio in Mrs. Hemans's fine ballad, flourished again "among the hills of Spain."

From that to the present moment, not even the numerously passengered diligencia is safe in any direction, in at all troubled times, and the smaller posts are as much at the mercy of bandits as a mouse that has strayed from its hole is at the discretion of the cat whose paw is lifted over it. It must, however, be confessed, that the horrible atrocities of the era of the Civil War are now more rarely witnessed, and that murder is not superadded to robbery, unless in extreme circumstances. But the taking needlessly of human life was seven years back but a sport in Spain; and in 1836 the courier who carried the correspondence between Zaragoza and Carvera, had his throat and his *balija*, or leathern letter-bag, mercilessly cut together.

The provinces of Spain are still extremely sensitive and tenacious about their local rights, real or assumed; and this long and gallant struggle for their *fueros* in the Vascongadas and Navarre sufficiently indicate how these peasants love justice. The wild and rude Galicians are of the same character; and when a few years since Señor Mendizabal threatened to remove the capital of that province from Coruña to Vigo, there were twenty guerrilleros within a week, for one that there had been previously, throughout its mountain districts. In 1821 the announcement of a similar measure caused the formation of *facciones*, or lawless and predatory bands, in Cotobad, Caldebergan, Montes, Codeseda, and Tabricos; and the remains of those guerrilleros infest the province to this hour.

But the exploits of guerrilleros during the past winter have gone far to eclipse all that has been witnessed before in Spanish history. During the War of Independence the guerrilla levies were for the most part patriots, and plunder was not their object. Under the rule of Narvaez and of Bravo, all this was changed, and acts of robbery and violence became a normal condition through all the old boundaries of the kingdom of Aragon. Mastrazgo nearly lost its distinguishing predominance of turbulence, and Cherta walked in its shoes. The sieges of Barcelona, Gerona, and Figueras, transferred the disorders of Valencia to Catalonia, and the outrageous exploits of Groc were if possible transcended by those of Lacova and Marsal. Their audacity at last attained to such a pitch, that they entered the town of Cherta at mid-day, seized the municipal authorities, and did not release them without heavy ransom. Many of the dispersed defenders of Barcelona and Figueras joined these guerrillas, and amongst the rest several of the volunteer French Republicans.

In the delightful state of security thus engendered, the riotous portion of the population in the small Catalan towns and villages too often acts in concert with the guerrillas on the neighbouring sierras.

When the *rotos*, or ragamuffins, have had their fling long enough to fatigue the well-behaved and quiet citizens, and the disposition appears to be to yield up the night as well as day to disturbance, you will not unfrequently see, at ten or eleven o'clock, by the straggling light of a few scattered oil-lamps, a gathering of determined men—*cabezas de familia*, or



fathers of families—presenting themselves of their own accord in hundreds before the Alcaldes, armed with guns or bayonets, or bludgeons, ready at all risks to clear the town, and earnestly soliciting to be led on, in the absence of regular troops, for that purpose. The ragamuffins speedily disappear, and, in racing phrase, are “nowhere.” The leader of one of these bodies of Peninsular Chartists and physical-force-men, was once admitted to a parley with the Alcalde of a small provincial town, when, in reply to the civil functionary’s remonstrance, he chose to indulge in insolent language, and threatened him even with violence, declaring his readiness to make him a prisoner.

“*Usted es quien queda preso!*” (It’s you that’s the prisoner) said the Alcalde, pulling a pistol out of the breast of his coat, forcing the ruffian to the balcony, and roaring out *à las armas!* Instantaneously the *somaten*, or town levies, were raised, and aided by all the Alcalde’s neighbours, who fired from their windows on the rebel crowd, the entire gathering was dispersed, and there were made fifty prisoners.

Shooting, upon the hills of Spain, is no unperilous pastime. Francisco Calm, a rich Catalan proprietor, shouldered his gun and went out a-birding on the heights between Olot and Figueria. He did not return to his family. The fowler fell himself into the snare. The guns of the guerrilleros covered him as he was covering a *perdiz*;\* they bagged him as he lifted the game. It was during the siege of Figueras. No one knew what had become of him, till his family

\* Partridge.

received a billet requiring them to deposit, in a stated place, a thousand golden doubloons, if they desired again to see him alive. Reluctantly, but unavoidably, the enormous ransom was paid.

The diligencias in these lawless districts are, for the most part, at the mercy of brigands, it not being the practice here to escort them with detachments of cavalry, as is frequently the case with the mails between Madrid and Bayonne. It is very unwise to carry arms in these vehicles, and it is as well to put Englishmen on their guard in this respect. No diligencia is ever robbed except by overpowering numbers; and the use of fire-arms by one or two travellers will only procure their assassination.

If one traveller shows a disposition to use fire-arms, the others are pretty sure to prevent him, in the dread that all would then be murdered. It is probable that half a dozen well-armed and resolute men might put to flight a score of robbers; but when it comes to the hot conflict, the chances are that your allies will drop off, and you will become the solitary victim. Leave, therefore, your foolish pocket-pistols behind you; for if you produce them they will get you shot, and if you don't produce them they will expose you to derision (perhaps worse), when the robbers, in stripping you, produce them in spite of you. It is an infallible maxim, then, that if you carry pistols in Spain they will probably shoot yourself!

The process of rifling a diligencia never occupies less than two or three hours; and to preclude the disagreeable chance of interruption, and foil those parties of cavalry which are sometimes sent out as videttes,

the vehicle with the mules attached is usually led off the road, through the hedgeless fields, a distance of at least a quarter of a mile. The postilion, driver, and passengers, have all this time their hands tied behind their backs. When the convoy is brought to a stand, they are minutely questioned, and if any personal recognitions take place which might afterwards lead to detection and prosecution, the party who could prove identity is inevitably shot.

All are laid flat on the ground, with their hands still tied and their faces downwards, while the coach is deliberately rifled, and every trunk and package opened and examined in succession. This process consumes a tedious hour; and in winter when the ground is damp, and when perhaps torrents of rain had fallen, it exposes to imminent peril the lives of the passengers, so that those whom the carbine spares have the chance of making their exit in an hospital. When the work of plunder is concluded, and the diligence perhaps reduced to ashes, the robbers move off, having first unbound the driver or postilion, who is left to unbind the rest at leisure—so great is their politeness and humanity.

A formidable and favourite weapon amongst these mountain robbers is the short *trabuco*, or blunderbuss, which they load with a great number of pistol-bullets. This “gaping, wide-mouthed” weapon discharges its spawn rather less harmlessly than the “waddling frog” of the nursery rhyme; and it may be conceived what slaughter it would commit in the refractory interior of a diligence, when “let slap” in full force against the faces of the passengers. This toy of the classic land

of brigandage carries at least half a dozen deaths. If nothing else will teach a prudent caution, it may be inspired by consideration of the fact, that *alcaldes*, innkeepers, drivers, postilions, and National Guards—in fact, the entire official population—are frequently in league with the robbers.

When stript of all your cash and valuables, and you have nothing left to lose, you are sure to be escorted by horse and foot with the most scrupulous and disinterested zeal, so industriously is the stable bolted here when both steed and stirrups are stolen. They are particularly careful in the attention they show to our countrymen—after they have been robbed—though to the amount of property lost they are indifferent, believing that every Englishman has a boundless store; their ideas being as liberal as those of an old Cadiz lady, who once told me that she did not see what could be wanted with so many crosses on the British flag, seeing that it is a nation of heathens!

The fate of Martell's *fucciosos* deserves commiseration. These wild Guerrilleros, who took an active part against the Provisional Government in Catalonia, were defeated early in November last by the forces of Prim and Sanz. They were immediately shipped on board a Government steamer at Barcelona, and conveyed to Cadiz, where they were shut up in the castle of San Sebastian, which was assigned as their place of imprisonment.

These men, about 120 in number, were for the most part nearly naked—literally, not metaphorically so—their trousers all having dropt to pieces, and with nothing more than a shirt or a rug to interpose

between their shivering frames and the inclemencies of winter. From the 13th of November to the end of the year they remained in this state of hideous nudity, with no substantial relief; as if it were a pleasure to the authorities to witness the sufferings of the conquered.

The Nationals of Cadiz were invited by the Commandant-General to part with their spare trousers for the use of the wretched *facciosos*; but the Nationals, I suppose, thought themselves more unfortunate, and kept their charity locked up at home. At length the regiments of Asturias and Aragon were applied to, and 120 pairs of used pantaloons were thus provided for the prisoners, together with 2½*d.* for each man, and 10*d.* for each officer,—the troops of the line doing without trousers (I mean without new trousers) until the ensuing year.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## THE HUMAN HUNT.—LACOVA'S FACCIOSOS.

THE customary turbulence of the Catalan population was increased in a remarkable degree throughout the winter ; the two months' siege of Barcelona, and the successive sieges of Gerona and Figueras, affording an obvious pretext for any description of violence throughout the province. A peculiar feature of Spanish partisan warfare was here made conspicuous, and during the investment of Figueras by Prim, which lasted till the end of the year, guerrilla parties were commissioned by the indomitable Ametler to infest the country between Figueras and the neighbouring French frontier, and the diligence to France was often for days interrupted. Guerrilla fighting is, in truth, the pastime of the Catalan and Valencian population.

Mastrazgo vindicated to the last its turbulent character, and at the end of the year society there resolved itself into its first elements, as in 1838, when the bad spirits who took to the hills at the close of the civil war, established themselves in permanent revolt against law and order. The guerrillas of Lacova and Groc came forth in their old guise of Carlists, for the two guerrilleros named had been Carlist leaders, and uniting to their combined force the stragglers of Marsal, who had likewise been

a leader of Carlist irregulars, ravaged the whole coast from Peniscola to Castellan de la Plana, and the country inwardly as far as Caliz.

These desperadoes never numbered less than two hundred men, well armed with English muskets, of which they had contrived to plunder the regular troops. They took such considerable towns as Gall and Caliz by assault, and carried off the alcaldes and other leading inhabitants, not one of whom they released till they had obtained a heavy ransom. In more than one encounter with the regulars they came off victorious, maintaining a steady fire, provoking and setting them at defiance, and ultimately retiring in good order. They boasted that they were partisans of absolutism, called the troops "Negros," the opprobrious sobriquet for Liberals, and robbed in the name of "Carlos Quinto" and Religion!

The name by which the bandits of Mastrazgo and the class generally is known throughout Spain, is an expressive one—"latro-facciosos"—indicating the combination which all these turbulent characters present of actual brigandage and nominal adhesion to the standard of some political party, usually Carlist. This worst species of guerrillero has always been more deeply rooted in the province of Valencia, and especially in the wild Mastrazgo, than in any other part of the Peninsula.

Next to Groc, the greatest latro-faction leader of late years in this district, who defied until lately all the efforts of successive governments to put him down, was the ruthless and sanguinary Lacova. Through Benasal, Vallibona, Espadilla, and Xerica,

he ruled with iron and indomitable sway ; passing from north to south with his terrible band like a tempest of fire, retaining an army of spies, and extorting ransom from all the wealthy inhabitants. His last exploit was to shoot the alcalde and syndic of the Ayuntamiento of Chodos because they refused him 10,000 reals.

Lacova's career was long, and in an eminent degree successful. It has very recently, however, been terminated by means as violent as those which he himself put in practice, and the latro-faction chief of the Mastrazgo will abstain long enough from arresting pompous alcaldes by warrant of blunderbuss, and detaining substantial labradores till ransomed. The caudillo has been flung into a narrow prison, and none in Catalonia or Valencia will henceforth be quieter :

“ No alcanza perezoso

“ Triunfos ni vitoria alguna.”

The powerful guerrilla under his command attained at last to such mastery through the Valencian and Catalan territory, extended its depredations to such outrageous lengths, and enjoyed such impunity in its *correries*, that the Carlist *facciosos* of the Pyrenees, and their ruthless brethren in the adjacent districts of France, were inspired with fresh confidence and came flocking to his lawless standard. The government at last became seriously alarmed, and the military genius of Narvaez was rebuked by the impunity enjoyed beneath his sway by a predatory horde of robbers. A severe censure was forwarded to General Villalonga for the impotency of all his efforts to quell



these intolerable disorders, he was ordered on pain of recall to pacify Valencia, and (still better than idle remonstrances) he was furnished with additional troops, and with the means of making an irresistible demonstration. Villalonga, stung to the quick, and put upon his mettle, took terrible measures of extermination. His scalpels and lancets were ranged in order to cut out the social gangrene, and nothing was wanting to the success of the operation but to bring the refractory patient within reach.

For this purpose he resorted to extraordinary means. His invading army (for it was little less) assembled at Uldecona. From thence Villalonga issued his summons to the inhabitants of all the country round, for a distance of several leagues. The time, he said, was come for striking a decisive blow, and ridding themselves for ever of the most frightful plague that had ever devastated even that unhappy country. For years they had not tasted security or repose. Their properties, their persons, their lives were the prey of remorseless bandits; at night they could not sleep in peace, by day they were exposed to hourly danger. One great effort, and their tortures were all ended.

Forty different pueblos responded to the call, arose and armed themselves *en masse*, and went forth to do battle against the factious bands. Villalonga officered these irregular musters from his own staff. The volunteer levies comprised the entire male population, from 16 to 50 years of age. The troops and armed civilians were divided into several columns, an immense line was extended, and

throughout its whole length communications were strictly maintained. The plans of the General were kept rigidly a secret. His troops were marched into the disturbed districts ; fresh accessions of labradores and peasantry joined them at every step, the line was more and more extended, and finally closed in a circle, comprising an immense tract of country. It was precisely, but on a vastly larger scale, like a battue formed for the extermination of predatory wolves, and the rallying cry of the people was "*Mueran los lobos facciosos.*"

When the circle was closed, an alarm was rung from the bells of every church in the district. Close siege was laid to the villages enclosed within the ring, and none were permitted to leave it upon any pretext whatever. Old men and women and children alone were suffered to remain inactive. The fields were all deserted, and agricultural labour suspended. The harvest was left for that week uncut, and the idle ox might be seen eating up the grain which he should have trodden out on the *area*, the bulk, however, of the flocks and herds being driven forth from the blockade.

The work of deadly preparation was carried on upon the most extensive scale, and Villalonga's energetic orders seemed to have provided for every contingency. As none were allowed to go forth from the circle, so none were permitted to enter it, unless provided with a special passport obtained with great difficulty from the military commandant of the Mas-trazgo ; while the smallest quantity of provisions attempted to be introduced into the line, except for

the use of the commissariat, subjected its luckless bearer to a great probability of being shot. In maintaining all these arrangements, Villalonga was inflexible.

The preliminary dispositions being completed, the circle was soon made closer and closer, and the second day they came on the immediate track of the *facciosos*. Where had the doomed banditti fixed themselves? In one of the most renowned localities of modern Spain, the castellated stronghold of Morella, where Cabrera so long maintained himself against the overpowering force of Espartero.

Here Lacova fortified his position skilfully with his imperfect means, and cheered his drooping guerrilleros to sell their lives at an enormous price. For two days they held their ground, their fusils and blunderbusses making great havoc amongst the invading army. But weakened by want of food,—for Villalonga's artful dispositions had completely cut off their supplies,—and with no artillery or powerful defensive means, what could they do against overwhelming numbers? For every man within the rude mountain-fortress, there were full a hundred assailants. Their stronghold was carried at last by assault, and indiscriminate slaughter was dealt amongst its active defenders.

Lacova, El Serrador, and seventeen others, including nearly all the leaders, were shot dead on the spot; the remainder, of whom most were wounded, were made prisoners and shot the next day. The official return gave 136 *fusilados*! The circle was still made closer and closer, and the smaller guerrilla of Marsal

was seized in a different direction. There were here likewise ten guerrilleros shot, including the blood-stained assassin Taranquet ; while in the bowels of a cavern was seized and bayoneted the guerrilla chief Guel, who had vainly surrounded himself with an abundant store of provisions, rice, salt fish, and savoury *tocino*—almost a year's supply. This robber had an evident reluctance to die ; but his well-stocked larder did not avail him. The soldiers, almost as savage as he, cooked and ate his hoarded victuals by the side of his bleeding corpse ; for the commissariat in Spanish military expeditions is so scandalously ill-supplied that, when an opportunity is afforded them, it is impossible to prevent the soldiers from eating on the bodies of their prostrate foes.

Mastrazgo was purified by this Warsaw-like, but, perhaps, indispensable measure ; its guerrillas slept in heaped-up trenches, and its roads are at this moment safe to travellers as well as natives ; for the renowned guerrillero, Groc, was eventually butchered with the rest ; but it will doubtless soon return to its normal state of lawless violence and depredation, and its wild Sierras will again be the retreat of the outlaws of wide Spain. “ *Es inutil*,” says a Castilian proverb, “ *de ir matando hormigas* ;”—It is useless killing ants, they will swarm as thick as ever.

## CHAPTER XXV.

THE PRONUNCIAMIENTO, THE ASONADO, THE ALBOROTO—  
VARIETIES OF THE PENINSULAR EMEUTE—THE HOJA  
VOLANTE AND THE BLIND—FREEMASONRY—REPUBLICANS—POLITICAL INTRIGUE.

THE recipe for a Spanish Pronunciamentó is very simple. Buy over three or four officers and a dozen sergeants of a regiment. Give twenty dollars to each officer, and a four-dollar-piece to each of the sergeants; give a *peseta* to a blind news-hawker, and a well-invented tale of political rascality of any kind; distribute a score of rusty guns and pistols among as many *mauvais sujets*; appoint a particular hour for an explosion, and the thing is almost as infallibly accomplished as the recent blowing up of the Shakspeare Cliff at Dover.

Dispose your *mauvais sujets* by twos and threes in any one of the public places or squares. These are the *nuclei* of groups, which are sure speedily to form around them; let your blackguards and ringleaders fire some blank cartridge in the air, throw in (if you will) the ringing of a church-bell or two, and the breaking of a few obnoxious windows,

“To make the gruel thick and slab.”

The unwonted noise arouses the soldiers in their barracks, the sergeants speedily “insurrectionize”

their battalions, the pre-paid officers are curiously on the spot—by accident—to sanction the sergeants' doings in the name of the higher powers; *vivas* are uttered, the streets are paraded, "the new system is enthroned," and the Pronunciamento is already "*un fait accompli*!"

The Asonada, or tumultuous assemblage of the people, is chiefly to be dreaded by the authorities as the preliminary to an *émeute*, or overt acts of violence, known as the Alboroto. In no part, even of the south of Europe, are wilder gesticulations, more rapid movements, or a greater vivacity of speech and glances, met with than in Spain. All the Moorish blood that circles in their veins—and the southern Spaniards are still half Moors—is then in rapid motion; and the wild "*algazara*," or uproar of human voices, which rose from their ancestors in war (sometimes in peace), is witnessed in perfection.

Maddened orators leap to every elevated point, or are raised upon the shoulders of their less fluent brethren, and the excitement thus obtains a voice, a centre, and a direction. Words of fury and revenge are poured forth like lava on the multitude—fury and revenge, which take the names of justice, right, and liberty—the leash of conventional respect or fear, that binds the passions of the crowd, is gradually loosened and loosened, until at last it is let slip, and the terrible "*muera*!" or, Death to the tyrant! bursts from a hundred voices. There is a standing law at Seville, which requires all proprietors of cafés and drinking-houses to shut their doors and expel all their inmates when an Asonada occurs in the streets, the

object being to prevent the formation of a *point d'appui*.

I met an aged man in Barcelona, whose gray hairs gave added force to his eloquent denunciations against civil strife. He had indeed a right to raise his voice. On the 24th September, 1843, his son was tied by the Patulea, then in possession of the fort of Atarazanas, to a rope which descended from the national-flag-post, and left swinging above, as if in mockery of the opposite fort of Monjuich, occupied by the Government troops; and there did the wretch remain thus horribly suspended, until a cannon-ball from the castle struck him right in the centre of the body, which it fairly divided—releasing him in death! His only crime was to be a prisoner, suspected of the intention to desert, and perhaps, to turn informer. But that venerable gray-haired man attested that there never was a better son.

The peninsular alborotador or agitator is no despicable coward who mouths his big defiance and shrinks from the actual contest, or sets on a crowd of dupes to desert them in their need. No, by my *santiguada*! he takes the field instantly, and is in arms at the first scent of an imaginary grievance. There are no cold temperaments in Spain. When the alborotador is caught, he is instantly shot; and if there be fame in being a leader here, there is likewise danger. Rebels and rats receive similar treatment. When Riera was taken, he claimed his life under the terms on the faith of which his band laid down their arms. Nevertheless, the authorities shot him—because he was an alborotador, and ticketed “dangerous!”

Owing to the imperfect and perilous inland communications, there is a constant exchange between the different towns and cities as between the various European capitals, and a premium is allowed upon payments in the ordinary silver currency. Between Seville and Madrid at short dates upon silver payments the premium is one per cent.; upon gold it is considerably higher. On Santander the premium is one-and-a-half, on Granada one-half, Barcelona par, Alicante par. Thus it will be seen that the sea communication, which in other countries is held to be most dangerous (the very charter-parties speak of "perils of the sea)," is here accounted less dangerous than that of land; and the further you have to go by land the higher becomes the premium.

For a few leagues across the robber-infested Ronda from Seville to Granada you are charged one-half per cent., and for going round Spain to Barcelona you are charged nothing. Between Cadiz and Seville no premium is required, the distance being accomplished upon the Guadalquivir steamers. It is scarcely necessary to say, that the solution of the enigma is the fact of the land routes being infested by robbers; so that the traveller in Spain has to contribute to the ladrone's joint-stock purse in more ways than one. You pay when you are robbed, and you pay for not being robbed; and you stand withal a very considerable chance of having your clothes stripped off your back, to help the natives in their researches into a popular problem—whether an Englishman's clothes are not stitched with gold thread!

In all the cities of Spain, and in the metropolis to



a remarkable extent, a leading occupation of the blind is to hawk about newspapers, and still cheaper sheets announcing the latest intelligence—*hojas volantes*, as they are termed. These blind men are sometimes employed as political agents, proclaiming together with the title of the paper a *catalogue raisonné* of its contents. This is written for them beforehand, and carefully committed to memory; and as it is always made particularly attractive upon such occasions, the effect upon the susceptible populace may be readily conceived. Even amongst our sober selves, the catch-penny announcement of a “horrid murder,” by some peripatetic fellow of Stentorian lungs, often alarms to a most extraordinary degree a whole street or district.

Imagine then the effect amongst these “souls made of fire and children of the sun,” when the lusty-lunged *ciego* trumpets forth a wholesale execution at Madrid, or a horrid bombardment at Barcelona. Of the twenty or thirty slight *émeutes* and unsuccessful *pronunciamientos*, which intervened at Seville between the siege and the meeting of the *Córtes*, at least half were got up by concert with these blind hawkers; and the last act of the Exaltado political chief Bueno before his dismissal, was the issuing of a bando to control the practice.

Freemasonry flourishes extensively in the Peninsula. The principle of open political association not being understood or relished, and the excitement of such gatherings being indeed irreconcilable with the hot southern temperament, political intrigues and machinations are therefore carried on by the agency of secret

societies, and the Masonic institution is adopted as the readiest means.

The active prohibition, likewise, in operation down to the destruction of the Holy Office in the present century, has rather contributed to keep life in the system, being analogous in its effects to all other persecutions; and the Spaniards, still new-fangled with constitutional liberty, and talking much and understanding little about it, rattle Freemasonry as a toy, which their frowning papa, Ferdinand, so long kept out of their hands.

The Church has set her face against it, but the Spanish Liberal cares little for the Church; and political churchmen, who laugh at ecclesiastical rule, are to be found amongst the members of the Masonic lodges. Even in the prevalent freedom, however, the badges are not displayed; but the symbols are, nevertheless, set significantly enough at times before the public eye, in pamphlets and newspaper articles, where the points are arranged in Masonic form, thus; —: , :: &c.

A singular peculiarity of high political circles here, is, that confidence is wholly impossible. The time invariably comes when the most recondite secrets of state are remorselessly divulged. The torrent of intrigue breaks down all barriers, the vortex of party absorbs considerations of reserve and decency, and the necessities of the hour override the most cogent dictates of propriety. Suspicion invades the cabinet council, suspicion mars the unofficial unbending of Ministerial retirement and repose.

You know not who may be a traitor. Such are

the blessings of unbridled faction, and such the fruits of ambition, in a country where all are ambitious ! You cannot confide, lest your confidence be betrayed ; you cannot disclose your most darling secrets, for you know not the hour when your pericardium will be laid bare. The statesman must be guided by the heartless maxim—"Trust not, for you will be betrayed !" His very jests, perhaps, will be grievously distorted, and his lightest word converted into a damning evidence. Let him to whose existence intrigue is not essential, retire from the political scene. Let him withdraw at once, like Lopez and Luzuriaga. He knows not how soon his Sovereign may be false !

The Spaniards are very capital fellows to counteract each other, and this is a pursuit in which they take the greatest delight. Let any man harbour a darling project, and he is sure to be the butt of the pleasantry or malignity of all his acquaintance. Above all, let him have a scheme of ambition, a plan for his own advancement, and a hundred wits are actively employed to thwart him.

They cannot comprehend, good-natured people ! why any man should aspire to elevation above his fellows, or should attain distinction over themselves even for patriotism or virtue. If he act, they counteract ; if he intrigue, they cross-intrigue ; so that to get on at all here, is a *primâ facie* proof of cleverness. Put one of your feet upon the first round of the ladder of promotion, and you will have a hundred pulling you back by the skirts. This is true of all countries, but it is especially true of Spain.

As every man here minds other people's business,

and neglects his own, does nothing himself and will let others succeed in nothing, it cannot be matter of surprise, that a country which has been going to the d—l for centuries, is now in a truly infernal condition, and that every thing in it appears to be conducted in the teeth of common sense.

The scandalous scenes through which infantine royalty has been recently dragged at Madrid, have considerably increased (a result which might have been anticipated) the number of Peninsular republicans. The usual characteristic of this class here is, intensity of political feeling, and great length of beard.

The flowing locks which were so commonly displayed some years back by the younger members of the fraternity, both in France and Spain, have now somewhat fallen into desuetude; but the long growth of beard is still very generally cherished, waving philosophically over the stomach, or descending, at least, till it touches the top of the chest. The more elderly and influential members of the party, do not commonly make themselves ridiculous by these displays, aware that singularity abridges the power of the politician; but all those over whose heads more than a quarter of a century has not rolled, pique themselves on the bushy excrescence as the type of independent manhood, and swagger through every café in exact proportion to the length of their chin-festoonery. The hundred-buttoned *paletó* is designed as a substitute for the *toga*, and a napless wide-brimmed hat for the *galea terribilis*; but the beard—the beard is the thing which perfects the resemblance to the Brutuses and the Cincinnatuses.

The south of Spain has been a considerable focus of Republicanism ever since the Constituent Córtes sat at Cadiz in 1812, and the Emperor Don Pedro of Brazil had a project, which found many abettors, of uniting Portugal and Andalucía (the old Moorish territory) into one Federative Union, to be called the Iberian Republic. There are numerous anti-regal enthusiasts here, who say, that sooner or later the day will come when Spain, through her eternal contests, will converge to the only constitution which suits her, and one Federative Republic will embrace the whole Peninsula, from Lisbon to Barcelona.

The strength of the Republican party is somewhat greater than is generally imagined. The pure Republicans who push their theoretical views to inconvenient practical lengths, form an inconsiderable minority. The Republican Association of Cadiz, the other day, commissioned certain of their members to wait on the alcalde of one of the city *barrios* or districts, with an intimation that he must cease to discharge the duties of this office, or consent to have his name erased from the list of his republican brethren. The alcalde complied with the requisition—perhaps because the office is purely honorary, and brings no emolument.

Thus, the sublime effort of the withdrawal of all countenance and support from existing institutions, in this instance, cost nothing. There were at the same time three *dependientes* of the city gates, who, though Republicans, held, and were permitted still to hold the posts, with ample emoluments annexed, which they accepted from the Moderados of the Excelenti-

simo Ayuntamiento. So strange are the inconsistencies entailed by the love of lucre !

There are two orders of Spanish Republicans—the probationary, and the Republican *firmado*. The former are novices. The latter have solemnly signed their detestation of royalty, and all its accessories. Freemasonry is mixed up with all these secret-societies.

The name by which the Carlists now call themselves, is “the partisans of pure royalty.” When the designation of a political party offends the nostrils of a people, it is sound policy to change it. Sweeten the nauseous draught, if you mean the patient to swallow it. It is impossible to calculate how much benefit resulted in England, from the judicious course of substituting the conciliatory epithet “Conservative,” for the ugly old name of “Tory.” But the softening down by the Spanish Carlists of their name and apparent pretensions, is rather raw and audacious amid the glare of these recent atrocities. “Pure” was the blood they shed. By the same rule, a murderer might write himself down “a phlebotomist !”

Of all the malcontents and agitators in Spain, the most active and formidable is the Cesanta or Jubilado, an employé out of place. This man’s faculties are sharpened by personal injustice, as he conceives it, or hardship, as the most moderate must regard it. Without even having misconducted himself, nay, with constant commendations for his zeal and efficiency, he is turned out to make room for a dolt, through motives purely of party and of faction. He is therefore forced to become factious himself, that he

may upset the ministry, and get reinstated. He is possessed of official secrets, of experience, and *savoir faire*. He has intellect, education—knowledge is his power. Many hundreds of these are arrayed against each new ministry. And thus it comes to pass, as the sage politician *Don Quixote* avers, that “en los reinos y provincias nuevamente conquistados, nunca están tan quietos los animos de sus naturales, ni tan de parte del nuevo señor, que no se tenga temor de que han de hacer alguna novedad para alterar de nuevo las cosas, y volver, como dicen, a probar ventura.” “In kingdoms and provinces newly conquered, the minds of the people are never so quiet, nor so much on the side of the new ruler, that there is not a fear of their making some fresh movement to alter anew the face of things, and, as they say, again to try fortune !”

## CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CAFÉ LIFE OF SPAIN.—ZARAGOZA—SEVILLE—  
CADIZ.

WHILST the Englishman, impelled, perhaps, by the exigencies of a northern climate, makes the provision and furnishing of a comfortable home a paramount consideration, this object in the Peninsula is very secondary, and little, if at all, regarded. Like the ancient Romans, the modern Spaniard merely reposes for the night in his nest, "*cubiculo lectuloque*," and emerging early, after the fashion of a London club-man, breakfasts, smokes, dines, takes coffee, sups, talks politics, writes his letters, reads the newspapers, dozes, perhaps takes his siesta,—does all but pass the night, in the Café. It has a billiard-room below, and a gambling-room above, and he may risk at choice his pesetas at the former, his dollars or doubloons at the latter.

The café is, in fact, a club; for men of simple wants and social habits a very convenient one, and, as if in contempt of London exclusiveness, it is open to all the world. Here the political effervescence of Spain often leads to the most violent scenes. At the close of the year, in the principal café of Zaragoza, after Barcelona the most turbulent city of Spain, an officer of the garrison was assailed and insulted for the despotic acts of Narvaez and the Moderados.



From language of increasing asperity, and of that vehemently energetic character which belongs to Spain, they passed to hustling, and the officer's epaulets were brushed and ruffled in the *mêlée*. He instantly drew his sword, wounded some of his antagonists, had missiles flung at him, and was driven with his back to the wall. Other officers and soldiers repaired to the scene, and blood was shed; nor were the combatants separated until the political chief and municipal guard arrived to make them prisoners. So great was the violence used on this occasion, that fire-arms were produced and numerous shots discharged within the *café* (the well-known establishment of Jimeno); and after the other officers and military interposed, an *alferez*\* of the Regiment of America was hit by a pistol bullet, the carrying of pocket-pistols being too common in Spanish cities during periods of excitement. Thereupon the officers fell with their swords upon the civilians, but the latter were well provided with sword-sticks to meet them; and while these fenced and dealt each other some severe blows, the two or three soldiers who took part in the fray deliberately fired on the body of civilians, and the latter discharged all the pistols they carried.

The *café* subsequently bore token of the skirmish, several bullets being lodged in the wood-work, and divers chairs and tables shattered to pieces. Fortunately, though several of the combatants were wounded, none died; and, as a by-stander remarked with peculiar nonchalance, "There was good practice for the surgeons of Zaragoza." So strong, unfortunately, became the animosity between the towns-

\* Ensign.

people and the troops of the line, that on the same night an attempt was made to poniard Captain Don Bernardo Taulet, by three men muffled in cloaks, who dogged him to his door.

The hot blood of Zaragoza was not to be appeased without some retributive violence. The captain, through personal activity, escaped, but the Zaragozanos were on the alert next day. Incendiary placards were affixed on the corners of the leading streets, the military, everywhere that they appeared, were goaded by insulting words, by the bitter *amagos* which the natives of this boisterous city know so well how to fling like firebrands; and the *Jota Aragonesa* was played and sung with the customary effect of the most mischievous of popular ballads. Alborotadores, noisy agitators, vociferated at every shop-door and in every square, and a general *motin* was organized. Meanwhile the Gefe Politico, Mariano Muñoz y Lopez, the capitan-general, and the Moderado sections of the municipality and provincial deputation, were not indifferent spectators, and took effective precautions.

Proclamations were put forth, the *Novisima Recopilacion* was quoted as to the use of prohibited arms, the garrison was harangued, the Gefe Politico swept out the political clubs, and Casas de Juego, or gambling-houses, which are the foci of all disturbances at Zaragoza, and the popular opponents of Narvaez's government were driven to extremities. They assembled in the Plaza de la Constitucion with such arms as they could muster, were instantly charged by a regiment of infantry, and dispersed in the twinkling of an eye; thus proving how much better than

Espartero, Narvaez wields the resources of a military despotism.

But the passions, once let loose in Spain, are not so easily crushed or appeased. Fresh sources of exasperation arose, insults were exchanged, and partial conflicts took place between the military and the towns-people. The local press took up the subject, and strong articles appeared in the *Progresista* journals, condemnatory of "military ruffianism." The military were determined to have their revenge. At eight o'clock in the evening, when the principal Zaragozanos are usually assembled in the great café of Gregorio Jimeno, a number of military officers entered the upper rooms of the café, called for glasses of liquors, and were supplied both with these and with the small brass pan of charcoal to light their cigars, which in Spain is invariably presented on your entering a café; the assumption being that every man is a smoker, and the waiter's surprise if you do not take a light, being usually expressed in the phrase of astonishment—*Que ? usted no fuma !* "What ? you don't smoke !"

The officers upon this occasion having lit their cigars, among Spaniards the universal accompaniment of conspiracy, love, and murder, flung their glasses about the room, broke up the charcoal-pan, and dashed its fragments and the burning embers amongst the tables and benches. They then called for an obnoxious *Progresista* journal, the *Liberal Aragonese*, which they tore in pieces, and likewise flung about the room with desperate imprecations against the towns-people. Meanwhile another party of officers entered the café below, secured the doors, and effecting a junction with

their comrades, drew their swords, and began an indiscriminate attack on the civilians present, of whom five were severely wounded. Some of the latter drew pocket-pistols, one or two shots were fired, and an officer of carabineers was likewise wounded. The authorities interposed, the café was closed for eight days, but the military were left unpunished.

This Algerine despotism led to the natural results. Zaragoza is not made of mettle to be put down without a vehement struggle. Ten days afterwards there was a pitched battle in the streets between the people and the soldiery, and on both sides there were killed and wounded. But the populace were imperfectly armed, the troops numerous, and the insurrection was of course suppressed. Further results I cannot record, for I have brought down this history to the commencement of 1844.

The most inveterate agitator and alborotador of Zaragoza is an individual named Artal, a professional patcher of constitutions and of breeches, for he is a revolutionist and tailor by trade. This personage is as famous all over Spain, as was the Maid of Zaragoza before him; and seems destined to prove what valour may slumber in the arm of the ninth part of a man, as she demonstrated what but half a man can accomplish. Seriously, Artal is a noisy demagogue, but he is also a man of great bravery, and is one of many modern instances which show how utterly groundless is the vulgar prejudice against the manly parts of tailors. Artal took his share in nearly all these café transactions, and more than one of the military bullies is said to have fallen beneath his pistol. He is the

leader of a formidable band, an officer of the national militia of Zaragoza ; and has lately been arrested, and ordered for trial, in consequence of inciting the *militianos* to resistance when they were arbitrarily ordered to lay down their arms.

The café life of Spain causes an entire admixture of military and civilians in these establishments. Hence, in excited times, political disputes are incessant, and personal quarrels of almost daily occurrence. Exclusive circles are unknown and unrelished ; and the expense of maintaining a military club (even if such a thing were as congenial as it is abhorrent to the national manners), would, with the necessary requisites and comforts, entirely exceed the limited means of the service.

Private fortunes are exceedingly rare in the Spanish army, and the pay is barely equal to sustaining the appearance of a gentleman. In most of our regimental messes, and at Oxford and Cambridge, it would be considered little better than servants' wages. The inference is rather less favourable to English than to Spanish society ; and presumption and insolence, plants indigenous to wealthy Britain, happily do not flourish in the soil of Spain. An English nobleman gives his valet as much per annum as the Queen of Spain does to a captain in her army. The military officer here is therefore on a level with the middle classes, and mixes much with them. Baron de Meer, on his arrival in Barcelona at the end of last year, endeavoured to prevent his officers from frequenting the cafés and gaming-houses, and from talking politics to the townspeople ; but the regulation was soon made nugatory.

The most fashionable description of café in southern Spain is the *Neveria*, or ice-house, where bad water and cream ices may be eaten through the summer months. It is strange how little this luxury is developed here, where the excessive heat makes it so requisite to comfortable existence; in Cadiz, Seville, and Gibraltar, there is not more than one for each town; and the absence of competition excludes in the preparation of the ices the due degree of care. But it is ill choosing where there are not two of a kind, and the bad is received as a substitute for the best. The variety of character which one meets in the cafés at Cadiz and Gibraltar, is very striking.

The representatives of all nations are there: the naval uniforms of most nations, the inelegant military uniforms of Spain, the infinity of landsmen jacketed and trousered in an infinity of different manners; the Contrabandist, in his leggings and *faja*, jostling the carabinero in his uniform; the Jew in his greasy dark-blue gabardine and skull-cap, the Moor in his flowing white or striped *burnous* and spotless turban, (the two latter classes being more especially confined to Gibraltar), all combine to form a strange living pantomime. Besides ices, lemonade, orangeade, white sugared drinks, and coffee, are the favourite refreshments. Wine, though this be its country, is scarcely at all drunk. It is rarely touched, except at meals; and then, if white be relished, Manzanilla, a light country wine, is used; if red, it invariably comes from Catalonia, or Valencia, or from Val-de-Peñas in La Mancha.

Strange, that the red wines of the country are for

the most part unfit to drink. The use of sherry-wine here, and in Xerez itself, is almost entirely unknown, except as a liqueur. Our distinctions between “pale,” “brown,” and “golden” sherry, would be unintelligible to an untravelled Spaniard. The only distinctions comprehended here are between a dry (*seco*) sherry, answering to a good sound article of brown colour in England: a *doble* sherry, or wine of double strength, but still dry as opposed to sweet; and *generoso* sherry, a sweet and rich-flavoured article, more purely of the nature of a liqueur.

The light-coloured wines, known as “pale sherries,” come from Sanlucar. In the cafés, the other liqueurs are the same as used in England, with the exception of some peculiarities; such as “Rosa,” which is an infusion of essence of roses in brandy of a deep red colour, and gold and silver water, wherein very small particles of these metals respectively float in a sort of thin maraschino. A very light punch is made of good Jamaica rum, called “*rome*” by the Spaniards. Beer is also drunk, but of inferior quality—the ales and porters of no part of the world being tolerable to a man who has tasted those of England.

They have a singular way of drinking their beer here. They empty out a bottle or two into a large china bowl, and mix with it some juice of oranges, sugar, and floating slices of lemon. When a sufficient time has been allowed to elapse to make all the strength and virtue of the beer evaporate, the chief of a party of six or eight ladles it out to his symposiasts.—I tried it once, and you may conceive what a nauseous compound I found it. White sugared drinks,

lemonades, and orangeades, are however the chief articles of consumption, as "drinking," properly so called, in an English sense, never goes on here; and when wine, brandy, or liqueurs are tasted, it is simply as a *chasse* after coffee.

The water used in all the cafés at Cadiz is advertised, by way of attraction, as "pure and fresh from Port St. Mary's," being conveyed in hogsheads some miles across the bay—so advanced is the science of engineering in Spain. They are advancing more rapidly in the worst parts of our northern peculiarities, having increased of late the frequency of political banquets, in which, though speeches are, by a strange protervity of judgment (some will say with great sagacity), excluded, a vast number of toasts are drunk, and barrels exhausted—for at every *brindis* the glass is as religiously emptied as an English foxhunter's. Saving upon these occasions, temperance is habitual and universal.

I know no more strange, yet exhilarating spectacle than a grand Spanish café at night. The whole world is there; gaiety and good humour are for the most part universal, and all participate in the clatter of lively conversation, with true southern ardour. Fancy the effect of a thousand men being thus assembled and engaged in one gigantic apartment, luridly lit with the oil of the native olive, and with tallow-candles (for gas, perhaps, will travel hither in half a century), the waiters threading the maze of tables with an incessant succession of liqueurs and coffees or cooling beverages, blowing and gasping with the extreme heat, and looking like the imps atten-



dant on the master demons in some noisy pandemonium.

I am now more especially describing the Café del Turco, at Seville, the largest and most singular establishment of the kind in Spain. It has capacity and seats for full a thousand visitors, and I have often seen that number assembled. Like most of the large houses at Seville, its interior is fitted up in the Moorish style—a quadrangle open to the intensely blue and starry sky, supported by slender arabesque columns, with arcades intervening.

Below the open space, or within the colonnades, the company is indiscriminately seated, each, with scarcely an exception, inveterately smoking; and the clouds which are thus incessantly evolved, give the huge apartment a very perfect resemblance to the den of the robber of Mount Aventine, the "*semihominis Caci spelunca*," where the aborigines were so frightened to see him vomit forth fire and smoke. Here the brusque *majo* and the effeminate town *élégant*, the rough *carabini* and the more refined officer of the *Estado Mayor*, the burly shopkeeper and the supercilious civil *empleado*, brush skirts, and meet and really associate (for any attempt at English exclusivism would be here laughed down with a universal shout of derision), and as freely exchange, as we do the contents of our snuff-boxes, paper *cigarrillos* out of leather pocket-cases containing each 200! Now all is smiles, the next minute all are fighting. *Pardiez*, the devil who doesn't sleep, has brought words and blows between the civilians and the military, and all are mixed in the broil. Was that the smash of a bottle that resounded

so close to my ear? No, faith; it was the crack of a pistol. By my *santiguada*, perhaps, I would be nothing loth—but not to be killed for other people's quarrels.

I retired just before the authorities and municipal guard entered, and thus escaped being made a prisoner with the rest. The doors were shut, the contest continued, and fifty-four were finally arrested, including two harmless Englishmen, and thrown into the Town Carcel. This happened at the Café del Turco in September.

In the café you meet and can study at your leisure all the diversity of character which enriches Spanish life—the *empleado* in place and the *empleado* out of place; the one, a grinning Democritus—the other, a gloomy Heraclitus, who regard the rewards of office as the sole aim of statesmanship, familiarly speaking of the ministry as “*La Viña del Todopoderoso*,” or Vineyard of the Almighty;—the *Exclaustrado*, who has the proud distinction of being a state-pensioner, but whose pension is never paid, and who coolly asks you for a couple of cuartos (a halfpenny), seeing that his convent has been shut up;—the *militaire*, in uniform and on full pay, who blows his cloud as if it were blasted gunpowder:—the *militaire* on half pay, who hides his damaged elbow on the table;—the *militaire* dismissed, who borrows your money and never means to pay it;—the lounging actor, the rough mechanic, and the smooth citizen. Here, too, are varied specimens of the revolutionist, the seditious, and the turbulent. I met one such who was known as “Eusebio of the five-and-twenty imprisonments!”

A common joke in the cafés at Seville, last summer, when there was a talk of fresh pronunciamentos, was to cry out (among friends) "*Mientes!*" (you lie,) being an echo of the last two syllables. Much more freedom of language is allowed here than in England: the heat of the climate, I suppose, being sufficient to *melt the starch*. Considerable ridicule was excited by the assumption of the adherents of the Provisional Government, who constantly called themselves "the Parliamentary Party," and the Centralists usually pronounced the name emphatically, "*Los Parlamentarios*," indicating how false was the pretension. A bearded aide-de-camp of Concha's, nettled once at this treatment, rushed out of the saloon, where I was enjoying the fun with the rest, exclaiming, "*Carajo! un eterno club de acerrimos Ayacuchistas!*"

The lively wits of the Andalucian cafés had active employment during the series of pronunciamentos with which the Provisional Government was subsequently threatened. Pamplona was long expected to declare against Narvaez; and a Government-man mocked a Centralista in the Café del Turco when another mail brought the news that all was quiet there. "The rocket was not discharged from the citadel," said the Centralist, "a rocket was to have been the signal." "*Sin duda*," the other replied, "the powder got damp and the émeute would not go off!" The Centralists had it that Alcañiz, Alcorisa, Almeria, and in short all Andalucía, had pronounced in one day. "Oh! I have it," said a Government wag; "you pronounce all the A's to-day; so you mean to take the towns in alphabetical order."

Any particularly doubtful intelligence was always carried by a muletero—designation unknown, or by the nameless passengers on board a steamer. An assault of Prim's on Gerona was said to have been repelled with a loss of 150 killed and 250 wounded. "*Justo Cielo!*" exclaimed a bystander who knew this to be false, "what a number of corpses; it is enough to infect all Catalonia!" "*Pues si,*" said another; "it has infected them with Centralism." A bold partisan averred one day that no more than a third part of the Peninsula remained subject to the Provisional Government. "*Aun hay paño para hacer mangas,*" (There's still cloth left to make sleeves) said a Padre near him. "And what has become of the adjacent islands?" I asked, amid shouts of "*Muy bien, el Londrino!*" (so they called me.) "They remain neutral!" The news by one mail being particularly favourable to the Government, one of their adherents asked a Centralista, with an air of triumph, "Well, what kingdom or province has pronounced to-day?" "*Es la Mancha,*" was his reply: signifying either the province of La Mancha, or (what he intended) that their not pronouncing was a stain upon them. Prim was again said to have been defeated before Gerona, with the loss of 900 men. "What became of the rest?" said an ayudante of the captain-general's. "The rest were dispersed," was the reply. Loud became the laughter, and lustier the pulls upon some twenty cigarrillos, when the aide-de-camp assured the company that all Prim's forces did not exceed the 900 men!

A Centralist here took up the cudgels for his cause, and came forward with the official views of the pro-

nouncement of Zas, near Segovia, which he described as a considerable place. Bets were laid, and authorities were appealed to; and it was found that the “considerable” Zas was the very smallest place having a municipality in all Spain. The inventions and exaggerations, of which the foregoing are specimens, receive but too much encouragement from the conduct of successive governments themselves, there being no more common saying now in Spain, than “*Mientes mas que la Gaceta*,” You lie more than the Gazette!

Deceit thus radiates from the highest executive stations through the whole community; integrity, patriotic self-denial, and the civic virtues, are too generally unknown or exploded. Fixity of principle is derided, political honesty pitied, and the sounder portion of the heart of the community is worm-eaten by popular sarcasm. The leaven of intrigue infects the mass, and Peninsular governments perfectly represent the ranks from whence they spring, whose passions are held continually suspended in oscillation through the vortex of politics, and who stop at nothing to attain their ends:—

“ Con arte y con engaño  
Se vive el medio año;  
Con engaño y con arte  
Se vive la otra parte.”

By art and trickery here  
We live through half the year;  
By trickery and by art  
We live the other part!

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## THE CONTRABANDISTS.

THERE is not an intelligent person in Spain, not leagued himself with smugglers, who does not readily admit the cancer which contrabandism inflicts upon society, confess the impossibility of destroying it by repressive laws, and hold that, overspread as is the disease, it may be remedied without detriment to any solid interest, with gain to the national treasury, and without real disadvantage to the multitude of families who seek in fraud a permanent subsistence but would find it as well in legitimate traffic, by the simple reform of a vicious administrative system, and by opening the ports of Spain with reasonable protective duties. It is a well-known axiom amongst the Spanish jurisconsults, and how truly does it apply to this particular case! that *la peor de las leyes es aquella que no se cumple*, “the worst of laws is that which is hourly broken.”

Spain is, of all European countries, the most helplessly exposed to contrabandist operations. With an ill-paid and, sometimes, ragged army, and with revenue officers directly exposed to temptation by inadequate salaries, she has 500 miles of Portuguese frontier and near 300 of Pyrenean; and with a fleet crumbled into ruins, and no longer of the slightest efficacy, she has 400 miles of Cantabrian and 700 of

Mediterranean coast. Four hundred thousand smugglers are constantly engaged in demolishing her absurd fiscal laws, and some 1,600,000 pounds weight of cotton goods alone are every year illicitly imported.

The path through the custom-house is so easy, that it seems very wearisome surplusage to resort to the practice of running cargoes by night on the shores of the Ebro, the Darro, or the Guadalquivir. The Duana is an elastic net, through which all the big fishes break, while the little and inexperienced ones alone are caught. Bribery is here reduced to the old electioneering simplicity, and the tariff of custom-house corruption is arranged with more uniform regularity, and far more perfectly understood, than the tariff of customs' duties—the difference being, that the customs' revenues may not be paid, but the customs' officers must.

You never address yourself to one of these men—never exchange a word with the revenue Cerberus; that would indeed be hideous bungling. You have your dollars loose in an outer coat pocket; you gracefully slip him his fee while passing, his three, four, five, or ten *duros* (the amount is ascertained like the products of the multiplication-table) and then both go your respective ways; you, to clear your goods and he to light his *eigarrillo*, and envelop his eyesight so in clouds of smoke that he cannot, for the soul of him, see what you are doing. “*No hay tan ciegos,*” says the proverb, “*que los que no quieren ver*” (there are none so blind as those who will not see)—nay, more, I will be bound for him, that “*no puede ver siete sobre un asno*” (he couldn't see seven on an ass !)

Boxes and crates of enormous size, gigantic packages, laden with silks and cottons, are cleared as native produce, perhaps as Tarifa onions; and to his eyes they are no more than visionary shapes, curled from the smoke of his paper cigar.

The quantity of limestone and potatoes which goes in the small country boats up the Guadalquivir, is enough you would suppose to build another Seville annually, to found a duplicate Córdoba, and choke the inhabitants of both cities with the nutritive Hibernian plant. Some dogged folks contend that it is a thin layer on the surface, and that all beneath is crammed with contraband. Large wooden cases are often cleared without paying duty at the Sanlúcar, Seville, and Córdoba custom-houses, the inspector "being informed and verily believing" that they only contain potatoes, packed thus tenderly for greater security; and huge canvas bales are likewise cleared, and reported to be indubitably filled with the said potatoes, the softness of the packages to the touch arising probably from the fact of their being boiled!

The water-tight barrel is likewise in general use. The fiscal accessibility of all this coast might lead to the inference that there are no custom-houses, no preventive service, no water-guard. But all these things exist, in a skeleton and mythic state. You have grand establishments of every kind, on paper and in the archives at Madrid. You have even an inspector-general at Cadiz of the arrivals of galleons from the Indies, which now-a-days don't arrive; and you have a single revenue boat, which might effectually keep



watch for about a mile, entrusted with the guardianship of fifteen leagues of coast.

The rapidity with which a cargo is run, when there is any particular occasion for expedition, is truly wonderful. Long practice gives to the contrabandist a masterly facility in the dexterous pursuit of his profession, and the division of labour, which accomplishes such miracles, from pin heads and points to the complicated details of a steam-engine, attains to equal perfection in the art of eluding the treasury.

Upon the Spanish coast, indeed, no very extraordinary capacity is required, so general is the range of corruption; yet it is not to be supposed that there are not bull-dogs of exchequer vigilance, and dragons of fiscal purity, even amongst the needy and complacent Carabineros de la Hacienda, who turn up the nose at a bribe, and growl at a smuggler's generosity, as if it were felony or treason. One such man there was near Vejer, whom nought could silence—an implacable Cerberus, whose contempt for dollars could on no ascertained principle be accounted for.

A cargo of tobacco from Gibraltar was upon a certain night to be run upon this carabinero's beat, and a square-built and determined contrabandist, named Juan Ping, resolved, as he phrased it, to *taparle la boca*, or "cork his mouth," which was accomplished in the following fashion:—The Cerberus of the coast was very well and dangerously armed with a short stout sword buckled round his waist, and a brace of long Spanish pistols, fastened by *ganchos*, in the same belt, not in front, but behind, according to the fashion prevalent in Spain, and

which may be witnessed on the municipal police in towns.

Ping, and two others of the contrabandist party, had secreted themselves behind a tuft of spear-looking aloes on the carabinero's beat, the night being dark, when, as he passed them, they rushed forth with the quickness of thought, and the two assistants pinioned his arms; Ping drawing the man's sword from its sheath, tripping up his heels, and with a powerful blow on the chest felling him to the ground. The two other men seized his pistols, and all three threatened him with his own weapons—but in vain; Cerberus was not to be silenced.

Ping flourished the naked sword over his head, but he only screamed the more, to the imminent risk of alarming the whole carabinero detachment. Now, I doubt whether there be many other contrabandists in Spain who would not have slit his obstinate wind-pipe, but for this Ping was too generous; and remembering his promise to *taparle la boca*, he seized a handful of pebbles and stuffed them into his mouth: a treatment which Demosthenes voluntarily inflicted on himself, a long time ago, to cure defective utterance. It certainly cured Cerberus's utterance for the time, for it stopped it altogether. A light was immediately displayed on the beach, the boat was run in, the cargo cleared in a quarter of an hour, whisked over the sierra on the backs of fifty mules in another quarter of an hour, and Cerberus released.

The smuggling which is constantly going on from Gibraltar to the neighbouring shores of Andalucia, causes much ill-will amongst all Spaniards who do not

benefit by the practice; and this has been increased by recent events, and by the commonly entertained belief that the rock was a nest of Ayacuchismo, and a focus of intrigues against the Provisional Government. This belief was for the most part groundless. But the phantom of vague terrors, exaggerated into serious dangers, appalled and confounded to such a degree the neighbouring *pueblos* of Algeziras and Tarifa, that in a formal representation to the government, they declared their apprehensions of an immediate hostile incursion into the latter place by 2000 cigar-makers of Gibraltar!

This Esparterist invasion was to be headed, they said, by the Regent's military secretary Linage, whom they averred to be then secreted in the house of the Ayacucho Consul of Spain in Gibraltar, Llanos. Linage, as it happened, was in Lisbon, both then and for months after. The cigar-makers' invasion was characteristically all smoke; and the reason of their being thus fixed upon, was the hatred engendered in the breasts of the Spanish authorities, by the known fact of such a multitude of men having no other means of livelihood but supplying the means of smuggling.

The contrabandist often, in fact, becomes a political character. The pronunciamento of Almeria near Granada, in the month of September, was effected by Llanos, a chief of smugglers; and there is probably not in all Catalonia or Andalucía a single ayuntamiento, some one of whose alcaldes is not a leading contrabandist.

Both contrabandists and carabineers are political

heroes at times; and the unsuccessful attempts of Noguerras and Iriarte to make way for Espartero's return, were carried on last autumn, with contrabandists for auxiliaries in the south and carabineers in the north. Both grow rich by defrauding the revenue, and seize the blessings of Providence with a gusto that would have astonished the moralist, Luis de Granada: "El vellon que cria la oveja beneficio tuyo es; el miel que recoge la industriosa abeja regalo tuyo es; la fina seda que hila el gusano beneficio tuyo es; todas las producciones de la naturaleza son para tu beneficio."—"The fleece that the sheep bears is for your benefit; the honey stored by the industrious bee is your perquisite; the fine silk which the worm spins is for your benefit; all the productions of nature are for your benefit!" Thus admirably do they arrange their joint-stock swindling of the government.

The administrador of a custom-house here, which shall be nameless, died the other day and left to his family a fortune of 40,000 dollars. His salary was 400 dollars a year, and he had no private property; so that supposing him to have lived, cameleon-like, on air, and his wife and six children to have done the same, and not spent so much as a shilling a year, he should have lived  $40,000 \div 400$  years to have fairly realised such a quantity of money. In other words, he should have been a customs inspector for a century. Now his term of office was exactly ten years—a strange economic mystery.

Small Portuguese vessels from the ports of Tavira, Villanova de Portimao, and Lagos, on the neighbouring coast of Algarve, contrive to secure to themselves

a good share of the smuggling of which the Spanish revenue is the victim. The Andalucían guardacostas have an especial spite against these, which appears prompted by antipathy of race.

Frequent chases and captures take place, and when the Portuguese smuggling craft are boarded by the Spanish escamparias, they are often treated with great roughness and cruelty. They are sometimes even piratically chased on the high seas, without any evidence of an intention to make a descent on the coast.

The ventures of these small vessels almost invariably consist of tobacco, and when they evade (which they do for the most part) the guardacostas and custom-house felucas, they drive a profitable business. The chief secret, perhaps, of the inveterate persecution which the Portuguese petty buccaniers experience, is that they don't know how to bribe a custom-house officer handsomely, and the guardacosta marcial has punished them in repeated cruizes for their penurious impudence.

On the night of the 26th of October, a capital trim schooner was run in close ashore at the small bay of Sant' Anna, near Cape Carvociro, on the coast of Algarve. She was richly freighted, and came from Toulon. Silks, muslins, linens, cottons, and tobacco, formed the bulk of her cargo. She was no rival for the Spanish galleons of old, but yet a noble argosy.

Every fishing-boat for miles round was in requisition to carry her lading rapidly on shore, and the winding beach was covered with a convoy of 200 mules, a man to each. Not one of these fellows but

had his useful weapon, and most had fire-arms. Soon was the schooner emptied of her rich contents, and soon were these transferred to the backs of the cabalgaduras, while the contador or treasurer of the party counted out and distributed his hard dollars with all the cheerful generosity of a daring and successful smuggler. And now the whip and cudgel were applied with a lusty vigour, and the unbelled mules (for on these occasions the tell-tale bells are left at home) were set to the road with a hearty good-will.

The venture, if successful, would richly reward the toil, and though sixteen leagues had to be performed without drawing foot, this was as nothing. The best bread, steeped in the best of wine that the road-side venta could furnish, was sure to the hard-worked beasts at the end of every second league. The contrabandista likes good wine himself, and why shouldn't his mule? and if the animal chose to smoke, too, like his master, provided he were gentle and kindly, he would never be without his *cigarrillo*.

They passed as undisturbed as a party of pleasure, through the leading streets of the small town of Lugoa. The patrol of the detachment of infantry stationed there challenged the party, and the contrabandists laughed and passed on. As the last mule wound round the hill at the extremity of the town, one of the patrol, bolder than the rest, fired his piece in the direction of the cavalcade, and thus summoned the detachment. A smuggler replied by discharging his blunderbuss in defiance. When the sub-lieutenant and his twenty men made their appearance (it was astonishing how long they were fixing their uniforms

and arranging their accoutrements), the smuggling party had entirely disappeared, and it seemed to the officer to be most ridiculous Quixotism to go in pursuit of an invisible enemy ! So did it likewise appear to his men, who by no means relished the chances of a contest of twenty against two hundred.

The contrabandist train was now half way across the Sierra, and uninterruptedly they passed through Albufeira and Loulé. As morning dawned they were in the streets of Tavira ; and here in the principal town of the province they had less to fear than in the small villages, for here there was less honesty. His Vigilance, the Director of the circle of Custom-houses of Algarve, who resided here with all his staff, snored most profoundly, and all his men took copy from their master. Doubtless, his Vigilance the worthy Director had full confidence in his cutters and *canoas* and carabineros, his spies, his agents, and his confidential men. Such complicated machinery must have rendered smuggling in Algarve impossible, and to run a camel or a cargo through the eye of a needle about equally difficult.

So the Alfândega Director slept, and the contador of the contrabandist party whistled as he past through the town, and kicked his heels indifferently, and pinched the ear of his mule to make him snort—a little noise would make such a pleasant variety. By Monte Gordo and Castromarin, the passage into Spain was easily effected ; and the smugglers, while they divided the fruits of their success, toasted with one accord the healths of their Catholic and Faithful Majesties.

The carabinieri corps are officered from the army, yet they are not the less open to corruption. They certainly are strongly tempted. The Government presents to them an empty purse, the contrabandist offers them a full one. And if it speaks more for their providence than their principles that they choose the latter, why, then, they have stomachs, and wives, and children.



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## THE CONTRABANDISTS.

*(Continued.)*

SMUGGLING in Andalucía seems to have attained systematic perfection. It embraces all society. The anti-tariff interest is here omnipotent. The first Constitutional officers of most municipalities are leagued with the system, and the most influential members of the community are contrabandist chiefs. Smugglers constitute a standing army, and often muster five hundred strong. They make or foil political events. Their will must be consulted—their mandate is law. To oppose them is to be swamped, though the opposition be but imaginary, and the suppositious adversary Regent of Spain. The very name of “custom-house” is here synonymous to all that is most contemptuous in the language. “Aduana,” in common parlance, is the designation for a resort of robbers; it is even used to signify “bordel,” and the aduanero, or custom-house officer, is likened to a ferret or allegorically adorned with a porcine snout, and figures in some dozen unsavoury proverbs.

The hatred between him and the contrabandist, where the former is inflexible, is of the fiercest character; and the small round pieces of lead, stamped with the royal arms, and appended by strings to goods passed through the custom-house, are unhappily too

often repaid by the smuggler with other round pieces of lead, fashioned in the bullet mould, and discharged into the unhappy carabinero's body.

The ordinary recklessness of Spaniards as to the taking of human life, is particularly noticeable in the occasional encounters between contrabandists and carabineers, especially in the Catalan, Basque, and Andalucian districts, and the desperate character of these contests makes the revenue service one of the most perilous in the military life of Spain.

During the last year there have occurred four very remarkable illustrations of this singular condition of society. While Espartero was at Albacete, and town after town was pronouncing against him, Malaga pronounced in a singular fashion. The whole population rose, apparently in political *pronunciamento* (and with an undoubtedly hostile feeling to the Regent), but in reality to run several cargoes of contraband. They had no objection to kill two birds with one stone, but the custom-house was the bigger bird.

A little army of carabineros opposed the smuggling transaction, but the townspeople, almost to a man, turned out armed; a pitched-battle ensued, and the carabineros were obliged to yield to numbers. On the Galician frontier again, fifty gallego smugglers were running goods from Portugal into Spain near Valenca; seven carabineros opposed their passage; the smugglers poured into them a fire of all their musketry, and the seven carabineros fell dead on the spot. Think of this cold-blooded slaughter for the miserable duties on some pieces of calico: immortal souls for cotton-twist!

Again; on the banks of the Guadiana, the south-

eastern frontier between the two Peninsular kingdoms, 400 smugglers defeated a portion of the Portuguese army, captured the military officers and civil authorities, and imprisoned them all in a church; while several hundred mules and beasts of burden were safely driven into Spain.

The fourth instance was very recent; another pitched battle at Almeria on a scale nearly as great as that at Malaga, but with a different result; for, here, by a rare fortuity, the revenue was at last triumphant. The smugglers mustered 300 strong, and the carabineros, with a detachment of infantry of the line, about half that number. It is only amazing how the contrabandists withstood so long the powerful and systematic action of regular troops, and the fact is a strong attestation of their game and mettle, considering that they were but scantily-armed irregulars. The Queen's troops were under the command of Brigadier Don Javier Orena.

The smuggling party, hard-pressed but determined to show fight according to the most approved rules of warfare, entrenched themselves in the sierra! Orena, incapable of dislodging them from their position without losing probably more than half his men, was obliged to feign a retreat. The contrabandists, flushed with victory, imprudently sallied forth in pursuit, were finally beaten after a half hour's fusillade, and forced to fly, leaving twenty dead on the field, and with the same number wounded. The prize which they were obliged to surrender was forty loads of tobacco.

The ulcerous eyesore of Gibraltar—for thus do

Spaniards regard it—will reduce them at last to a rational commercial policy, if anything can effect that result. The inveteracy of Portuguese smuggling will probably also influence them; and 140 leagues of naked frontier are rather long odds to contend against, with no better protection than a few handfuls of corrupt carabineros and an equally corrupt civil customs establishment.

The whistling and smoking contrabandists will repair to Lisbon and Oporto, to Lagos and Villanova de Portimao, with increased frequency,—and what Spanish government will have resources to keep them out from a frontier of 500 miles? Such, if you follow its irregularities, from the Guadiana which divides Algarve and Andalucía, to the Minho which separates the district of that name from Galicia, is the immense line of boundary between Portugal and Spain, on which the smuggler has only to choose.

The enormous material power of the British government could barely struggle against such a frontier; how then must it be with Spain, which pays irregularly to a lieutenant of carabineros about £30 a year, as his entire salary, for the keep of himself and a horse! The horse must be fed, and *he* must be fed; and that both may have a bellyful, rely on it he will shut his eyes. The entire financial administration of Spain is carried on in a vicious circle: there is not a sufficient revenue collected to pay a sufficient salary to a sufficiency of custom-house officers; and because there are not sufficient salaries paid to a sufficient number of custom-house officers, there will not be a sufficient revenue collected. Thus goes on to infinity the rotten round.

The soreness of feeling in Spaniards on the subject of Gibraltar and Portugal as centres of contrabandism, will in all probability lead to very valuable consequences for the country. It may force them to improve their revenue by adopting sound principles through necessity, and open their ports through the characteristic motive of revenge. Already has this plan to a limited extent been tried. The trade of Gibraltar was so provokingly flourishing, and the contrabandists were so active after the landing of Narvaez at Valencia, that human patience could no longer endure it, and though they doubtless thought it like committing suicide, Algesiras, lying in the neighbourhood of Gibraltar, was declared a free port. But an isolated point like this was of little value to them, and to give anything like effect to the system, they must open all their ports at once. Meanwhile they are not to be discouraged, but rather to be cheered on in the first faint steps of a practice which, though evidently levelled in spite at Gibraltar, was of liberal and nationally beneficial tendency. How blind the pre-occupation which conceives us vexed at the discharge of an insignificant fiscal quiver like this, or supposes that we are not desirous to see Spain great and prosperous!

In the narrowest and most selfish view of interest, her prosperity must be our desire and our aim. We want consumers and not beggars, exchangers of useful commodities, not naked and shivering hedgehogs, who will take no clothing and give no produce but their own inhospitable quills. So long as the prevailing system is continued, the smuggler of Spain will make

mirth of the laws of Spain ; the merchant of Gibraltar will sell to whoever brings him dollars, and sell, too, with unblemished honour ; for he is as much bound to inquire whether his customer is a contrabandist, as whether the ropes which make fast his bales may be converted to purposes of suicide.

So long, too, will the colony of Gibraltar, which by the census of 1835 had 15,008 inhabitants, have its 3000 cigar manufacturers, or 1 for every 5 of the population, male and female. What a frightful deal they must smoke in Gibraltar ! The tobacconists of this wonderful rock in 1835 were but 880, and in eight years they have nearly quadrupled their number. If Spain persists in the exclusive policy by which everything is admitted, in eight years more, pursuing the same ratio, the existing tobacconist population will be again quadrupled, and the leaf will then be twisted by 12,000 artists ; officers and soldiers will probably relieve their fatiguing duties by making as well as smoking cigars ; and Sir Robert Wilson will vary his avocations as governor, and gratify his well-known economical tendencies, by pursuing the lucrative business of tobacco manufacture.

Most certainly the terms which the Spanish government assigned, in the last negotiations for a commercial treaty, to prohibit the manufacture of tobacco at Gibraltar, will not be acceded to by England. As well might the Pope require us peremptorily to suspend the printing of Bibles ; it would be very convenient to his Holiness, but we are not altogether bound to figure as his policemen, or as custom-house officers to Spain ; and yet with a simplicity which would be

irresistibly ludicrous, were it not for the bad faith which it covered, the diplomatists of Spain came forth with this modest proposal.

British vessels trading to Gibraltar Bay, are naturally upon the friendliest terms with the small native vessels, which visit the Rock very light, upon speculation, and leave it laden to their gunwales. It often happens when winds are not favourable—and it is of importance to run a cargo quickly, and dispose, without delay, of goods either perishable in their nature or liable to the mutabilities of taste and fashion—that the services of a large English vessel, returning, perhaps, in ballast from Gibraltar, are put into requisition, and that she takes in tow a couple of small smuggling ketches, so crammed to the water's edge with goods, that they would make very slight progress unaided, and rigged as clumsily as are all the small native craft—the charm of a painter's eye, but the quiz of a sailor's.

The contrabandists and their freight are thus whisked along merrily enough, and when they reach within a dozen miles of Cadiz, or within a couple of Sanlucar, near the mouth of the Guadalquivir, the turn is taken off the towing-rope, and they are left to shift for themselves. In troublous times such is the familiar practice, and British merchant steamers are sometimes condescending enough to perform this service. The contrabandists, and the houses they are connected with, are so rich that they can well afford to pay handsomely for so superb a “lift” as to be carried from the Rock to the Bay of Cadiz in the wake of a steamer in nine hours.

I was amused on one occasion by their mode of

proceeding. We left Gibraltar at first gun-fire—a quarter to seven p.m., when at that season it was dusk. Twenty minutes secured two heavy luggers at our stern, and in twenty minutes more we were near Tarifa. We took two passengers on board at the instant of parting, who had more luggage than ever fell to the lot of passengers before. They were small, slight, mean-looking men, of the class of petty commercial travellers, but each had some forty trunks and boxes ranged upon the deck, and during the whole evening and night they were incessant in their fidgety attention to see that none of these went astray.

I went below at eleven o'clock, and was told to keep a sharp look out about four in the morning. I rather overslept myself, but shortly after that hour I heard a noise on deck, and going above I found the planks cleared of every trunk and parcel. I went to the stern: the hawsers were taken in, and the luggers we had been towing were no longer within view. I looked over the gunwale, and witnessed a most singular sight—the trunks, boxes, and packages, which figured as *ci-devant* luggage, were floating all over the bay to the extent of some seventy or eighty. All had been made water-tight, and small smuggling boats were picking them up as fast as they could, and rowing ashore. The slight and mean-looking persons were now as busy as the devil in a gale of wind, superintending the process, and before daylight the whole cargo of trunks and portmanteaus was safely deposited on the sands.

Such is one portion of the *modus operandi* of these men so fertile in resources. As a rapid trade is



always the most profitable, and a frequent turning of the penny constitutes a large proportion of contrabandist ethics, these chances are eagerly caught at, and the heavy vessels are expedited by the light.

The mean and diminutive persons whom I encountered on board the steamer were not contrabandists in the strict sense of the word, but purchasing agents, who being entrusted with many hundred different smugglers' joint-stock purse, proceed to Gibraltar and buy the goods upon the most advantageous terms. With seeing these safely shipped, conveyed to the place of destination (wherever is deemed safest according to the report of scouts), and there unshipped and landed, the business of these agents ceases, and the personal risks which they run are very trifling.

The irregular business thus transacted—which at Gibraltar assumes a perfectly regular shape, since it is no man's business to inquire whether those to whom he sells are connected with smugglers—is always so large, and so immense at certain periods, that many residents there hold that no open trade with Spain would be so profitable to English commerce. When business is dull a *pronunciamento* of some kind is pretty sure to be got up, and in the consequent series of disturbances an enormous quantity of goods is got in.

When the contrabandists and all their connexions are satisfied, the country is again permitted to taste a little repose, and the working of the government meets with less formidable censors. There is no doubt whatever, that the movement against Espartero was

greatly accelerated by the fact of his having established some sort of administration in the country, and checked rather more than his predecessors the lawless proceedings of the contrabandists. A murkier atmosphere was requisite for their purpose, and the cry of "Save the Queen and country!" was raised to save their bacon.

This hardy and covetous class can at any time muster in forty-eight hours an army of 1000 well armed men; they can league too on emergencies with the bandits of the country; their spies and scouts are sent out in all directions, and the first *alcalde* of many a municipality, and chief administrator of many a custom-house, have a share of the common spoil.

Spreading thus their feelers and ramifications on every side, it is obvious that the incorporated smugglers can exercise a powerful political influence, and exercise it they do upon all needful occasions. There is no part of Spain so well informed upon contemporary and coming political incidents as the British fortress of Gibraltar; the contrabandists repair to it from every quarter, and revolutionary movements and the prospect of a stirring trade are unerringly predicted long before the event.

Excepting contraband, the only vestige of commerce which Cadiz retains is the wine exportation, which it divides with Sanlucar and Port St. Mary's, and the few ships to be seen at intervals in the port are English. These carry home that sherry, of which nine-tenths of the entire production is consumed by Great Britain; and but for this, the trade of a city once so renowned would show no signs of vitality. Before Cadiz was

declared a closed port, there were many British merchants resident here, and now there are but two English families left besides the consul-general, the rest being settled through Inez, Sanlucar, and Port St. Mary's. Most have wine estates or smaller *haciendas*, and some vary their residence in different seasons at Seville and the places round.

All honest trade is stagnant, the duties being strictly prohibitory, and legal import out of the question. The loss to the government is enormous. An immense sum is spent annually in supporting the Carabineros de la Hacienda, who are not yet paid enough to secure them from corruption; and the consequence is that they receive with both the right hand and the left, pocketing first their government salaries and next the smugglers' bribes. The most profitable trade going is shared between them. All classes of society supply their wants through subterraneous channels, and the contrabandist appears in the capacity of the legitimate collector of revenue.

Around the whole coast of Spain, it is the contrabandist alone who keeps up the idea of a trade, and of the few professions which flourish here, that of smuggling is the most successful. It is a very respectable *avenir* for decent folks' children, and has become so ingrafted and incorporated in the habits, manners, and modes of thinking of the people, that to eradicate it, whenever it is vigorously attempted, will be a task of extreme difficulty.

The goods in which the contrabandists chiefly deal are English, French, and German, but English preponderate; and the only effectual blow which can be

aimed at the vitality of the system, is a commercial treaty between Spain and Great Britain, or a convention for the reduction of tariffs. Our "reciprocity" negotiation has not been felicitous, and how or when this desirable result is to be accomplished, in the present aspect of affairs in Spain, it would be very presumptuous to predict. It is clearly not England but Spain that is a victim to the incomprehensible prejudices by which all our approaches are repelled, and the prevalent inactivity amongst the mercantile classes may probably serve, before long, to force this approximation. The merchants of Cadiz are sufficiently convinced that in England lie their only hopes of a revival, since even the wreck of their trade is with England, who receives the little exports left of salt and corkwood, in addition to the shipments of sherry.

The cancer of contrabandism must be removed from the bosom of Spain, or it will eat into her vitals and lay her prostrate at last. Never can she raise an effective revenue so long as this evil continues. There is not at this hour, through the wide kingdom, a street through which smugglers do not hawk their goods.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## THE SPANISH ARMY.

THE army of Spain, at the close of 1843, was composed of about 50,000 men of all arms, one-half of whom, in accordance with the violent policy pursued by Narvaez, were concentrated on Madrid. So limited a force, compared with the vast extent of Spain, would clearly be unable to compete with a well-combined system of simultaneous insurrectionary movements, arranged throughout the various provinces, and vigorously sustained.

The National Militia was disarmed in every important town, but sufficient vitality was still retained by its members to destroy any Government which they might be resolutely bent on subverting. Under these circumstances Narvaez resolved on an immense augmentation of the military force. Orders were issued for a new sorteo or alistamiénto of 50,000 men. The district municipalities immediately proceeded with the levy of their respective quotas; and though since the arbitrary closing of the Córtes it is impossible to obtain official returns, there is no doubt that the Spanish army now exceeds 100,000 men, or has more than doubled its number within a few months. It is no figure of speech to say, that Narvaez props up his dynasty with bayonets.

But it is not by increasing the number of troops

alone that this naked despotism seeks to sustain itself. More effective measures are applied. Where Espartero was most deficient and remiss, the fortress is endeavoured to be made impregnable. The comforts of the soldier are carefully looked to; his position is respectable; his life comparatively happy; his fidelity is sought to be secured by gratitude and kindly feeling. The military premier's is the sound policy of acting as a benefactor.

To the paramount object of securing the allegiance of the army, all other considerations are sacrificed. The priest may starve, and the exclaustro perish; the last rotten planks of the navy may go to pieces; public monuments may totter for want of conservation or repairs; the civil *empleado* may be pinched; the very palace may pine for its arrears; but money must be found to clothe and feed the army, and maintain it like a prancing charger.

For this has Señor Mon broken faith with every contract; and public honour, like Curtius, leapt headlong into this fatal gulf. Narvaez, in the words of the proverb, is *pidiendo cotufas en el golfo*, "digging in a whirlpool for artichokes." He has created a Frankenstein, which he strives to conciliate, lest it prove his own destroyer.

It is precisely a quarter of a century since the great act of demoralisation was perpetrated by the Spanish army—an act which, whatever may have been the feelings which dictated it, is never to be excused or palliated, since it was the first grand exhibition of the soldier in the unworthy character of a political partisan. Let Spain never forget the 13th July, 1819,

when 20,000 of her soldiers, destined to execute in South America the orders of their lawful Sovereign, mutinied and deserted in a fatal hour. See what has followed !

The system of perpetual tampering with the army has rendered it necessary for successive governments in Spain, to pet and coax it as if it were composed of women and children. A growl or a grumble there would be a serious thing, and the longings of a parturient matron are not more whimsical than the cravings of these bearded men-at-arms. Cigars were their first requisition, and these were granted; extra rations of wine upon holidays were the next concession to Cerberus.

But upon the cumpleaños, or Queen Isabel's birthday, in October last, the ayuntamiento of Cadiz, by command of Lopez and Narvaez, "obsequiously obliged (*ha obsequiado*) the troops of the garrison with a ration of bread, meat, and wine to each; and the officers with six entire boxes in the principal theatre, eighty *lunetas* or stalls immediately behind the orchestra, and two hundred free admissions to the body of the house"—to make sure of the gratuitous loyalty of these disinterested defenders of the state. The day suggested a striking historical contrast. On the Spanish throne have been seated two Isabellas. The first won a kingdom from the Moors, and subjected to her sceptre a new world. The second shakes on the throne like an aspen—the doll of military intriguers. It was not Isabella the First that coaxed her army with cigars and tickets for the theatre.

When a regiment was divided and hesitating during

the progress of the movement against Espartero, the provincial juntas, with a correct knowledge of human nature, proposed a "gratification" to be conceded to the officers and troops in the event of their "pronouncing;" and whenever this was not effectual, their design was accomplished by the guarantee of a *plus* or permanent accession of pay. The difference between their mode of proceeding and that of Brennus was, that he threw his sword into the scale to win the money-bags, and they threw the money-bags into the scale to win the sword.

The secret distribution of the five-franc-pieces and napoleons, with the overt tender of the gratification and the *plus*, settled the soldiers' business. Like Dickon of Gloucester, they were "bought and sold." The offer of the temporary gratification (bribe) and permanent extra-pay, being part of the system of bloodless hostilities imported across the Pyrenees, was subsequently made good by Narvaez in the midst of his general faithlessness; for to betray as well as tamper with the army, being a literal playing with edged tools, was not judged a safe speculation.

The military intendant-general was directed to communicate to the general-in-chief of the army and captain-general of districts, that for gratification and *plus* conjointly the officers were to receive two hundred reals per month, and the soldiers two half reals a day. These payments were made good, but created an appetite for more.

The very military authorities themselves do their utmost to corrupt the soldier, and make him a political partisan, whether he likes it or not. On the



opening of the *Córtes* in October last, an event the realization of which had been doubted, and which tended to confirm the wavering allegiance of the garrison to Narvaez's dynasty, the Commandant of Cadiz issued the following order of the day :—" By circular directed to me by express by His Excellency the Secretary of State for the War Department, I have seen that on the 15th of this month, at two in the afternoon, the opening of the *Córtes* took place in the hall of Congress of the Deputies, with a great number of those, and of Senators—which act, with the greatest satisfaction, I make known to the different corps of the garrison—PAVIA." This is probably the first time that soldiers have been appealed to as political partisans by the highest authorities of the State, invited to enter into political discussion, or called on, in fact, to do any thing but obey. Think of the Duke of Wellington writing to my Lord Cardigan, to coquet with the troops in Dublin :—" The division last night proved that we have a working majority. Publish this to the soldiers, lest they should *pronounce* for O'Connell and Repeal !"

In Spain, there are two "many-headed monsters,"—equally difficult for governments to deal with, equally troublesome, turbulent, and capricious—the People and the Army. Amongst all the "*nova monstra*" of which Pyrrha complained, there was none so frightful as the latter.

That odious character, the political soldier,—the military man forgetting his *métier*, and constituting himself a partisan—the honourable wager of his country's battles, selling himself for gold (nay, silver),

and fraternizing when he should fight, is happily a modern creation. Let us hope that the glory of Spain is not doomed to be for ever eclipsed in the shame of these transactions.

It was not thus that the Castilian Murat—Diego León—understood the soldier's duty ; not thus that the hero, whose fame passed the Pyrenees to become European—who was fitly called the Lion, the “*Leon de los leones*,”—comprehended the soldier's position, and estimated the soldier's character. No ; León forgot the vicissitudes of party strife, the selfish calculations of politics, its ignoble intrigues and divisions, to dedicate himself exclusively to the service of his country. His career should be the soldier's model, but for one fatal error—an error springing from a chivalrous excess of loyalty—an error which was terribly atoned !

General though he was, he held himself ever subordinate, seeking neither to create ministries, nor to destroy them, but yielding a cheerful obedience to the legally constituted government, as the faithful subject of his sovereign. When in Mas de las Matas was read the celebrated manifesto, expressive of the political sentiments of the army, he it was who, in singleness of purpose, stood forward to express his entire disapproval of that declaration, and resolutely opposed every act which tended to give the soldier an undue influence in public affairs.

Thus strongly hostile to political scheming, León was the pride of the Spanish army, the model of the true caballero, and of the valiant hussar. In his unexaggerated feats of war, he eclipsed the Homeric

heroes, and rivalled the incredible exploits of Charlemagne and his Peers. His tremendous lance spread terror and dismay amongst the enemies of his Queen and country. The glorious inequalities of Crécy and Azincour were revived in deeds of Léon, witnessed by living men.

It was he that, on the 16th of November, 1835, passed with 17 lancers the defile of Montejurra, and with this handful charged two squadrons of the enemy, making them fly, with the loss of 30 prisoners. It was he that, on the plains of Villarobledo, with 150 hussars, dispersed an army of 11,000 infantry and 1000 horse, slaying 200, making 500 prisoners, and seizing 2000 muskets.

It was he that, in the battle of Gra, in Catalonia, at the head of fifty-seven hussars, routed four battalions and two squadrons, deciding the fate of the combat. It was he that, in Huerta del Rey, with but sixty-nine men conquered and put to flight nine squadrons of the enemy, making ninety-three prisoners, and seizing seventy-eight horses. It was he whom the entire army saw, with stupefaction, take the fortifications of Belascoain on horseback, and enter on horseback through the embrasure of a cannon! And he it was who, having immortalized his name in the mountains of Navarre, in Asturias, Galicia, Castile, Aragon, Cuenca, La Mancha, Estremadura, Andalucía, covered with glory in 100 actions, perpetuated his fame at Castellote, Segura, and Morella; and, passing into Catalonia, never stayed his lance till the civil war was ended. Children of Spain, aspire to

his glory, and learn by his dismal fate that the soldier should not be a politician.

The officer who begins to tamper with the allegiance of his men, that instant loses their respect, and forfeits the caballero's character. He is quite in a condition to marry *Don Quixote's* niece; who, that errant knight, on his deathbed, smarting from all his buffets, declared "*se case con hombre de quien primero se haya hecho informacion que no sabe los libros de caballerias!*" "She shall only marry a man, who, on the strictest inquiry, shall be found to know nothing of chivalry!"

But a day of retribution sometimes comes to the recreant Spanish officer, and woe to him when the spirit of reaction visits the bosoms of the men whom he has demoralized! The weapons which he has perverted to the work of treason, are turned against himself; the bullet and the bayonet are as unsparing as his falsehood and perfidy were unscrupulous. *Ay, ay de el!*

The storm has long been gathering, the seeds have been nursed in hidden warmth, till all at once they begin to produce. The hour of vengeance has arrived—they know that they have been betrayed. The feelings, long pent up in the hearts of the men, at last find words, and the tremendous doom goes forth: "*Mueran los traidores que nos venden!*" It is at once their verdict and their sentence, carried out with small delays or formalities—a pure drum-head court-martial; "Death to the traitors who have sold us!"

Pale and shivering with fear—for dishonest men

are never truly courageous—some of these epauletted leaders take to their heels, and strive to save themselves by flight, but are only shot down more surely. Others implore compassion from their own subordinates, weep like children, and declare that they too have been deceived! They are shot down all the same. Or, perhaps, their lives are spared; but what may be the worth of lives dishonoured and degraded?

The limited and too often suppositious pay of the Spanish soldier makes him always keen for plunder, and renders even decent discipline impossible. How can you punish a man whom you do not pay, or incarcerate one whom you cannot feed? Too often, lying before a besieged city, the general keeps his force together by holding forth the distant prospect of pillaging the town. And often, too, when there is no artillery to dismay them, the eager and penurious soldiery can ill be restrained from dashing forward before they have received the word of command, and storming the walls which they allege have no right to hold out longer.

Espartero before Seville (I had it from General Van Halen) with difficulty withheld his troops from rushing on to take the city by assault, being deterred by the horrible chances of indiscriminate plunder and bloodshed which would have probably ensued; and had he been less humanely disposed, his final struggle would at least have been longer protracted. Before Barcelona, too, in the succeeding October, General Sanz kept his troops together by holding out the hope of storming and plundering it at no distant day;

and the chances of a share of the money, jewels, and valuable goods of which the city was known to be full (from the hurried withdrawal of its inhabitants), overrode in the soldiers' minds the motives to desertion.

One of the most pernicious instruments in keeping up the demoralisation of the Spanish army is the evil of secret societies, in which political combinations, events and probabilities, are discussed as at a meeting of Deputies, who have a right to ascertain the opinion of the majority upon particular questions. Introduced into the army, this system would sap the most perfect discipline in the world ; and so long as it is persevered in, the same undue and abominable interference in matters, which for the soldier should be entirely indifferent, will remain to be deplored.

The voice of dispassionate history will lay this political crime to the charge of Espartero as the greatest fault in his career, and convict him of originating the vice of fusing the political with the military character after the defeat of Ayacucho in South America, and of strengthening it at the revolution of September, 1840, when he permitted his bayonets to dictate terms to his lawful sovereign, to remove her from the throne and country, and to raise him in her stead. A verdict for making a politician of the soldier will be still more strongly recorded against Narvaez.

The outrages of military bullies, wearing epaulettes, in December last at Madrid, upon the establishments of the *Eco* and *Tarantula* newspapers, for the high crime and misdemeanour of asserting that Cristina's journey from Paris was delayed by the fact of her

being *embarazada*, the most delicate mode in the world of suggesting that she might be *enceinte*, redounded little to the intelligence or sense of honourable propriety of these valiant swaggerers; and the peculiar discrimination with which they avenged the editor's aberrations by maiming senseless types and laying a mechanic's head open, was perhaps more characteristic than creditable to the Spanish army.

Whilst this scene was witnessed in the metropolis, the Commandant of Cavalry at Cadiz was running through the streets, sword in hand, after the editor of the *Defensor del Pueblo*, prepared to immolate him for an article in his paper, without the slightest warning notice, but for the intervention of some passing inhabitants; and about a month before, fifteen officers of the garrison of Cadiz valiantly demanded simultaneous satisfaction from the same editor, and on his accepting the sheaf of cartels, and naming for the contest the Neutral Ground at Gibraltar, chivalrously declined the test. Happily, all are not like these.

The unbridled military despotism, of which Spain is now the victim, and the perpetual goading inflicted on her by her demoralised army, appear but a just retribution for her ferocious military excesses three centuries back, and the horrors of her ruthless conquest of

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“ That glorious city won  
Near the setting of the sun,  
Throned in a silver lake ;”

for the faithless seizure of Montezuma, according to Cortés's own testimony, “after conversing with him sportively on agreeable topics,” for placing the fallen

monarch in irons in the centre of his own capital, and for the yet more atrocious horrors inflicted by Pizarro in Peru; deeds, which under the pretence of extending the dominion of the Cross, mocked at the claims of humanity and justice; victories won only to facilitate the means of plunder, and civilised forms of government introduced not to amend the condition of the subjugated provinces, but to squeeze from them the greatest amount of gold: vices inseparable from all military occupation; but pushed by the Spaniards in Southern America, to degrees of severity unparalleled.

Could the Aztecs and Peruvians see how low the Spanish army has fallen, they might have full revenge; might chuckle at its political manœuvres and pronunciamientos, and grimly smile at the pasteboard battalions arrayed on the field of Torrejon de Ardoz. The doctrine of fraternising instead of fighting, is by no means new; it is old as the days of Sancho Panza. "Señor," said Sancho, "Yo soy hombre pacifico, manso, sosegado, y sé disimular cualquiera injuria, porque tengo mujer y hijos que sustentar y criar; así que séale á vuestra merced tambien aviso, que en ninguna manera pondré mano á la espada ni contra villano ni contra caballero;" "I am a peaceful, mild, and quiet man, and I know how to dissemble any injury, because I have a wife and children to support and rear; so let your worship likewise be advised that in no shape will I put hand to sword, neither against plain man nor against gentleman."

The sum allotted for the maintenance of the army of Spain, in the estimates for 1844, is 380,901,050 reals, or near four millions sterling.



## CHAPTER XXX.

## THE SPANISH ARMY.

*(Continued.)*

SINCE the foundation of the Spanish monarchy, which, like that of France, attained to its present form from the union of many independent principalities, the singular peculiarity has been retained of a separate army for each of the leading provinces; and we hear to this day of the armies as well as the kingdoms of Castile and Aragon, of Catalonia and Estremadura, of Léon, Navarre, and Granada.

The national standard of Spain has been exchanged since the junction of the crowns of Castile and Léon; consisting, in opposite compartments, of a pair of lions and a pair of castles, symbolizing the chivalrous names of these two regal possessions. It is a standard worthy of so great a nation, of the struggle for centuries between Goth and Moor, of the deeds of the Cid and the Great Captain.

It was unchanged by the capture of Seville under Ferdinand the Holy, by the accession of Aragon, the subjugation of Granada, and the conquest of Navarre under Ferdinand the Catholic. Yet though the national arms were unmodified by any quartering of the insignia of these great possessions, the various regiments of Spain displayed till yesterday their separate banners, retained from the early history of the pro-

vinces whose names they bear, and from whence they were originally draughted, and but few of the soldiers of Spain fought beneath her regal standard. An interesting relic of chivalrous and feudal ages, yet undeniably an impolitic system. Formed under the influence, and retaining the denomination, of the various kingdoms, provinces, or *pueblos*, into which Spain was anciently divided, each corps adopted the colours and emblazonment of the locality from whence it derived its name. The unity of the monarchy and the complete organization of the service, as well as the necessity of extinguishing the pernicious spirit of provincial jealousy, demanded the effacement of needless distinctions, with no firmer foundation than a vague reminiscence lost in the obscurity of distant ages.

A change has accordingly been lately introduced, by which all the banners of the various branches of the army, navy, and national militia, have been reduced to a strict conformity with one model, in shape and colour—the war standard of Spain—the lions and the castles being collocated in the same precise order.

The corps heretofore privileged to carry the mulberry-coloured pendant of Castile, make use in their new banners of a streamer of the same colour and of the width of those of St. Ferdinand; the only difference to be seen throughout the army standards, with the exception of the military decorations hitherto gained, or hereafter to be won. Around the escutcheon of the Royal arms, which occupies the centre of these banners and standards, there runs a legend descriptive of the name, number, and battalion of the regiment. The *escarapélas*, or cockades, worn by those

entitled to use them (a peculiarity of the Spanish service,) to whatever class they belong, correspond in colours with the regimental banner; and in the navy the same regulations have been established.

Such is one of Narvaez's reforms, introduced during the sway of the Provisional Government. It may be denounced as centralisation and Procrustian uniformity, but it is certainly a judicious innovation: the wonder is, that the necessity for it should have survived so long. It became necessary to consecrate the new-born issue. Banners in the Spanish service are invariably blessed by a bishop, and their loyal custody in every hazard is sworn by the *Porta-estandartes*. This ceremonial was performed simultaneously throughout Spain, and the old banners were deposited in the Museum of Artillery. There were not wanting malicious commentators to observe, that the scenes recently enacted had made the substitution of fresh banners desirable, and that the troops, perhaps, might fight under a new flag—but it was clear they would not fight under the old!

The negligence displayed by many Spanish officers in their attire, and their frequent departure in detail from the regulation uniform, operate with a directly pernicious effect upon the men by encouraging their excessive slovenliness, and have repeatedly been the subject of ineffective royal orders. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the value of strict uniformity, and of a rigid adherence to military discipline.

A fresh royal order, in September last, complained that the officers of the army permitted themselves “the greatest disorder in their attire, tarnishing the

lustre of their career, and lowering the dignity of their profession." Their compliance in numerous cases with the requisitions of the *reglamento* is of the most arbitrary description, every man interpreting it to his own taste, and their superiors looking on with incredible apathy.

Some appear on parades *without a sword at all*—others on guard with any thing but the regulation sword—the infantry officer with perhaps a cavalry sabre, and *vice versâ*. Nay, instances have been known when even mounting guard the officer has had no sword, nor so much as a switch in the shape of arms. Barrack and foraging caps, too, are commonly worn by them, when in garrison service; and when the regulation, and the commonest sense of fitness, condemn the practice as wholly inadmissible.

Even when they are full dressed, according to their notions, the order of October last charges them with "deviating grossly from the regulation, and permitting themselves to indulge in arbitrary and ridiculous modifications of the regimental uniform, with a great breach of propriety."

The commanding officers, and sargentos mayores, or regimental majors, were directed to look to this breach of discipline with particular minuteness, and severe punishments were enacted. But where a careless and irregular system almost universally prevails, these paper reforms are of course entirely inoperative. The whole garrisons of Cadiz, Carthagená, Valencia, Granada, and Seville, could not be contemporaneously punished *en masse*,—individual officers were reluctant to bell the cat, the incorrigible *insouciance* of the soft

Andalucian skies prevailed, and the nuisance remains unabated.

Amongst the curious varieties of military costume, you will sometimes see an officer of rank go about the streets with a macintosh or paletó of thin white cloth thrown over his epauletted coat. Upon the sleeves of this upper garment there is frequently some arabesque embroidery, or more commonly a representation of the arms of the province to which his regiment belongs, as Catalonia, Asturias, Galicia. The tailorly effect of this exhibition is not to be described in words.

The Spaniards have a very expressive phrase for what is known amongst us and the French as the "military *coup d'œil*." Their phrase is *ojo de la campaña*, "campaigning eye," an epithet first applied to the Marquis de Leganés, a contemporary of Cromwell, during his successful campaign in Catalonia. To such an eye the foregoing display must be a peculiar abomination.

But though the officers of the Spanish army are so remiss in soldierly neatness, they never lose a move as politicians. I was present at a *Te Deum* sung last autumn in the Gaditan cathedral. The paisanos remained at home, and there were none but military present—epaulettes and swords to give thanks for the meeting of parliament! The garrison of Cadiz rejoicing for a victory—their field of battle the Constitution. It was the type of Narvaez's power and position—a military despotism. While the bells were merrily chiming at Cadiz and at Madrid, the bombs were bursting over Barcelona and Gerona!

The grossly unconstitutional proceeding of military

men putting themselves forward as political partisans, was again repeated in the affair of Olózaga, and the pernicious irregularity was provoked by the Government itself. Circulars were forwarded from the War Office to all the provincial and garrison commanders, inclosing the Queen's declaration, and an expression of their opinion was plainly invited.

The responses were almost uniformly conceived in the most extravagant terms ; Olózaga was denounced as a traitor and a villain ; and when the circular reached Valencia, General Roncali summoned to his house the General and other officers serving in the garrison, harangued them with such violence as to draw tears of desperation from their eyes for "the outrage done to their sovereign," drew his sword, upon which all present crossed theirs, and swore with them conjointly to die a hundred deaths for their Queen and the throne of San Fernando ! The military, the provincial deputation, the municipality, and the other public bodies, sent in crowds of thundering memorials founded upon an *ex parte* statement, and proclaimed that valour and loyalty were not yet extinguished in the country of the Cid and Gonzalo de Córdoba.

The accomplishment of oratory is as much required by the higher order of military officers as by any class in Spain. Upon every emergency, it is a matter of course that the colonels or generals should harangue their men, whose loyalty, for the most part, unfortunately needs this stimulant. "Follow me, lads !" is not enough ; but there must likewise be sounding and lengthened appeals to Spanish patriotism and valour.

The commanding officer and the captains of com-

panies must be prepared to address their men when they want them to do anything particular; upon the force or feebleness of the harangue it frequently depends whether the seduction of serjeants and the corruption of secret emissaries will prove triumphant; and whenever any considerable event takes place the commander is expected to treat the paraded regiment and bystanders to an appropriate "allocution." When the drum is in hands that can make it rattle, the soldier cheers at every oratorical pause, and swears,—*por dios todopoderoso!*—to pound all the foes of order like a moyo of grapes; but when the speech is delivered the oath is at times forgotten.

Spain presents the only instance in Europe where a decoration for military service (even without ever appearing in the field) is *of right* obtainable, after wearing uniform for a certain length of time. This is the case throughout the national militia, now under the management of General Figueras, who conducted the defence during the siege of Seville. Every *miliciano nacional* who has completed ten years of good service in the ranks, has the right to receive the *condecoracion* of a cross. To be entitled to this distinction, he must never have been convicted of any infamous crime, nor punished by court-martial for any grave military offence; and lastly—here's the rub—"he must have always remained faithful to his oaths."

As this might considerably thin the number of *décorés*, the latter requisition is but loosely interpreted; political oaths here being swallowed like macaroons, by the hundred. The "decorate-me-whether-you-like-it-or-no" system was established by Lopez and Narvaez

to propitiate the ticklish nacionales; and with this special addition, that those who had voluntarily “pronounced” against Espartero were to be entitled to wear a *plaque* or star, in addition to the cross, after completing twelve years of service—the object of this “artful dodge” being to keep them faithful in the mean time to the Provisional Government.

A Spanish general having obtained some medals by mistake, every one of which upon investigation was discovered to have been conferred for actions in which he had conducted successful retreats from before the enemy, sent in a bombastical claim for still higher distinctions, and applied to be promoted to an active command in consideration of his *condecoraciones*. The minister, having made himself acquainted with the facts of the case, sent back permission to him to affix another medal to his breast, commemorative of his final *retreat* from the service.

The thirst for distinction in the human breast is truly inextinguishable. Some will seek it in the roar of popular assemblies—in whirlpools of political passion—others in its chase rush up to the bristling rampart and the cannon’s mouth. Some will steal and forge, to achieve the means of shining; while others, like the Ephesian youth, would set a world in flames rather than be excluded from a brilliant and flashy career.

I once knew a lieutenant-general commanding a Spanish garrison, whose thoughts were entirely devoted to new combinations and effects upon those few nights in the year when he had an opportunity of exhibiting his loyalty by splendid illuminations, and who was



content to seek distinction in grease-pots. I have likewise known a Yankee ambassador to go to a splendid European ball in pepper-and-salt inexpressibles, and find a rare distinction in linsey-woolseys. As the French say, "Every man to his taste;" and as the Spaniards have it, "Every distaff to its spindle." But the most extraordinary rage for distinction I ever heard of, was that of the brigadiers of the Spanish army, who last year were about to go to war with the other officers of the service, upon the very important question, whether the little knob at the end of each twist in their epaulettes should be of gold or of silver. The epaulettes of the officers generally in the Spanish army are entirely of silver, and for the brigadier to assimilate his appearance as far as possible to the general officer, was of course a paramount object.

In 1840 an ambiguous order was published for the regulation of military uniforms, of which ambiguity the brigadiers availed themselves, to make the knobs in question alternately of gold and silver. The other officers chose to feel annoyed at the distinction; which might indeed have weighed heavily on the hearts of school-boys or play-actors, but was little deserving the consideration of men. They did, however, complain most bitterly; and it must be confessed that the arrangement was absurd in the extreme, since the lace, braiding, and trimmings of every article of the brigadiers' uniform continuing still to be of silver, and even their buttons being of the same metal, the bits of gold daubed upon the epaulette looked tawdry and out of place.

Much ill will and squabbling arose out of this

affair; and the government being at last appealed to, decided that the true construction of the decree of 1840 was, that the twists and knobs should be all of silver, but that the brigadiers might gild the inner part and strap of the epaulette, technically called the *puente*; a weak and foolish decision, which was deservedly called the “*puente de los asnos*,” or “*pons asinorum*.”

The term *Ayacucho*, which has puzzled so many thousands of readers, had its origin as follows:—It was in New Spain that Espartero first became known to fame. There, while as yet holding no high military rank, his *bonhomie* and soldierly frankness made him very popular amongst his brother officers; and, by dint of good sense and fair dealings, he obtained an influence amongst them which he never subsequently lost.

Gambling has at all times been very prevalent in Spanish America, and Espartero's love of society made him naturally enough participate in the common passion. With such difficulty are habits, once firmly engrafted, eradicated from our nature, that Espartero, since his elevation to the Regency, had been frequently known to spend whole days at cards, to the serious neglect of public affairs and of the inveterate intrigues of his opponents; sitting up in bed, when indisposed, with two or three cushions behind his back, and playing unintermittingly at *écarté* with a limited number of friends seated by the side of his bed.

Even while he lingered so fatally at Albacete, in the midst of growing treasons and fresh pronunciamentos, he indulged this dangerous passion to the absorption of his inadequate energies; and, perhaps, were

he not a card-player, Espartero might still be regent of Spain. Having once generously given to General Canterac his own time to pay him the sum of 30,000 dollars, which Espartero had won from him in one sitting, and insisted upon waiving his right to an immediate settlement, Canterac in his gratitude narrated the circumstance to his brother officers, who, pleased with the occurrence, instantly raised Espartero to a popularity which formed the foundation of his future power.

He had the reputation amongst his early compeers of "a sterling fellow who will befriend you to the knife." The battle of Ayacucho followed, which lost for Spain the empire of Peru, and the epithet of "*Ayacuchos*" was affixed to the Royalist officers as a *sobriquet* of derision, and afterwards clung to them when the incident was almost forgotten. When the stirring events in the history of the South American republics caused their return to Europe, a vow of mutual assistance and support in the furtherance of each other's worldly fortunes, was sworn by Espartero and his military companions in the vessel which carried them home. From that day forth they were known to each other as "*Los Ayacuchos*."

This compact was never broken: it partook neither of the subversive political character of the Carbonaro oath, nor of the cabalistic mystery of Freemasonry. It was simply a convention for mutual aid through life; and it certainly attained its object. So well was that oath observed, that Espartero forfeited the Regency rather than desert his brother Ayacucho, Linage, whose dismissal was the condition assigned

by Lopez to which Espartero never would consent, and his refusal of which led within a few days to his expulsion from the kingdom.

In pursuance of the above compact, the Ayacuchos were justly chargeable with making the army too frequently a tool for their own political advancement; and the demoralisation of which there have lately been presented such sad examples, was but a commending of the poisoned chalice to their own lips. Still it would be unjust to charge Espartero or his adherents, either as a party or as individuals, with anything comparable to the wholesale corruption, by French gold, which has recently been witnessed. If the Ayacuchos tampered, it was with Spanish feelings alone, and for Spanish purposes. It was for the present ruling powers at Madrid to introduce the infamy of foreign bribes, and destroy the discipline which made the Spanish arms so celebrated in the days of the Great Captain and of Hernan Córtes, of Alba and Ricardos, of Castaños and of Palafox.

To this scrap of philology respecting the famous epithet "Ayacucho" I shall add the derivation of the ex-Regent's name. "Espartero" signifies a maker of mats or baskets, an avocation which it is quite possible that the future sitter by the throne of St. Ferdinand may have pursued in early youth, while his father was driving his string of mules on those Manchegan plains whence another renowned hero went forth—the "ingenious"\* hidalgo, *Don Quixote*.

\* Valiant.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## MILITARY LIFE.—THE CONSCRIPTION.

THE Spanish soldier has long been hovering on the confines of brigandage; and in the Peninsula, campaigning and highway robbery differ little but in name. Hence the readiness and ardour with which the guerrilla life is so often embraced, when regiments are disbanded. The vice is an old one here. During the minority of Carlos II., his minister, the second Don Juan of Austria, had a memorial addressed to him by the Corregidor of Madrid, entreating him to remove from the metropolis the regiment of Aytona, which assisted the banditti every night in plundering the inhabitants.

The state of indiscipline which prevails in the Spanish army leads to cases which, to an Englishman, are almost incredible. A Lieutenant of the regiment of Almansa, Don Narciso Sanchez, was implicated in a conspiracy to assassinate the Capitan-General. He was separated from the service at the period by temporary *licencia*, the better to effect his purpose. Upon his arrest he was conveyed as a prisoner in the middle of the day by his Colonel, Avana, towards the barracks, without escort; his commanding officer conceiving that he was sufficiently bound in honour as a prisoner on parole. Sanchez, however, had different ideas; and when they reached one of the

most public quarters of the town, he darted off like a greyhound !

The Colonel, not in the least dismayed by his precipitate flight, followed at full speed, without hesitating an instant ; and officer after officer, both duly epauletted, were seen in hot chase like a thief-taker and convict. Upon reaching an *encrucijada*, or crossing of streets, the Colonel was peremptorily stopped by some soldiers belonging to a different regiment, who drew their bayonets to oppose his progress ; and one levelling a musket at him swore that he would shoot him if he advanced hand or foot. The Lieutenant escaped, and so did the soldiers, who were his co-conspirators. The Colonel was unable to recognise them, as they did not belong to his regiment. No witness would come forward, though hundreds were present, and the scene occurred at noon !

An escort of Infantry was conducting some recruits into Seville from Alcalá. One of these soft and raw Zagales, unaccustomed to heavy marching, fell dead-lame upon the road. To continue his journey on foot was impossible. After the lapse of some time, there came up an Almocrebe, or mule-driver, with a train of half-a-dozen mules laden with flour. The soldiers instantly required the Almocrebe to carry their lame companion into Seville. "Impossible," said the Almocrebe, "I am heavily loaded with flour."—" *Al diablo* with your flour, and your bran, too !" said the sergeant of the escort—very often the way of a military company in Spain. "Let us see a sample ;" and drawing his bayonet, he made several rents in a sack close to him.

The Almocrebe was a rude, but brave man, and, like a man, resented the insult. He was strongly provoked, but as yet did not strike the sergeant. He only smacked his whip, and said: "By law, you should direct yourself to the Alcalde of the district, to furnish you with cabalgaduras."\* The sergeant's only answer was, to knock the sack off the mule's back with the butt-end of his gun, and attempt to place his companion on top of him. The Almocrebe struck the sergeant; a soldier of the party fired on the countryman, and shot him dead!

An Ingeniero (answering to our corps of sappers and miners) had certain "*relaciones amorosas*" with the maid-servant of a cura-parroco, and being inspired with wine (for among the few occasional drunkards here soldiers are sometimes noticeable) called on the sacristan of the church of Carmo, somewhere about midnight, to call down the serving-maid for the pleasure of an interview with the soldier, who was then off duty. The sacristan and the maiden both obeyed the word of command; and as no other convenient place presented itself for the agreeable *tête-à-tête*, the sacristan, by a neglect of his duty rare in Spain, permitted the pair to adjourn into the interior of the church, while he himself skipped across the road to purchase an azumbre of wine at the soldier's charge.

The sacristan drank his share of the potent measure, and then complaisantly retired to snooze in a confessional. The soldier, presently excited and made quarrelsome by the wine, beat his female companion violently with his fists, and mortally stabbed her with

\* Beasts of burden.

his bayonet. Her screams were terrible, and speedily roused both the parroco and several of his flock, who, not without hesitation and trembling, repaired in some numbers to the scene of what they deemed these supernatural horrors. The scandal may be imagined.

The appearance of the Spanish troops is to the last degree unsoldierly. The sentry strolls to and fro like a corkscrew on his beat ; his shako almost falling off the back of his head, his gun slouched on his shoulder, singing outright (not merely humming) a lively *seguidilla* with the most *sans-façon* air in the world.

Often have I seen the *soldado raso*, entrusted as sentinel with a most important post, trailing his *fusil* listlessly in the dust, and describing diagrams with the point of the fixed bayonet,—or, probably, if he could write, recording the name of his mistress. In the sultry weather the shako is, perhaps, removed entirely from the head, and the paper cigarrillo is sometimes smoked on duty as indifferently as if there were no regulation against it.

The soldier is not unfrequently destitute of portions of his uniform, or his regimental coat and continuations are in such hopeless rags, that even in the sultry summer the slate-coloured great-coat is worn as a hide-all and slut-cover, like the begrimed blanket of a Mexican lépero. Clumsy gaiters, ill-buttoned and discoloured, descend over shoes which, in one case out of three, are broken in pieces, disclosing to view the naked toes of the men—such in Spain are the glories of the *vida militar* ! The rations consist almost entirely of beans, lard-sprinkled, and boiled in a huge puchero, with bread of the coarsest description. Upon



food like this they are "food for powder," no more ; and, so far as military appearance and efficiency are concerned, to walk from end to end of the Neutral Ground of Gibraltar, is like passing to a new planet.

While Narvaez left the soldiers in this miserable condition—the soldiers who had helped him to his dictatorial sceptre—he was amusing his doll, the girlish Queen, with a revival of the palatial splendours of the old *régime*, giving her golden vases to hold the mortar, and a golden cord to lower the stone, at the laying of the foundation of the new *Córtes* upon her birthday. Had he transmuted the gold into coppers, and transmitted it in maravedis to his military dupes, it might have ill-served to rescue his contemned legions from their rags and penury, but it would have saved mankind from this fresh example of the baseness of political gratitude. It is but just, however, to say that, however dishonestly the means have been acquired, the Spanish soldier is now beginning to be better clothed and fed.

The readiest and most practical device for supplying a ragged regiment with an impromptu uniform is that which prevailed amongst the Homeric chiefs and the chivalrous Paladins of later times—every man to kill a hero for himself and strip him of his armour. But as results are problematical since the use of "villanous gunpowder," and fraternizing is a more rational way of waging war, the ingenuity of the Spanish *soldadesca* was set on less perilous devices. Accordingly, a tailorless regiment at Mataró, the other day, availed itself of the disbandment of a refractory

battalion of national militia, and jumped into their coats and breeches !

Heroes, like gift-horses, amidst such scenes, should not be looked too closely in the mouth ; and this was indeed last year the principle of action. Seventeen convicts having broken their prison, fourteen of them, heavily chained, fell upon two Nationals who mounted sentry, wrested the guns from their hands, shot the sentinels, and escaped without the walls. Some shots were fired after them from the town, which the felons of course did not mind, but ran courageously for their lives and characters, tripped repeatedly by their chains, and as often rising again and darting forward like greyhounds. On their reaching the besiegers at Torrero their chains were struck off, and they were made soldiers to reward their gallantry !

It is probably without parallel in the history of the world, that in the month of October a subscription was set on foot at Cadiz for defraying the expenses of supplying new uniform to the Royal Infantry regiment of Asturias, then doing duty in garrison. The Provisional Government had failed to perform its provisional promises ; the money due to the Commissariat and the military chest was not forthcoming ; the soldiers' clothes were literally dropping from their backs, their shakos from their heads, their shoes from their feet, and private generosity was appealed to to supply that lamentable deficiency which was permitted by public justice. My little mite was contributed for this purpose. Many ladies joined in the subscription, and, among the rest, many widows of military officers.

I have more than once seen bright eyes in tears at

witnessing the plight of these miserable soldiers—yet fellows withal of wonderful constancy, and, for the most part too, of bravery. It was their officers that sold them—their officers that taught them the lesson of rascality—polluted the frankness of the military character, and made them “pronounce” and “fraternize” when they should hold aloof and fight. It is very ludicrous to expect the refinement of chivalrous loyalty and devotion from men like these—half-starved in disreputable rags.

The reward of the loyal soldiers, who at Algeiras and Tarifa resisted the subtle demoralisation of Nogueras, consisted neither of crosses nor medals, nor decorations, but of something much more substantial, and usefully, if not elegantly, ornamental. A hundred chapters, written on contemporary Spanish history, and on the state of the Spanish army, could not be so illustrative as this one announcement: “Brigadier Córdova has opened a subscription, and placed himself at the head of it, for furnishing a pair of pantaloons to each of the valiant soldiers of Asturias!” \*

A serjeant of the grenadier company of the second battalion of the infantry regiment de España, marching to parade, raised the cry, *Viva la Junta Central!* But the men did not respond. He was instantly seized—this was at ten in the forenoon: at eleven he was tried by court-martial; at twelve he was *pasado por las armas*, or shot by a file of his brother grenadiers. So rabid were this serjeant’s military chiefs,

\* “El brigadier Córdoba ha abierto una suscricion, poniendose á la cabeza de ella, para regalar un par de pantalones de paño á los valientes soldados de Asturias.”

that they would not even delay the opening of the court for the accustomed mass of the Holy Ghost. Better have given the poor man a pair of breeches with the rest.

The chief service of the troops in the South of Spain is at the fortifications of Cadiz and the Campo of Gibraltar. The marchings and counter-marchings within the limits of the province of Cadiz, which extend to the latter place, are therefore very considerable; and in the rural *pueblos* complaints have been long and loud of the onerous pressure upon the inhabitants from incessant billeting of soldiers, and finding of mules and other beasts of burden for the transport of baggage, together with some little addition of bitterness arising from the lawless and reckless habits of Spanish marching regiments.

To diminish, as much as possible, the *gravamen* of these complaints, two distinct lines of march have been latterly struck out and rigidly adhered to; the troops which set out from Cadiz for the Campo of Gibraltar, proceed by way of Chiclana, Vîjer, and Tarifa, to Algeiras, keeping entirely on the coast road; while those who come from the Campo to Cadiz take the still more circuitous route by the Barrios, Alcalá de los Gazules, Medina Sidonia, and Puerto Real or San Fernando. The straight road from Cadiz to Gibraltar (adhering to the right line) is an unpeopled desert, as arid and sandy as Sahara, and indeed even in the inhabited parts it is less fertile than the opposite shores of Africa.

Not the least curious portion of a Spanish campaigning expedition is the *Capilla del Campo*, or

campaigning chapel, in which are comprised and made portable all the requisites for saying mass in the field in the midst of the kneeling soldiery. The priest upon these occasions is often half a *militaire*, and the clerk is always a whole one. Those who have seen mass regularly and pacifically performed, will be amused to hear that at the campaigning altar the clerk is a sergeant drest in full regimentals, with his firelock beside him on one hand, and the little bell on the other.

A military band plays a rough and brassy mass in accompaniment to the service, and in every town in Spain where there is a garrison or *dépôt*, the same thing occurs on each Sunday in one of the parish churches, the clerk there likewise being a sergeant. The effect on the whole is not disagreeable, but that the music is usually odious, composed very often of bad opera snatches and fiddling tunes in *allegretto* time. The campaigning *capilla* is useful in more ways than one. The deserter, spy, or military culprit capitally convicted, is placed *en capilla* preparatory to being shot. Here the consolations of religion are administered to him by the regimental chaplain; and after the lapse of an hour he is made his comrades' target.

The *Quinta*, or lottery-conscription for the army, is managed by the municipalities under the general superintendence of the provincial deputations. The *Córtes* having voted the number of troops which constitute the annual levy, the war-office at Madrid apportions the entire through the different cities and *pueblos* of Spain. A day is fixed, notice extensively given, and the authorities of each district invariably

summon four times the number of whom the return is to be composed.

By experience it is found that the disqualifications, exemptions, and outlawries through non-attendance, amount to about three-fourths of the entire. In a list of four hundred and twenty-four convoked at Cadiz, fifteen were excluded by physical incapacity, twenty-eight by being matriculated in one of the national universities (an excuse which is always allowed except in extreme emergencies), fourteen by being widows' sons, three by being sons of sexagenarians, one by being the son of a bed-ridden father, seventy-five by deficient stature, nine by the fact of their having already served in the army, forty-five by being less than eighteen years of age, one by belonging to a different district, two by the fact of their being *women* (their christian names having been mistaken by the *Escribanos*), one by death; and forty-eight, declining to attend, were declared outlaws.

While the general system of enlistment is by lot for all the young men capable of bearing arms, there is likewise a provision for enrolling with the rest all youthful vagrants without physical defects or infirmities. In the principal Spanish towns there are a number of idle young men thus annually, according to a strong local proverb, "stolen from the cord." For the most part, they make quite as good soldiers as those who are more irreproachably brought up, proving how entirely we are the creatures of circumstances and temptation. They are probably more skilful in thieving upon a march than their companions, but this, where there is so bad a commissariat

is rather an accomplishment, and upon a Spanish campaign it is a decided acquisition—being one way of reducing the enemy's country.

The hardships of a law of forced enlistment are such, that, till the stock of vagrants is exhausted, the authorities should never look elsewhere. How monstrously cruel to take from a shop in Seville or Toledo a clever working mechanic, or remove from his little room a laborious and skilled artisan, forcing him to shoulder a musket and serve half-starved for six years! How equally onerous to tear the young farmer from his ground, or the collegiate scholar from his books! Who can feel surprise that the military service is unpopular? The proverb remains indisputable :—

Dinero contado  
Halla soldado !

It may well be conceived that inadequate pay, food, and clothing, are a galaxy of equivocal *agréments*, which make a military life rather shunned than sought after in Spain. Large sums are paid by those who can afford it, when the conscription falls upon them, to provide a substitute, and there are even insurance companies formed to avert this evil from the heads of their subscribers.

The company at Cadiz (with a branch at Seville) has its office in the Casa Capitular, where the directing Junta will find you a hero by proxy any day in the year, for the trifling consideration of a few shillings subscribed annually ; and the president, Señor Retortillo, will treat you to the retort courteous if you undervalue the excellence of the institution. It certainly

appears not at all more rational to insure life than limb, and I know not how many this philanthropic and money-making Company rescued from an untoward fate, upon whom the lot fell at the last Quinta to be either out-and-out or supplemental soldiers. The former serves at once, the latter is liable when the regimental numbers thin.

The Quinta is the Spanish enrolment or allotment of young men fit for military duty. Every male who has completed his twentieth year may be called on to serve. This conscription is of course proportioned in its severity to the number of fresh soldiers which the exigencies of the service require to be levied. I have known it to invade the universities! In its original form every fifth man was made to serve, whence the name, Quinta. Ask Señor Retortilla for further particulars.

The reluctance of numerous Spaniards to serve in an army so miserably paid and provided as theirs, and exposed to such incessant hardships, causes many to become voluntary outlaws, and take to the road as bandits, or join troops of guerilleros. Every year, when the lots are drawn by which the conscription is decided, numbers decamp, and so many as twenty names are published at a time as outlawed, unless they immediately present themselves before the first alcalde in the chief provincial towns. The Gallegos, to avoid military service, go as porters and labourers to Portugal.

I was informed of the case of an aged and infirm father, who drowned himself in the province of Granada, to exempt his only son from the fatal chance of



the conscription. They repaired together to the periodical Quinta, the son drew his own name from the urn, and in crossing the river Frangirola in a small boat on their return home, the father suddenly flung himself overboard, and was irrecoverably lost to sight. He had filled his pockets with stones to make death certain, and his body was not found until next day. This inflexible *gefe de familia* had discharged his promise; his boy was exempt from service, being now a widow's son!

A characteristic trait of Narvaez's dictatorship is the attempt which he lately sought to enforce, to prevent the finding of substitutes, and make every man serve upon whom the lot fell, without consideration of means or circumstances. A Spanish garrison and marching life, to young men tenderly nurtured, is little preferable to death itself, and even Narvaez's iron will could not break down the barriers of nature. The mandate was generally defied, the substitutes provided as before, at an expense usually of about 50*l.* sterling, and the recusants were found to be so numerous that it was impossible to punish them all. With the existing Spanish commissariat, the fairest description of service would be the old volunteer one by *mochila*, or contents of knapsack, which the provincial musters put in force when they went to drive out the Moors from Granada in the time of Philip II. The fighting ended with the knapsack.

The most extraordinary effort of military conscription ever made in Spain was the Sorteo of 100,000 men made in the winter of 1835, in pursuance of the Royal decree of the 24th October of that year.

The sum-total was partitioned through every town and *pueblo* of Spain, and the quotas were to be raised by a given day. A permanent Commission of Armament and Defence was incorporated in the metropolis, and with this the various provincial *alcaldes* communicated. The quota for each village averaged about 20 men, and on the lists being made out they were forwarded to the capital of each province.

The object of this vast conscription was to make one Herculean effort, and sweep the Carlist forces out of Spain; it was not completely carried through, but was fulfilled to a considerable degree, and the next year saw the accomplishment of the result aimed at, although effected by negotiation and not by force of arms. The desolating struggle in which the country had so long been engaged caused this sweeping conscription to be hailed with singular enthusiasm by the entire Spanish population.

The *Sorteo*, as the name implies, was fairly distributed by lot, and the village *mozos* in drawing forth the little crumpled balls of paper, in the interior of which were written their respective chances, burst forth spontaneously into loud *vivas* for their innocent Queen and the *libertades patrias*. Again, when those whom fortune marked as food for powder were regularly enlisted and drawn up in line, in numerous instances they renewed their patriotic outcries, and expressed their ardent desire to contribute their share to the termination of the bloody struggle.

Curious and searching were the questions then raised as to individual eligibility. The point was formally discussed, whether *corista* friars, dedicated

to the service of the choir in cathedrals, having minor orders, but not ordained *in sacris*, and monks, being in reality laymen, dwelling in their convents, and clothed in their *santo hábito*, were liable to the military *suerte*, and to be returned in the general conscription. The question was gravely discussed; and it was held that the austerities of life prescribed by the various orders incapacitated them from doing rough campaigners' duty, especially that portion who are never supposed to partake of more solid food than milk and vegetables. They were, therefore, exempted from the Quinta, but soon afterwards the convent properties were all confiscated, and these very men sent adrift, so that they gained but little by their temporary armistice; while those who turned them out commemorated the act of spoliation at various public banquets in toasts, "*á los Liberales de todo el orbe!*"

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## THE CHURCH—THE EXCLAUSTRADOS.

THE ancient and enormous ecclesiastical revenues of Spain have shrunk down to the dimensions of one single tax irregularly paid. The "*Contribucion de Culto y Clero*," or tax for the maintenance of the clergy and of public worship, is leviable at the end of each year, but is for the most part more than a year in arrear. In the provinces of Cadiz and Seville this tax was lately in arrear for the period of fifteen months, between the 1st of October, 1842, and the 31st of December, 1843. The constitutional alcaldes, despairing of collecting the entire amount in one sum, divided it into halves, to be levied at different periods.

There is, strictly speaking, no levy. Notice is given that the rate-payers must present themselves, within fifteen days, in the *Oficina de Contribuciones*, or tax-office of the municipality, and deposit the amounts opposite their names respectively. But if they won't pay (a prevailing weakness), the alcaldes decline to have recourse to execution and distraint, without which all tax-collecting is a farce.

What then? The alcaldes are popularly elected officers, the creatures of household suffrage, and you do not really expect that they will forfeit their cherished popularity and their place in the ayunta-

miénto by an invidious display of fiscal severity. Not they! they will talk of their "grave responsibility," but will never pass from word to action; and the pious zeal of religious women does more for the service of the church than legal taxes.

The *exclaustrados*, or quondam monks and friars, are considerably less than half-paid by the state, and many are on the verge of starvation; yet there is not one amongst them that has not a decent subsistence—on paper. "Some stars," says *Fray Gerundio*, "are so far removed from the earth, that though their light has been travelling towards us since the creation of the world, it never yet has reached us; the star of Spain's felicity must be one of those!"

And perhaps in a couple of centuries more, when the voice of factious intrigue is silent in the *Córtes*, justice will be done to the plundered church of Spain, which may be as superstitious as you please, but is not to be first stript and then left to starve—a bargain being a bargain all the world over. All the owners or administrators of houses or property, all who are engaged in trade, either wholesale or retail, and all who exercise any industrious pursuit, intellectual or material, are bound to pay the "*Culto y Clero*" tax; and if they won't pay, they should be made to pay. In *Señor Carrasco's* financial statement for the year 1844, the estimated produce of the *culto y clero* tax is stated at seventy-four millions of reals, or 740,000*l.*, while the estimate for actual church expenses is set down at 101 millions of reals, showing a deficit upon this account of 270,000*l.*

The way in which Spanish finance ministers usually strike the balance is by allocating to ecclesiastical purposes, not the amount specified, but that which is collected,—a convenient mode for the Treasury, which leaves numerous wretches to starve.

The wealth of the ancient church of Spain was, to be sure, the scandal of Christendom. The clergy possessed a third of the soil, without reckoning tithes or prebends; a single abbeys had four-and-twenty towns and fifty villages, with the right of presentation to twelve commanderies; and an archbishop of Toledo, in the era of the Philips, had a revenue of 200,000 ducats, or, allowing for increased value, 200,000*l.* a-year! In those gorged days of accumulation, a marquis of Gebralcón had 800,000 sheep in a single flock; and a duke of Medina Sidonia was master of half Andalucía.

But religion is so deeply rooted in the national character, that the most furious political storms, which prostrate everything else, blow over this and leave it unscathed. It is only amongst the educated male population that any lack of fervour is witnessed. When these become absorbed in the maze of politics, all other considerations but intrigue and faction are lost sight of and forgotten; but their mothers, sisters, and daughters, young boys, and old men, have abated little of the fervour of other times, or at least are as determined church-goers as their ancestors.

During the siege of Seville last summer, mass was celebrated to the sound of the bombs in all the churches daily, and in front of the mattresses where

tender and trembling votaries reposed on the cathedral floor during the night, in the belief that the sacredness of the renowned Giralda was a sufficient pledge of safety, the host was regularly consecrated. While the cannon was booming in the immediate vicinity, every one of the eighty priests, who are set apart to the service of this mighty house, said mass, or otherwise ministered to a congregation of thousands; and in Barcelona, where the Patulea, after seizing all the property in all the city, rifled the churches of their silver and other valuable images, the moment the siege was over, the altars of a hundred churches blazed as if their worship had never been suspended.

The members of the regular religious orders were uncloistered in 1835 by a Moderado Government, under the sway of Queen Cristina, and the rule of the *Estatuto Real*. Imperious necessity, and the enormous expenses of the civil war, forced this measure. It has therefore been falsely asserted and nauseously repeated by an ignorant demagogue at home, that the confiscation of ecclesiastical property in Spain was the work of Espartero: that personage having then, and for years after, been merely a general in the service of Spain.

It is true that the measure was in a great degree the result of a popular commotion, but with this Espartero was in no degree connected; and if the Exclaustrados have been irregularly paid since, the fault was in no individual ruler, but in the imperfectly available resources, and the inexperienced and ill-regulated financial system of the country. There

is no doubt that the intentions of the government were honest; and the blame to be laid to their charge is for a deficiency of effort to maintain the credit of the country, and a general administrative supineness, that is unfortunately a radical and inherent vice in the Spanish character. The payment of the Exclaustrados' pensions was placed to the charge of the general direction of rents and *amortizacion*, or sinking funds, and the directors had their agents commissioned in the provinces to make good the payments with all possible regularity and despatch; and likewise to ascertain in due time what pensions were to cease upon the placing of those who enjoyed them in parochial cures, or other benefices having annexed to them a sufficient *congrua*, or clerical sustenance.

The several provincial amortizacion officers had their *contadurias*, or paying departments, opened at stated periods, and subjected to fixed regulations, with a registry of all the exclaustrados in the district, their addresses, and quotas of payment. Some were allowed to continue to reside in their convents, by which means they were spared the necessity of providing lodgings; and the principle upon which the government took possession of the convent property, was that of administering it for the benefit of the whole community, regarding it as a religious duty to provide a sufficient maintenance for every uncloistered subject in Spain.

Great numbers of these convents were converted into barracks, educational, and other establishments; but this was not done without a crying necessity, for more than half the property in the country was con-



ventual or ecclesiastical; all the good sites and fine buildings were monopolised by these unproductive members of the community, and you could not walk one hundred yards in any city of Spain without the shadow of some one of them being thrown across your path. Intendants or umpires were appointed to decide between the contadores or paymasters and the exclaustrados, as to the value of the convent effects, wherever this was disputed.

The payments of the allotted pensions were directed to be trimestrial, and to be made to all with simultaneous uniformity; while to consult the personal convenience of those who were infirm, or resided at a distance, permission was granted to receive their incomes through an *habilitado*, or authorised agent. It is therefore sufficiently evident, that the interests of these unfortunate men were not untenderly looked to, and that for the distresses entailed upon them since, they should inculcate the turbulence of their countrymen. At the same time virtuous governments have been too rare in Spain to exempt successive rulers from their due proportion of blame. Busied with enriching themselves, immersed in the whirlpool of intrigue, they have had little time or inclination to provide for the wants of the community, and faction has too actively claimed their energies to leave any room for careful administration.

The exclaustrado member of one of the closed religious houses, is the most melancholy character in modern Spain. Thrown upon a world with whose ways he has no familiarity, extruded from his cloister, as the name implies, he has no consolation unless he

be enthusiastically devotional, and passionately wedded to the religious observances which formed at once the business and pastime of his previous existence. He is entirely unfitted for the ordinary pursuits of life; and the pension allotted him by the Government as compensation for the subsistence which he before enjoyed, is both inadequately small, and paid with an irregularity which reduces it to the level of casual alms. Many of these unfortunate men are at times compelled to go out at dusk and beg in the streets; while a few who are fortunate enough to possess some literary aptitude, find occupation in schools as assistants, and fewer still as domines or masters.

The robbery practised upon these poor outcasts is the worst part of the financial bankruptcy of Spain. In no portion of the Peninsula is a single religious house for men left standing—an event of itself in which there is nothing to deplore; but when the foundations were stripped of their splendid possessions, surely a sufficient subsistence for this generation should have been provided. The convents of nuns<sup>a</sup> have, in many instances, been left standing, but their inmates reduced, for the most part, to compulsory poverty; and, on the national holidays, rations are doled out in common to them and to the jails.

A multitude of small proprietors have been created, as in France, by the confiscation and sale of the lands of the Church, and the extinction of entails and seigniories: all since 1837. Numberless comfortable, though limited farmers may be seen in every part of Spain, upon soils which, six years ago, were

lying waste ; these have the strong stimulus to exertion which arises from the certainty that the land they cultivate is unalterably their own ; and whatever may be said of this ecclesiastical reform as sweeping and piratical in principle, its results have been extremely beneficial to the country. But the wreck left behind is truly lamentable.

One of the most interesting old men I have ever met was an exclaustro, who charmed us all at Seville, and whose convent had been one of the wealthiest in Spain. He was a learned Dominican, polished in his manners, an Hidalgo of "blue blood," as the people express it when they mean to describe a very noble family ; and the effect of one of the most benevolent faces in the world, was wonderfully heightened by hair of a snowy whiteness. His stated allowance from the Government was about 20*l.* a-year, and he received less than 10*l.* ! I shall not easily forget Fray Fernando de la Sacra Familia.

There is a large party in Spain, indeed the bulk of the Moderado party, well-disposed towards a restitution to the clergy of their confiscated property. This is clearly, however, impossible, without a bloody civil war, where the property has already been sold, the Progresistas being to a man resolutely bent on opposing any such retrograde movement. But now and then, at wide intervals, a Moderado rises in the *Córtes*, and solicits the Government "to cast a pitying eye on the state of the clergy and the Church, so that, returning to the paths of religion, Spain may perhaps again return to the happy times of Philip IV. and Charles III."—"And the Inquisition," he might

add, but about that he of course is silent. Of the culto y clero tax, there are more than twenty million reals due to the Treasury.

The *fraile exclaustro*, or uncloistered friar, is notable for the ingenuity and fertility of resource with which he contrives to supply himself with the proverbial requisites of a Spaniard. The pot and the mass are looked to with assiduous care, the rather that the latter must frequently be heard in order that the first may boil; often is he forced to eke out his scanty state subsistence by his own devices; and it is by attendance at the churches that the charity of fair devotees is stimulated. The bare and unprovided condition of the exclaustros makes their cases obviously fitted for appeals to public benevolence, on which the natural attendants are fictitious claimants and imposition upon proved generosity. Dead friars are personated, and even living fathers have their names rather impudently assumed by impostors, equally devoted to mendicity and mendacity. A Don Antonio de la Anunciacion (the names taken at profession are invariably of this description) obtained a good deal of money from my friends at Seville, as an exclaustro of the congregation of canons regular of St. Augustin. But we found that the true Fray Antonio was resident in Granada, and that his personator had a forged certificate.

The exclaustro is often swept by the torrent of events into the whirlpool of politics. He has his feelings like other men, and he is likewise terribly needy. What more is required for a ready-made

conspirator? In the last and most considerable attempt to proclaim the Central Junta at Seville, one of the first arrested was an exclaustro. Looking at the enormous piles of building which were formerly convents or monasteries here, and at the wealth of half the country which they absorbed, one is little disposed to quarrel with the Constitutional régime for administering a potent cathartic to the system—always provided they paid the exclaustros regularly. It is not many years since there was a well-known class in Spain, called “*monjaticos*,” or men in love with nuns—tempters of these poor voluntary outcasts; and Quevedo, in one of his admirable satires, describes this platonic courtship with considerable minuteness.

The destitute state of the surviving convents has happily diminished the ardour with which Spanish females were wont to bury themselves alive, and the decrease will probably go on progressing. It would be unjust to charge the constitutional dynasty of Spain with cruelty towards this class. On the 7th of August last, in the heat of the disturbances, an order was issued requiring that the religiosas receive their monthly payments before the active employés of the state; and in the December following, a circular from the Hacienda inculcated the strict observance of this humane regulation.

Cadiz and Seville have still their convents of barefoot nuns (*Descalzas*), a degree of mortification which is scarcely reconcileable with the spirit of the age. The monks of this order have been forcibly secularised, like their brethren throughout Spain. It is possible

that the severity of going unshod may have been in part originated or sustained by the greater pecuniary aid which it attracted, and the fascinating reputation of piety which it earned. It used to be a proverb in Spain : — “ *No lo creyera si me lo dijeran frayles descalzos* ” — (I would not believe it, though I were told it by the barefoot friars).

The number of religious houses which have been secularised in Cadiz and Seville strikes one with utter astonishment. They amount to several hundreds. Those of San Paolo in Seville, and San Francisco in Cadiz, which are now tenanted by the staff of the civil government in both places, were amongst the most magnificent monastic institutions in the world. Much of their splendour is still retained.

At Seville the Auxiliary Junta, an entirely self-constituted body, which long and contumaciously survived the instalment of Lopez and Narvaez at Madrid, having no legal place set apart for its sittings, held them in the centre of the noble monastic church of San Paolo ; while at Cadiz the popular elections, both for the Córtes and Provincial Deputations, are held in what was ten years since the refectory of St. Francis's convent.

The church of San Paolo, unique in its splendour, became like the Asturian miser's horn, one end of which was shaped into a fork and the other end into a spoon. In the morning the priest said mass in it, and in the afternoon the Junta spouted treason. With difficulty I suppressed my indignation when, in the midst of my first survey of this magnificent church, I was forced to make a summary exit at the shout of “ *La Junta que viene !* ”

The Court of Rome saw with a disgust which nine years' interval has not digested, the sweeping inroad of 1835 upon the ecclesiastical properties of the kingdom. It saw the whole Peninsula, as it were, slipping through its pontifical fingers. Portugal had also, in the previous year, scandalised the religious orders, and confiscated their enormous possessions to the state; and Don Miguel was at that moment residing at Rome a pensioner on the Papal bounty.

But the ancient sword of excommunication and interdict had long rusted in the scabbard, and there remained but the weapon of denounced schism to give effect to Pontifical antipathy. Portugal and Spain were both declared schismatical—unjustly so declared; for so long as the legitimate authority of the Roman Pontiff was recognised in those kingdoms, there could be no such thing as schism. The denunciation, however, of both as schismatical was found to be a convenient instrument, which indisposed against the lawful authorities a large section of the Peninsular people, excessively wedded to their religion, and, unhappily, not a little superstitious.

The court of Rome likewise adopted the scandalous policy of intermeddling in domestic disputes of succession to the crown; and when the people of both countries had successively expelled their usurpers, the Pope and College of Cardinals would acknowledge no lawful sovereigns but Miguel and Carlos, and refused confirmation to the bishops lawfully nominated by the actual rulers. Nine years have sufficed to prove the inflexibility of Peninsular governments; the Pope has at last perforce acknowledged the

popular sovereigns—the schism has ended—all hope of recovering the actually sold ecclesiastical property has been abandoned, and Señor Castillo y Ayensa has proceeded to Rome to negotiate on the spot.

One of the most important results effected by the semi-Carlist *régime* of Narvaez is the prohibition of the sales of that portion of the ecclesiastical property which remained undisposed of,—a concession to the church which, twelve months since, every sane man would have pronounced chimerical. The part remaining unsold is that which belonged to the cathedrals and secular clergy, the convent property having long since been submitted to the pitiless process of *subhasta*.\*

Between the two classes of property there is a broad and popular distinction. The monk was pretty generally regarded as a drone, while the cathedral and parochial clergy performed obvious services, and were of obvious usefulness. The great mass of the people, therefore, though little sympathising with extreme revolutionary ideas, looked on with indifference at the spoliation of the convents, while they surveyed with a jealous eye the transported spirit of the English Reformation visiting, with an unceremonious mallet, their venerable cathedrals and churches.

The cathedral revenues were avowedly for the most part too magnificent; but to reconcile the Spanish paisano at all to the principle of paring down, it was requisite for Cristina's Government to make ample provision for all the services of the Church, both ordinary and solemn. The Culto y Clero tax was then

\* The Spanish auction.



established, allotting a sufficient *congrua* to the parish priests and their assistants, and a respectable endowment to every subsisting cathedral. But the pecuniary embarrassments of succeeding governments have caused this arrangement to be shamefully violated; and so heavy are the arrears of these solemnly guaranteed stipends, that the contract may be fairly considered as having lapsed through the *laches* of the chief contracting party.

The intention then is to restore the invested cathedral and parochial property to the present incumbents, in lieu of the Culto y Clero tax, a proposition which is the result of many conferences held with the bishops on the subject, and upon the strength of which, in the approaching negotiations with Rome, it will be sought to obtain the Pope's condonation of the irregular sequestrations and sales of convent property, which no revolution can now bring back to the Church. Queen Cristina is known to be anxious to become the instrument of reconciliation between her daughter's kingdom and the Holy See. The preliminaries to a Concordat will be speedily entered on, and as the first step in approximation, the tribunal of the Rota, which was abolished under the sway of Espartero, has been lately re-established at Madrid. The Rota is a pontifical court, presided over by papal delegates, which takes cognizance of all cases of marriage dispensations where there is an affinity between the parties, permitted dispensations from vows, canonical impediments, irregularities, and cases specially reserved to the papal jurisdiction.

Thus one great element of national disquietude, and

aliment of revolutionary tendencies, is on the point of being speedily removed; and though such irrational privileges are not to be restored, as that by which criminals on being questioned by the magistrate, replied, *Iglesia me llamo*,—"My name is Church!"—and obtained an unwarrantable immunity exempting them from punishment, yet even the Carlist *clerigo* may exult in his *Iglesia triunfante*.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE SECULAR CLERGY.—ECCLESIASTICAL  
SEMINARIES.

It was a great day when Archbishop Ximenes gathered that huge mountain-pile of Arabic manuscripts, and made an *auto-da-fé* of them in the public square at Granada! The devils doubtless laughed at the triumphant blaze, at the holy glare which gilded the retreating footsteps of Boabdil. It were unfair to charge these pious bishops with being the enemies of enlightenment, seeing that they extracted so much luminous matter from heathenish scrolls and parchments; the ashes that strewed the square illustrated the vanity of human works with an excellent *memento mori*; and the Christian conflagration of these Saracen treasures of astronomy, numbers, and the healing art—which it was a scandal to see monopolized by unbelievers—was a superb revenge for the destruction by Omar of the literary piles at Alexandria. The devils grinned upon both occasions, at the roasting of their most terrible enemy, knowledge, and chuckled to see Bible and Koran burnt by a deed of vengeance, condemned by both. These holy triumphs were repeated at Seville, where the finest treasures of Arabic literature were dragged forth to the stake; and the first archbishop of Mexico, Zumarraga, did the same by some millions of diabolical and magically

well executed hieroglyphical paintings, in the marketplace of Tlatelolco.

But all these cobwebs have been brushed away, and at the present hour the Spanish ecclesiastic is a wreck of the middle ages—an isolated remnant of exploded opinions and antiquated forms of society. I speak of the class of zealous clergymen who, though often ignorant to the last degree, are wedded to the altar and weaned from the world; not of the Constitutional clergy, who are for the most part mere politicians and place-hunters, and have few of the virtues and none of the enthusiasm which adorn the clerical character. The minds of the ecclesiastics of whom I speak, and who are to be found in all the country pueblos, are usually tinged with Carlist views; like *Rip Van Winkle* they have been asleep for years, and their waking dreams are of a restoration of the old ecclesiastical possessions, dignity, and grandeur.

Apart from the civilisation (perhaps, corruption) of towns, they have little sympathy with Constitutional forms, and their characters are remarkable for single-mindedness as well as for immense and passionate energy when an occasion for its exercise arises. So late as the Barcelona revolt of November, 1842, a Carlist priest attached to the principal church called the populace to arms. He gave a vigorous bound from the earth, descended firmly on the ground again, and awoke the thunders of the great bell—it was the peal of revolt for the city! The tower, as it rolled forth the portentous summons of rebellion, was shaken by the hands of an ecclesiastic who, but an hour before, had elevated the Host; and he who within brief

intervals had sent up prayers to the God of peace, flung blood-tainted incense to the fiend of war!

The more factious Carlist clergy, animated by the late approximation to Absolutist views of government, has plucked up a violent spirit in various parts of the country, and boldly preached stiff doctrine with regard to the confiscated tithes, which the government, observe, has not appropriated, but caused their most burthensome payment to cease. All parties concerned, they aver, are under a strict obligation of restitution *in integrum* for the nine years past, and until this restitution is made no confessor can absolve them, even *in articulo mortis*! So that all are damned together, with the consoling reflection that no one is worse than his neighbour. The assertion is historically false. Pope Urban gave to the kings of Castile the tithes of all the lands which they might conquer from the Moors—one of the most remarkable facts in civil or ecclesiastical history. Let these men be cautious how they unbridle their zeal, and madden a slumbering populace. It is but ten years since the friars of Madrid were butchered in scores at their altars.

Fearful are the excesses in which even an habitually religious people may indulge, when the passions are in full swing. The magnificent church of Santa Maria del Mar has just undergone a most infamous violation. The clergy had improperly interfered in the elections, venturing to dictate and daring to deforce consciences, and the infuriated mob rushed to the parish church, dragged along the floor the figure of their crucified Saviour, shot at the image of the Virgin, and cut off the heads of all the saints!

By a late act of Gonzalez Bravo's government, the decree by which the Carlist prelates were banished has been revoked, except in the case of the two most violent partisans of the usurper, the Bishops of Léon and Orihuela. The former prelate was the celebrated companion of Don Carlos through all his campaigns, and the soul of his councils : a perfect reproduction of those turbulent churchmen of the fourteenth century—the Archbishop of Toledo, who raised the kingdom in rebellion against Pedro, placing the crown with pompous ceremonial on the head of the pretender Henry ; and the Bishop of Segovia, who fifty years later took possession of the person of Juan II. during his minority, and sought to transfer his crown to a prince of Aragon.

The Bishop of Léon did not dare quite so much in modern times, but he was noted for two peculiarities—the Hildebrand violence of his politics, and the undignified practice of incessant smoking. The most remarkable of the prelates recalled by this new decree are the Cardinal-archbishop of Seville, Don Francisco Javier Cienfuegos, and the Archbishop of Santiago, Don Rafael Velez. The Canon Ceparo, who took so leading a part in the defence of Seville last summer, and swore the authorities on a crucifix never to surrender, has been rewarded with the Grand Cross of Isabella the Catholic, and the appointment of Bishop of the Canaries, which, being merely a politician, he treats as a sinecure, remaining snug in Seville.

The dignified ecclesiastics of modern Spain are not backward, however, in exhibiting that practical piety

and benevolence which so become their sacred office and eminent position. While the Bishop of Cadiz for many years past has devoted nine-tenths of his income to the completion of that magnificent cathedral, which was creeping for more than a century, the Bishop of Barcelona, Don Pedro Martinez de San Martin, during the three days fixed for the celebration of the Queen's majority, sang a solemn *Te Deum* in commemoration of that event; and on going forth from his church, gave a donation from his private purse of two reals (about sixpence) to every soldier in the garrison, three reals to every corporal, and four to every sergeant, as well as two reals to every prisoner in Barcelona, and the same amount to every patient in the several hospitals.

Let it be remembered that Barcelona had just then surrendered, and been occupied by the troops of Sanz to the number of some thousands, that the jails and hospitals were likewise full, and some idea may be formed of the extent of Don Pedro's episcopal munificence. Yet bishops are mercilessly quizzed by this most sarcastic of people. The cock is called an *obispo* because of his comb, and a large-headed fish bears the same name because of its fancied mitre: when a man dies he is said to be made a bishop of, and the freshman arrived at Salamanca is likewise *obispado*, buried in a huge arm-chair, and bedizened with a paper mitre.

From the prevalent levity of remark about sacred things, and the familiarity with which the names of God, the saints, and the Virgin, are perpetually invoked here with reference to the most trivial subjects, one is at first inclined to rush to the conclusion that the

people are decidedly irreligious and profane ; while those who are predetermined to admire Roman Catholicism, under whatever phases it presents itself, as readily rush to the opposite conclusion.

— This inference will be still more erroneous than the first ; the argument which sustains it is sophistical. It is a comfortable conclusion, that because people have the name of God perpetually in their mouths, and the sacred name of the Redeemer still more especially (*Ghesoos ! Ghesoos !* strikes you at every turn), this gross and unseemly irreverence is to be accepted as an evidence of the fervour of their piety.

Spaniards mock and scoff at everything. It is difficult to know when they are sincere. They laugh at death ; they make a joke of the most solemn functions of life ; they laugh in church, and are often graver outside than within it. The female population is generally at least half sincere in its devotion, yet one whom I knew to be rather pious, in drinking a glass of wine, said “ It must be good, for it is the blood of Christ ! ”

— Jocular preaching, although much less common now in Spain than it was in former days, is still to be met at intervals. The rich burlesque extravagance of *Fray Gerundio*, to be sure, has been exploded in these modern times by the comparative advance of enlightenment ; but when you get into the mountain parts and ruder districts, where every man wears leather leggings, and every woman a woollen gown, the parrocos and their assistants are frequently of the same primitive stock, and their addresses to their flocks of aboriginal simplicity, and often of comical effect.



The rich but coarse proverbial language of Spain strews every part of these discourses, and the pastor, in bringing himself to the level of the comprehension of his auditory, cannot fail to take the hue of their familiar thoughts and phraseology, and occasionally to verge upon the ludicrous.

A Granadine, lecturing his flock on their irreverent bearing in church, told them not to be like the soldier, who, when he entered the sacred edifice, nodded to the images of the Saviour and the Virgin, with a "*Dios te guarde, Don Cristo! Dios te guarde, Doña Maria!*" and turning to the images of the saints, exclaimed saucily, "*Vosotros no, sois simples caballeros como yo.*" "No need for you; you're but plain gentlemen like myself!" A Cuencan having declared from the pulpit that all the Creator's works were perfect, a jorobado stepped forth from the congregation, and laying his hand on his hump, asked him whether that was perfection. "*En razon de giba,*" said the Padre, "*no es posible ser mas perfecto.*" "In regard of a hump, it could not be more perfect!"

The inconvenience of educating the clergy and the laity together, especially where celibacy is required of the former, had long been felt, and at times demonstrated in the manners of the Spanish ecclesiastic. Education, clerical and lay, has now been separated, and the youthful clerk is brought up in a special ecclesiastical seminary, where, in addition to professional studies, a religious rule of life prevails. Nearly every diocese contains its seminary.

By the latest regulations, down to 1843, a limited number of *extras* may be admitted, in addition to the

resident alumni, the matriculation in both instances having an especial destination to the ecclesiastical state, and none other. It sometimes, however, happens that the youngsters herein training for the Church run off to some other and worldlier avocation, disliking the repulsive tonsure, rolled beaver hat, and gown, and having more of the "roguish twinkle" in their eyes than of the continence of the "man of God." But the courses of *litteræ humaniores* and philosophy completed in these seminaries, are not available in the Universities, except to ecclesiastics for the pursuance of the higher branches of theology; and youths thus flying from the clerical profession find it difficult therefore to become civil *empleados*.

The irregular practice of suffering laymen to graduate in the ecclesiastical seminaries, had reached an intolerable height; the original purpose of the institution was defeated, and the great object of keeping young churchmen, destined to take vows of celibacy, apart from the mass of worldly students, and free from the early contamination of popular vices, was completely neutralized.

The decisive resolution, therefore, of the government to render of no avail any studies prosecuted in these seminaries, except in the narrowest and strictest sense to ecclesiastics, although it raised a great temporary outcry, was perfectly justified and praiseworthy. It produced, nevertheless, some curious changes, and of its working at Cadiz and Seville I was personally a witness.

The various "Colleges of Humanities" in Cadiz and the neighbouring towns, answering to our English

grammar-schools, had previously matriculated their scholars, when sufficiently advanced, in the conciliar or diocesan seminary of San Bartolomé at Cadiz; where the requisite certificates and diplomas, to qualify for employment in the public service, were readily obtained after a few seasons' attendance, and at a very moderate expense. But the rule of ecclesiastical life at the seminary was quite upset by this admixture, and scenes of uproar and confusion were too often witnessed. The lay students had thenceforth all to pass to Seville for incorporation and matriculation in the Literary University there; for by the modern system, in addition to the ancient universities for the higher faculties, each province has its literary university.

The Spaniards have long been cutting off their noses with their foolish sectarian prejudices. Hating the French for their twofold invasion of the Spanish soil, and for the unheard-of horrors which they perpetrated, yet notwithstanding the generous and majestic efforts which we made for Spain, the millstone of debt which we have tied round our necks for her behoof, the blood which we have lavished, and the miracles of valour accomplished in her defence, *hating us more because we are Protestants*, they have borrowed none of our noble institutions, but have copied everything from France.

Her modern legislative Chambers, her political chiefs nominated by the government, and centralizing the details of administration, her code of laws, the enrolment of her army, the details of service, the ugly uniform, the courts of law, the arrangement of the judicial bench, nay, even a servile copying of names,

as well as a substantial identity—"Judge of the First Instance," "Judge of the Second Instance," "Correctional Tribunal," "Court of Cassation,"—the last is a literal eating of the residue of French trenchers. The Spanish word "*casar*" does not mean "to break," but "to marry;" yet they give to it the secondary meaning of the French "*casser*," for the sake of Frenchifying the name of their supreme court. The greater proximity of the countries and resemblance of the languages, accounts in part for this borrowing from France in preference to England, and repairing to a mine, opened the other day by revolutionary violence, in preference to delving deep in the solid, time-honoured, and time-tried quarries of British jurisprudence.

The pleasant and social qualities of Frenchmen, contrasted with the too frequent demureness and ungracious repulsiveness of the English character, as it commonly shows itself abroad, undoubtedly accounts in part for the preference shown to their institutions. The lighter and less moral character of French literature, the more ornamental and decorative attractions of French art and manufacture, and the fact that French fashion sways the world, account in great part for the preponderance of influence which France possesses over us in Spain and in Spanish America; but all Deist and libertine as Frenchmen frequently are, it is their profession of Roman Catholicity, beyond all doubt, which more strongly than all other ties links them to Spanish bosoms, and leads an otherwise noble nation to copy the very cut of the shakos and sabres of those who have dragooned them, to purchase the

boots that have kicked, and imitate the extravagant garments which cover the legs that have trampled them. “*Juro á fe de pobre hombre, dijo Sancho, que mas estoy para bizmas que para cuchilladas.*” “By the faith of a poor man I swear, said Sancho Panza, that I am more for plasters than fighting.”

There is nothing more to be lamented, in the actual state of the church of Spain, than the absence of active zeal in the clergy. There are many good men amongst the body, but the true apostolical spirit seems to be nearly extinct. In the great work of education the clergy have almost universally abdicated these functions; state machinery and lay confraternities most imperfectly supply the deficiency, and the task of catechistical instruction is either entirely abandoned, or performed in fitful snatches, which leave little impression on the popular mind.

The pulpit is slightly and rarely had recourse to; and that most important medium of spiritual propagandism, familiar lectures on the moral and religious duties, addressed to every congregation which repairs to divine service on Sundays and holidays, is totally unknown. Sermons are occasionally delivered, but they are for the most part pompous prepared discourses in honour of the Virgin and the saints, exaggerated and inflated in the highest degree, recited at romerías and on festival days, and of no practical utility whatever.

Christian pastors, whose first duty is to subdue the passions of their flocks, indulge in strong appeals to their passions; and in the Good Friday sermon, which is preached in every church of Spain, a crucifix, with

the image of the bleeding Saviour, is still invariably snatched up at one period, and a full-length portrait of the crucified Redeemer rapidly unfolded at another from its previously rolled-up state, and presented to the eyes of a morbidly excited congregation, studded from head to foot with extravagant goutts of blood, and repulsively invested with all the attributes of excessive physical suffering.

This parade is very melodramatic, but it is not religion, and the effect cannot fail to be pernicious upon the ardent southern temperament. The eye is dangerously familiarised with blood, and the passions subjected to an extraordinary hot-house culture. The mark which is aimed at is far overshot, and the audience are probably made worse instead of better men.

This forcing system likewise prevails in other and more dangerous directions. The regulation enforced by the Council of Lateran, which requires every member of the Catholic church to "approach the sacraments of confession and communion" at Easter time, is sought to be made universally stringent to this day, not by the exploded horrors of excommunication and deprivation of Christian burial, but by minor pains and penalties.

A fine is levied from every person who does not perform these religious functions at Easter; and the consequence is, which might be easily foreseen, that many who can afford to pay it send their money to the cura-parroco, but do not themselves appear; while the poorer classes throng to the churches in crowds during the latter weeks of Lent; the overworked clergy perform their duties in a necessarily brief and

perfunctory manner; ten minutes dispose of each loaded conscience, and absolution is pronounced, and the work of penance accomplished, in such manner as God pleases. Uninstructed masses approach the altar with little preparation, and with a disposition, perhaps, which will ill bear to be scrutinized.

Of all hothouse plants religion is certainly the worst; and if there is no Inquisition now-a-days invested with the ancient terrors, the dregs of its spirit survive in enforced religious observance. Perhaps, the worst feature of the system is the coercion exercised upon the female population of Spain. No young woman can manage to get married, unless she produce a certain number of tickets from her parish clergyman, attesting her regular approach to the tribunal of penance at stated intervals.

Now, as most young women want to get married, it follows as unerringly as a mathematical demonstration, that all will do what is requisite to obtain these tickets; but how will they do it? It is not too much to suppose that a rigid scrutiny of conscience is not the invariable practice. There is need of much reformation in these respects, and the foundation of such reforms must be laid by zealous episcopal regulation and superintendence. But there are few indications of an apostolical spirit in Spain, few tokens of the energy of good ecclesiastics.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS.—HERMANDADS, FUNCIONES,  
ROMERÍAS.

THE splendid celebration of divine worship in Spain has always been, in a great measure, in the hands of the Hermandads or Religious Brotherhood. Every thing connected with the service of the altar (except in the rich cathedral and collegiate churches, where no assistance was needed) as well as with the frequent public processions, was undertaken and kept up by these pious confraternities, who in many instances were immensely wealthy. Chapels crammed with treasures, and endowed with princely munificence, were established by them in all the great cathedrals, as those of Toledo, Seville, and Salamanca.

Since the confiscation of the ecclesiastical properties in 1835, the assistance of these Hermandads in behalf of the diminished splendour of the Culto y Clero has obviously become more indispensable, and in many cases, but for their exertions, the altar would be disfigured by sordid penury.

When considerable funds have accumulated amongst the wealthier Hermandads, there have unfortunately been some cases of serious peculation; and a caustic ecclesiastical writer, Vieyra, says pointedly on this subject:—"No one eats worse than God does for his money." Amongst these various confraternities the



most conspicuous was La Santa Hermandad, established three centuries back, for the pursuit and trial of highway robbers, as well as for religious purposes.

The processions, funciones, pilgrimages, and rosarios, which are still witnessed every week throughout Spain, would be of an interesting character, if they were not so encouraging to idleness. No church is without its favoured shrine or image, and each in turn attracts the homage of the faithful. The pilgrimage to distant *pueblos* consumes, at the least, an entire day; and it is astonishing to see the assiduity with which women and children (for the men here, as in France, excepting the peasantry alone, have to a considerable extent been alienated from these tiresome manifestations of piety) plod on through the intolerable summer heat to distances extending for leagues. The Romería to the Sanctuary of Torrijos, some distance from Seville, last autumn, drew considerable crowds.

The festival took place on a Sunday; and having heard that the authorities anticipated political disturbances, I repaired to the scene at an early hour. There was an unusual number of men, and manifestly, as it afterwards appeared, with a view to proclaim the Carlist Junta. But troops were so judiciously planted at every perilous spot, and the approaches and squares of Seville so guarded, that any demonstration was impossible. The Rosario is still more exclusively composed of a procession of women and children, who with beads in their hands, recite the rosary the whole length of their pilgrimage.

This utterance of many hundred *paters* and *aves* by thousands of voices, nearly all shrill, and many of

them piping infantine trebles, produces a very monotonous, but wild and irregular effect. In the frequent processions of images, relics, and alleged miraculous vestments; the wax-lights partly extinguished by the wind, partly burning with a sickly light, and streaming on the ground, under the glare of a sun to which our brightest days, in the North of Europe, are little more than moonlight, seem altogether unreal and melancholy.

Even in the views of those who promote these spectacles, and in the interest of sound religion, it would be well to confine them to the churches. It is impossible to deny that the effect is entirely theatrical, and that from long custom they do not impress one soul amongst a thousand of the population. In fact, they repair to it as to a play. Every one chats and laughs as if nothing particular were going on; the very persons who take part in the procession laugh with the rest; and I have seen youths whistling merry tunes in chorus, while the Padres and pious women who accompanied them were chaunting Latin hymns in praise of Nuestra Señora del Calvario, behind her weeping image with its bosom transpierced by the sword:

Cujus animam dolentem,  
Contristatam ac gementem,  
Pertransivit gladius!

The feasts of the Virgin in the ritual of the Spanish Church are more numerous than in any other part of Europe. There are few considerable churches in Spain that do not contain at least one celebrated image of her—a celebrity derived from supposed miracles. A day is set apart for the feast of Nuestra Señora of

such or such place, or image, or miracle, and the devotion is simultaneous throughout all the churches of the kingdom. Thus there is a perpetual round of these sacred festivals, and a *funcion*, or *jubileo* in each of the churches of a town or city in succession. Seville is particularly celebrated in this respect, and indeed, in an ultra-Catholic sense, it is truly the "Holy City."

Religious processions in Cadiz cost the Ayuntamiento every year 50,000 dollars. The Progresista municipality, in Espartero's time, boasted that they had reduced this item of expenditure to 15,000 *duros*, or less than a third. It would be a mistake to suppose that any part of the Peninsula has a monopoly in this respect, for the most miserable mountain pueblo has its *cirios*, or processions with waxen tapers, as regularly as Córdoba or Toledo. It is a point of pride with all, and still more of idle dissipation. A second Sunday is imported into every week, and the minds of the people never settle down to steady industry or sober application.

The ordinary *funcion*, or religious procession, with its accompanying festival rejoicings, confined within the limits of a city or town, yields in interest to the *romería*, or rural pilgrimage to some celebrated shrine or hermitage. Here religion, a business or a pretence, is combined with the pleasures of a gipsying party,—the pent-up town's-folk can both save their souls and enjoy a mouthful of country air; and after hailing each other with a *buenas fiestas!* reciting the accustomed rosary, and witnessing the internal splendours of a church all glittering with waxlights and festooned with silken hangings, and gold or silver

embroidery, can ruralise at will, and unite corporeal to spiritual exercise.

These two-fold relaxations are partaken with a mad delight; and there is not a city in Spain without its neighbouring imaged shrines or hermit caves, scattered over the plain, or studding the wild sierras, to which the entire population periodically repairs. Small rosaries of neatly strung and delicate beads are sold in great numbers in the church or chapel, the proceeds being applicable to the expenses of the *funcion*, little engravings of the leading miracle commemorated (usually of such a nature as to appal the least credulous fancies) are likewise displayed for admiration and for sale; the image or the relic is held by some venerable priest to be kissed at the foot of the altar, a glowing sermon is delivered from a pulpit, over which an archangel, sculptured in wood (an art brought to wonderful perfection in Spain) with wings outspread, seems ready to take his flight over the heads of the congregation; hymns are sung with a lusty fervour, if not with refined skill, and a "*Pange, lingua*," and exposition of the host, conclude the observance of the day.

The service over, the business of amusement is begun with a hearty zeal, which is truly and delightfully Spanish. A band of villagers may be seen on one side, and the band of some regiment quartered in the neighbourhood on the other. Rude tents and ruder booths invite with a goodly display of eatables and wine; guitars tinkle, and a space is cleared for the dance. The amusement is sometimes prolonged into the night; rockets are discharged at intervals from early dawn, and after sunset there are considerable displays of no very scientific fireworks.

Temperance is nearly universal, and the only insobriety which prevails is that which springs from excessive exuberance of spirits. But there is indeed a sort of intemperance occasionally witnessed at these gatherings, which leads sometimes to unpleasant disturbances—I mean political heats and dissensions, and preconcerted partisan movements.

At Seville, last summer, I was witness to more than one escapade of this kind, where very serious apprehensions were entertained, and where blows were, in some instances, exchanged between the police *esbirros* and populace. Once I saw a group of ten of these “pilgrims” come galloping in through the gate of Carmona, and uttering *vivas* for the Republic, and *mueras* for the Queen’s ministers. The mounted patrol immediately galloped up to the spot, but the *alborotadores* had no sooner heard the clatter of the dragoon-horses’ hoofs, than they dashed in mute quiescence down separate streets, thus voluntarily dissolving their *grupo galopando*. Whether the demonstration was serious or jocular I never could ascertain, but there were not wanting those who averred that it was a pure emanation of *alegría de Baco*.

The *iglesia matriz*, or mother church, of Carchelejo, near Granada, was not long since the scene of so much effervescence on one of these occasions, as to be unhappily desecrated by the shedding of blood within the temple. The excited spirits of some young men, *majos*, who were present at a *funcion* in honour of the patron saint, gave rise to a quarrel about some trivial matter, which presently led to high words, and, to what with Andalusians is too common, the drawing

forth of knives. Blows were exchanged, and serious wounds inflicted; the cura-parroco interposed in vain, and amidst the rushing of crowds and the shrieks of women, a young man was carried off nearly lifeless. The cura closed the church, whose solemn consecration had thus been violated, and placed it under interdict.

The event was communicated to the bishop, and the bishop confirmed the interdict. All the municipal and civil and military authorities were suspended for not being present to quell the disturbance instantly, and the interdict was not removed from the church for fifteen days. The people at first were awe-struck, but presently joined the *alcaldes* and military authorities in laughing at these spiritual terrors.

Some new *Hermanos* were on one occasion to take the habit of the Santissima Trinidad, and set forth from their *secretaria* attached to the church. Each member of a confraternity engaged in these ceremonies carries a lighted waxen taper of large dimensions, which in the open air, when there is the slightest wind, flares and streams offensively. The fingers, often the entire hand, shoes, and a portion of the clothes of their persons (for the most part tradesmen and shopkeepers) become covered with melted wax, and present towards the end of the procession an extremely disagreeable appearance. As the members wear silken capes, and muslin or calico dresses, the multitude of lighted tapers, blown in all directions by every puff of wind, and pressed by a dense crowd, not unfrequently burn the flimsy materials in which the *Hermanos* are dressed, and cause unpleasant, if not perilous accidents.

On the occasion now referred to, a taper awkwardly carried set fire to the splendidly-embroidered silken *palio* of the Santissima Trinidad, rapidly consuming its globular dome, and blackening and singeing with its lambent tongues of flame the gilding and brilliant colours of the images which adorned it. The priest underneath the *palio* fled in terror with the sacred emblems. The crowd at first was struck with consternation, but soon indulged in the mocking and nonchalant spirit of Spaniards, and laughed at the occurrence as the best of all possible jokes. “*Fuego de Dios!*” said one; “*Llamas y brasas!*” exclaimed another; while a third declared that the Hermandad should itself be burnt for witchcraft, and that the padre had been frightened out of his senses through design with “*algun fuego subterraneo ó gurigüesco.*”

Considerable virtue is attached in popular estimation to these tapers, which, having been blest on the altar before use, are held to be as anti-demoniac as holy water. They are universally regarded as the only infallible specific against the visitation of thunderbolts, having been originally blest and employed by St. Barbara for that purpose.

Whenever the thunder rolls, or the lightning flashes throughout Spain, the name of this gentle saint is invoked, the taper lighted in her honour, and hence the popular proverb—“*quien habla en Santa Barbara tenga miedo de truenos,*”—“who speaks of Santa Barbara is afraid of thunder.” I have seen Queen Cristina and her royal daughters very carefully deposit their extinguished tapers in a corner of their carriage, at the end of a procession in which they had taken part, and,

(not, I suppose, that they cared much for ordinary natural phenomena), I have seen the same thing done by Jews and infidels who happened to be ministers of Spain.

The poorer members of the Hermandads sell their tapers, for the most part to timid females, at about a shilling a-piece.

Undoubtedly true piety is not unfrequently the motive with Spaniards for entering these male religious confraternities ; but it is as little to be questioned that social importance, parade, and a certain distinction, are for the most part the crowning objects aimed at. My observation leads me to believe, that not a tenth part of the male population, excepting the old men, care seriously for religious matters ; but to the female community my testimony in this respect is much more favourable. I am of opinion, that a full third of the female population is sincerely devout in its church-going and other religious observances ; and it is impossible to enter the churches in the morning, and witness the number and fervour of the female communicants, (rarely do the men join in this rite,) without forming a favourable conclusion as to the state of religious feeling amongst the fairer portion of the community.

The strait-laced may call these religious observances superstitious ; but surely in a national point of view they are highly to be esteemed ; in the formation of character by the mothers of Spain, the prevalence of sincere belief, and the absence of detestable hypocrisy, cannot be too much regarded ; and even the most exclusive worshipper cannot be indifferent to the state



of religious feeling in so considerable a portion of the Church Universal.

Whatever may be said of these Hermandads, their practical utility cannot be doubted. Imperfectly provided as is the service of the Church by the State which has sequestered its revenues, and scandalously ill-paid as is the forced commutation which has been delusively established as a substitute, private liberality, and individual zeal, are the only sources now available for the due maintenance of the ecclesiastical ritual; and if there be rather too much of processional parade, and too much, perhaps, of personal vanity, we should reflect how much of mixture and alloy pervades all human good.

The annual subscription paid by each member of the ordinary class of religious confraternities is about four or five pounds sterling, a large sum for Spain; and strong as may be the worldly motives which induce men of limited means to enter them, it is impossible to doubt that a pious feeling, in a great number of instances, operates as an original incentive. It is only to be regretted that a more strict decorum does not pervade their public appearances, and that the very object for which so large an outlay is incurred is thus in a great degree defeated.

The embroidered silk alone in the *palio* of the Santissima Trinidad, carelessly burnt on the occasion to which I have alluded, cost the large sum of 400 dollars. Utilitarians will tell you that this money might have been better applied to charitable uses; but the advocates of a demonstrative religion will answer, that nothing should be grudged to the service of God.

All Souls' Day is made very interesting here by a thousand little human touches, in addition to the more solemn religious remembrance. The catafalques in the principal churches are upon a costly and enormous scale, and the altar, hung in black from the very roof to the floor, a height frequently of a hundred feet, is richly relieved with massive ornaments of gold or silver.

The multitude of waxlights which blaze in all parts of the church is incredible, and flowers are strewn with prolific hands. But the tokens of private grief and piety are far more affecting. Rich lamps called *farols* are lit up at the tombs of departed relations, and sometimes in the front of houses. These are kept burning for two whole days, the eve and day of the Difuntos. This interesting custom is very generally diffused, and there are five different classes of lamps let out on hire. The more wealthy, of course, have their own; and even the poorest burn waxlights in these lamps, which, like the hearts of those who offer such graceful memorials to their dead relations, should breathe nothing but fragrance.

The monumental stones and niches inscribed with the deceased's epitaph, are carefully cleaned each year, the interior of the letters painted, or gilt afresh in numerous instances; and a pleasing medium is established between the coldness of the British Islands, and the fripperies of Père la Chaise.

The warmest friends of the Catholic religion, if they can contrive to divest themselves for a moment of their prejudices, must confess that the time is come when public processions of the Host, of relics, and of images,

should be discontinued. In ages of lively faith, these appeals to the sensibility of street-loungers, had probably their use, but their day is indubitably gone by, and it is impossible to dispute that by nine-tenths of the spectators, even in Spain, they are viewed in no other light than an idle ceremonial and display.

For some years past I have been accustomed constantly to witness these spectacles, and can positively assert that by the men they are regarded with indifference, and that, with by far the greater part of the women, they act as vicious stimulants, and incentives to sinful vanity, overdressing, and coquetry. At a Lenten procession of the image of Nuestra Señora de los Dolores, I lately saw a more than ordinary desecration in the midst of popular laughter. The Hermandads and Cofradías, or religious fraternities, who, for the most part, composed the procession, and carried the crosses, candlesticks, tapers, and emblems, smiled at each other with little intermission throughout the whole journey (indeed, I have found this to be the case universally,) not one out of a hundred wore looks of gravity or decent restraint, the young occasionally laughed outright, and the old joked in an undertone; those who carried the *palio*, or canopy, surmounting the image of the Virgin, joined with some priests and women, before and behind it, in chanting hymns, which were sputtered forth in such defiance of all the rules of melody and harmony, that a forward youngster planted himself right in front of the procession, twirled his hat on the point of his stick, and exclaimed amidst the laughter of assembled thousands,—“*Aquella grande musica !*”

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## THE BANDITS OF ANDALUCÍA.

THE robbers of Andalusía have the reputation of being the most gentlemanlike professors of their craft in Spain, and of being in some sort successors to the Caballeros Andantes of old. But my slight intercourse with them does not quite bear out this reputation; and though I have neither been knocked on the head nor stript (as all travellers here dramatically say they have been), it was probably owing, on one occasion, to the rare proximity of a military station. They are certainly not such brutes as those of La Mancha, who are truly stigmatised as the most cruel and savage bandits in Spain.

The cavalier-like reputation of the Andalusian ladrones probably arises from their constitutional gaiety of character, which they share with all the nations from Seville to Cartagena, and from the facility with which they cut a joke, ring a laugh, and light a cigarrillo, with a blunderbuss pointed at the breast of their prostrate victim.

The robbers of Catalonia and Navarre are said to be more brutal than in any other district; and those of Old Castile to have a smattering of the polish which the Hidalgo character of the locality is presumed to impart. But, romance aside, these worthies of Spain, wherever you may unluckily chance to meet them, will

be found for the most part to be as cruel as they are stupid, and as coarse as they are cowardly.

A double-barrelled gun is an excellent protection, if you are mounted on a strong and fleet horse, in making short journeys through the more civilised parts of Andalusía. Your horse is then as useful as your weapon, and you need not permit your assailants to close on you.

Few who value life or property ever go forth from Seville or Córdoba, from Granada or Malaga, without this pretty play-thing slung from the saddle-bow. When first I saw these solitary horsemen wending towards the bridge of Seville, and inquired whether they were sportsmen, the answer I received from a Spaniard who *would* speak English was, “por el *tefya*,” his attempt at “thief;” and I had subsequent occasion in abundance to perceive that the game which these fowlers had in their eye was the “*bipes implumis*.”

But hampered in the lumbering diligenza, miserably caught in a trap, and begirt, perhaps, by two score ruffians, with no good steed to bound beneath the spur, it is bedlamite madness to fire your foolish popgun, which may hit nothing, but is sure to get you hit in return, without a shadow of mistake. It had long been the practice amongst adroit travellers to hide their money, jewellery, &c., in the interior of the coach when the alarm of robbers was first given.

But this “dodge” having at length come to the knowledge of the errant craft, they adopted effectual means for eluding it, and the diligenza is now very frequently burnt, in the hope of finding in the ashes the passengers’ concealed valuables. An Englishman

of my acquaintance, who held a high commission in the military service of Spain, travelling from Madrid to Badajos in the diligence, was placed upon the ground on his mouth and nose, with a man armed with a blunderbuss over him, and orders to be instantly shot if he stirred; but little money was found in his possession, and the robbers exasperated at the improbable penury of "*El General*," as they called him, burnt all his luggage, after ransacking its contents, and carefully and minutely inspected the embers in the expectation of meeting with concealed gold.

"*El General*" was let off with some heavy and stunning blows of the butt-end of a blunderbuss, and taught the lesson of wisdom which I would desire to impress on my readers, never to travel in Spain without a reasonable amount of money on your person, the pilfering of which will prevent cupidity from being driven to blood-thirsty despair.

The disbandment of various corps stationed in Andalucía, which took place subsequently to the embarkation of Espartero for England, the unprovided state in which the men were dismissed upon the concession of their *licencia absoluta*, in clear violation of the terms of their enlistment; the starving and penniless plight of some, and the shirtless and shoeless condition of others; the draughting off of masses of troops still retained in the service, to the northern provinces, where the Provisional Government had more pressing need of them; and the strong temptations of a disorganised state of society,—caused a considerable increase in the number and strength of the robber bands which, from time immemorial, have

prowled through these beautiful regions. These bands, for the most part, assumed a decided guerrilla character.

Incorporated robbers are called guerrilleros, when a considerable number of them are military deserters, or have formerly served in the army. They are more formidable than ordinary robbers, as possessing usually more courage, acting with more perfect combination and concert, and executing with vigour what they have planned in their rough councils. They likewise affect the style military, and may frequently be seen with greasy old fatigue-caps, shaped similarly to those worn in the French service, and very much resembling the mouth-piece of a clarionet, with a tassel in front. The light grey surtout, too, worn by the infantry—in a state of considerable dilapidation—may be often seen amongst these lawless men; as well as a stray cartouche-box which was once the Queen's, as was infallibly the musket, which is now turned against her subjects.

Like the Free Lances of the middle ages, with a much more outlawed and galley-slave character, these men are as ready for war as thieving—"tàm Marti quàn Mercurio"—and as keen to reap a profit from mountain hostilities as from still more naked depredation.

In a country where the rights of property are imperfectly developed, robbers are not wholly divested of some notions of rough honour; and however cruel, brutal and rapacious, many of them look upon themselves still as a sort of semi-soldiers. Should a fitting occasion arise, they are prepared to take the field under an appropriate leader; and Nogueras is said to

have been in treaty with some hundreds of them, when he planned at Gibraltar the revolt which failed at Algesiras. They were to have come up as a reserve force, but not to appear at the first blurt lest public feeling should be outraged; and the contrabandists leagued in defence of Centralism and Ayacuchism, of whom 400 were drawn up in the outskirts of the town, were to have been supported by 500 guerrilla freebooters, under the command of the Andalucían “Abd-el-Kader.”

The entire south of the Peninsula is now overrun by these guerrilla bands. From Cartagena on the Mediterranean, to Cape St. Vincent and Carrapatera on the Atlantic, they exist in a perpetual state of nomadic or irruptional depredation. Wild and almost inaccessible sierras abound throughout these regions; and making these the base of their operations, they descend from formidable *points d'appui* in relentless raids upon the country round, and defy pursuit in their mountain fastnesses. Their depredations are as formidable in Algarve as in Andalucía; since the termination of the Miguelite war, the disbanded troops—especially those of the usurper—have never ceased to infest this province and its confines; and one-sixth of the entire Portuguese army is constantly employed in this singular district against robbers and contrabandists.

When pronunciamientos against Espartero were the vogue in Spain, in two or three Andalucían *pueblos*, the revolutionary juntas, according to the invariable practice, assuming sovereign power, organised mounted free corps for the support of the movement, which



retained their incorporated character long after Espartero was expelled, and went about the country robbing and plundering all that they could lay hands on (more especially those who were politically obnoxious), and some of them merged into permanent guerrilleros. They "pronounced" for their own profit, in their own particular line, and beginning in some sort in joke, they ended as downright robbers—as amateurs will sometimes fiddle themselves into an orchestra for life.

The number of these predatory bands considerably increasing, through the various circumstances above stated, conferences were held and mutual understandings arrived at, and the country equitably partitioned amongst them to be conveniently robbed in detail.

The Ostrogoths and the Visigoths, the Huns and the Vandals, had each their fertile district to ravage. One troop took the Sierra de Ronda, a second infested the road between Ronda and Malaga, a third superintended the distance between the Sierra and Granada, a fourth took note of the rich fields which compose the Vega of Córdoba, and a fifth, commanded by the most active and powerful of his class, disdained to be fettered by localities, and flew about like the contents of a bomb in all directions.

Established thus upon various strong points, these levellers of social inequalities, and rough-and-ready equalizers, carried terror and dismay to every hearth in Andalucía. In numerous instances they were well mounted, pillaged the richest dwellings and most comfortable farm-houses, kidnapped capitalists upon the high road, and held them in duress till they were paid an assigned ransom. When occasion required

it, the several bands gave each other mutual support, and it may well be supposed that they assumed a most formidable character.

Their ordinary retreat was the heart of the sierras, over which they reigned paramount, and when they descended to the fertile plains, where their prey was to be seized, and had to await a favourable moment, they lay in ambush in the olive groves on the skirts of Córdoba, or in the orange *huertas*, from Seville to Granada. Meanwhile the Provisional Government was provisioning its own arsenal at Madrid, in profound indifference as to the doings in the south.

The bandits enjoyed a pleasurable immunity, and, when tired of moralizing, plundered towns and villages at noon day, with an impartial diffusion of dismay, including cities in their ravages, and with no inconsiderable impudence making war upon crowned heads, by plundering in one day the consulates both of Naples and Piedmont at Malaga.

They evinced in some instances great magnanimity of character, as became their conquering omnipotence, generously taking only from the rich, and letting light purses go their way. But those detachments which were found to have practised these grave irregularities, were generally cut by the rest of the corps, and one man was shot through the head for his criminal liberality.

It was an Andalucían guerrillero, Juan Vidal, who, passing into Catalonia, was so near reviving upon a permanent footing the pretensions of Don Carlos in 1839. This intrepid marauder used to bid the mountain villagers good morning and good night with ball

cartridge; and, being short of provisions, would not allow a single load of olive-oil during the autumn to pass from the cantons without a certificate of a load of corn, peas, or rice, entering for every one of oil that went out. Having mustered an irregular force of about eight hundred men, he thought fit to invest the town of San Juan de las Abadesas, to the Governor of which he addressed the following striking specimen of a guerrillero's epistle:—

“*Royal army of Catalonia.*—I have just arrived at this point, fully resolved to attack the town with the artillery and forces at my command, and, if it should resist, to take it by assault, reduce it to ashes, and put all within it to the sword. But I trust as a good Spaniard you will avoid effusion of blood. I await your answer within the impassable limit of a quarter of an hour! God save your worship! Dated from the field of honour, this 27th November, 1839.

“(Signed) JUAN VIDAL.”

The environs of Olvera were long haunted by a very determined robber, a *ladron afumado*, who levied contributions from all comers indiscriminately from the period of Espartero's and Concha's hurried visit to Andalusía, and, when purses were scarce upon the highway, resorted to the adventitious aid of smuggling. The alcalde of the town, a determined fellow, at last resolved to abate the nuisance, and having received private information of the robber's whereabouts, placed himself at the head of the Ronda municipal, and proceeded to take him prisoner. He found the robber in bed with his enamorada, but nevertheless prepared.

He was asleep upon the woman's arm when the alcalde in person seized him. In the wild districts hereabouts the alcaldes are often rude men, contrabandists, and perhaps with a touch of the robber in their composition—strange qualifications for a mayor! The alcalde had a huge horse-pistol in his hand, but the robber did not mind this. Rapid as thought, he drew two pistols from beneath his pillow, and discharged them both at the alcalde in quick succession. The magistrate, strange to say, was not hit by either, but, discharging his own pistol, wounded (without intending it) the prostrate and defenceless woman. The exchange of shots was sufficient to rouse all the savage nature of the municipal picquet, who, with one common accord, poured their fire upon the bed, and shot both robber and female. Neither of them ever stirred after. To render this transaction entirely characteristic, it was made a political handle of, and the alcalde was charged with persecuting Ayacuchos.

The ayuntamiento of Ximena received intelligence that a famous leader of guerrillas in the Sierra of Ronda, called from the quickness of his movements *El Ciervo*, or “the Stag,” who had been closely hunted by a detachment of troops for some time past, was hiding in the house of his uncle, the mayoral of Montenagrau.

The person in whose house the robber was secreted was himself an officer of justice—a sort of small corregidor, or alguacil. But as robbing is by no means a discreditable business here, to harbour a robber in his distress was considered so little disreputable, that in a relation it was deemed rather a matter of right than

of favour. No such questions of delicate honour affected the municipal chamber of Ximena, or restrained its alcalde from pursuing the robber to the death, as he might any other wolf molesting his district.

The alferez commanding the small detachment at Ximena, was informed by the alcalde of the design on foot, and the municipal and military authorities proceeded conjointly with their little force, in perfect silence and quietude, towards the hill, on the top of which was situated the house of the mayoral, by name Joaquin Jangra. In their noiseless advance, they had nearly reached the top of the mountain before they were perceived. The bandit, on finding himself discovered, and seeing the utter inutility of contending against such superiority of numbers, trusted to the proverbial fleetness from whence his name, *El Ciervo*; but this movement had been anticipated, an ambush had been posted at the other side of the hill, and the guerrillero was shot dead, as was likewise a young boy, a son of the mayoral, who was innocently running over the hill! The bandit had been a guerrillero for nine years on the Sierra, and was a deserter from the regiment del Rey.

The exploits of the guerrilleros of Andalucía arose to such a pitch towards the close of the winter, that it was found requisite to organise at Seville a flying column to scour the province, and rid it of its bandits—a duty more easily undertaken than achieved. This flying column, composed of light infantry and cavalry, was placed under the command of Count Don Moreno de Mouray, and was strengthened by the accession

of a number of volunteers. Troops were marched simultaneously, and with a similar purpose, from Córdoba and Cáceres, and a temporary pacification was effected.

A ludicrous, yet somewhat lamentable scene, occurred at Cadiz in October. Two Frenchmen entered the town in miserable plight, clad in their shirts, and plainly without a maravedi in their pockets—since pockets they had none left. They were a sort of *commis-voyageurs*, and had ventured on mules across the country from Malaga to Cadiz. The still unsubsidised effects of the disturbances connected with the siege of Seville caused every road in Andalucía to be infested with robbers, and the result was precisely what all but the foolhardy Frenchmen themselves anticipated. They were beaten, robbed, and stripped on the mountains of Ronda; their mules were carried off with all their little baggage: and the uncourteous Salteadores having thus unmercifully left them *en cueros*, as a great favour permitted them to retain their shirts. The unfortunate men had to perform a distance of eighty miles on foot, rather coolly attired even for the Andalucían heats, and with no more solid subsistence than weeds and water. The intellects of both were much shaken, chiefly by exposure to the intense rays of the sun, without any covering for their heads: and they had the extreme folly to advertise on their arrival in Cadiz for an organ, violin, and magic lantern, which one of them had left in a house there twelve years before (in 1831), but of which, the robbers having rifled him of everything, he had lost both the street and the number!

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## THE SPANISH ABD-EL-KADER.

THE most noted robber that has arisen in Andalucía, since the days of José Maria, is a man named Navarro, whose extraordinary activity has gained for him the name of the Andalucían Abd-el-Kader. This hero, however, is no Moor, but a consummate Spanish robber with a dash of Moorish character. He is even more of a politician than a warrior; and money or other valuables being the sole object of his pursuit, his plan is to carry off the rich farmers and landed proprietors, and detain them till he is supplied with a proportionate ransom, or apply the bastinado, with a view to increase the amount, should his victims prove refractory.

It is positively said, that this man was lurking in the mountains near Aroche and San Aleixo, on the Portuguese frontier, last October, seeking for an opportunity to carry off the Queen of Portugal on her journey from Beja northward, within a few leagues of the Spanish territory; that his scouts were out in every direction, and that nothing deterred him from carrying his plan into operation, but the fact of Doña Maria's military escort having been doubled at Beja.

The Gefé's band, including all its ramifications at that time, numbered four hundred men, which would have been undoubtedly sufficient for the purpose; and what chiefly prevented the daring intention from being

realised, was the dread that war would have been immediately levied against Andalucía, and the robbers smoked out of all their caves and dens. Those to whose ears the singular project came, amused themselves with conjecturing what would have been the amount of ransom demanded for two crowned heads, the Queen and King of Portugal, and how far the application of the bastinado would have been probably carried in respect of Her Faithful Majesty, who is said to be as fat as an elephant. Rough treatment Doña Maria would have unquestionably experienced, had she met with this mishap, and it is fortunate that her delicate frame was not subjected to the pressure of a ransom-auction, in which every blow would perforce have enhanced the bidding.

Though the Abd-el-Kader of southern Spain for the most part contents himself with plundering and mauling his victims, he does not stop at murdering them when they have the insolence to defend their property, or when the robber chief himself happens to suffer from indigestion; and to the fame of his filchings, captivities, and bastinadoings, is added the reputation of an occasional assassin. I present him to my readers *in puris naturalibus*, having no taste for washing a blackamoor white, nor genius for painting a Bluebeard *couleur de rose*. I leave that to the Marquis de Custine and the race of imaginative travellers. I will be bound that the robber in question is an excellent gentleman and a man of considerable delicacy and refinement, but he has never as yet thought proper to show it; and his mask is so long worn, that I doubt not it has accidentally grown to his face. I know he has



been often seen at church—it may have been for purposes connected with his craft; and it cannot be denied that he is continually at prayer—entreating gentlemen whose ears are close to his pistol-mouth to give him more money.

For seven years past our Spanish Abd-el-Kader has roved with impunity through the provinces of Malaga, Córdoba, and Seville, robbing all comers and knocking not a few on the head. He has organised a regular host of foragidos, or mountain-robbers, who hold in a state of constant trepidation the entire Comarca from the outskirts of Loja to Osuna, and frighten from their propriety all the fertile fields of the Campiña around Córdoba. The *diligencia* which plies between Seville and Granada, was attacked last autumn near Alameda, and the value of the effects plundered amounted to 5000 dollars. Even this splendid prize did not suffice for our Abd-el-Kader's covetousness; the vehicle contained a rich physician of Granada, too choice and plump a fish to let slip from the net; and the robbers carried him off to one of their most inaccessible retreats near Algarinefo on the Sierra. This gentleman, having discharged a pistol at the Gefe, was treated with great cruelty; and his life would have been undoubtedly sacrificed, but that from his wealth it was expected that he would yield an enormous ransom. 20,000 dollars, more than 4000*l.*, at first was asked.

The Gefe came down at last to 5000 dollars, but below that sum no power could induce him to descend. Don Ramon Moreno (the Granada gentleman's name) was obstinate in his refusal to write an order for any such

amount, and the Gefe was equally determined in the opposite direction. He ordered half a dozen moderate-sized canes to be cut down—the cane grows here as commonly as furze in England, and forms, with aloes, the only hedges—tied him to the rugged trunk of an olive-tree, placed pen, ink, and paper within reach, and had a rapid shower of blows administered upon every part of the unfortunate capitalist's body. Don Ramon displayed wonderful resolution; he neither signed nor writhed, nor uttered the slightest exclamation.

The dose was repeated that night—it was the poor man's supper. Still the torture proved unavailing. It was again applied next day, and it was Don Ramon's only meal. Hunger and physical exhaustion subdued that otherwise indomitable spirit, and the order for 5000 dollars was signed, dispatched, and paid with little delay. Don Ramon was then released, burning with secret thoughts of vengeance; and his persecutors shifted their quarters, "Abd-el-Kader" not doubting what he might expect.

The cruel and intense brutality of which Don Ramon was the victim, roused, with his own, the public spirit of the province, and for some time large portions of it were rather too hot to hold the robbers.

But "Abd-el-Kader" shone by his policy as well as by his warlike exploits. He now retired for a time, and suffered the storm to blow by. His band of malefactors, under his judicious management, was elastic, and became contracted or enlarged at pleasure. This is a characteristic peculiarity of the robber-system in Andalucía. Great numbers of the agricultural

labourers are ready to do a bit of "highway business," to make good the deficiency of wages, and the musket often reposes in the fields by the side of the hoe and sickle. Recruits may thus be readily had at the back of every hedge, and "Abd-el-Kader's" host is capable of extension *ad infinitum*, by the accession of these *rateros*.

Meanwhile, though the robber-chief was resting on his oars, Don Ramon was not idle. Imbued with that strong vindictive spirit which is here a virtue, and which in his instance had all the sanctity of retributive justice, Don Ramon, with the aid of some of his Granada friends, like himself well armed and mounted, made frequent excursions in the direction of the Sierra, between Granada and Seville, and by the lavish distribution of his considerable wealth contrived to be always marvellously well acquainted with the haunts and quarters in which the robbers lurked, quietly awaiting his opportunity for reprisals. "Abd-el-Kader" had likewise his scouts in all directions, and the game which he at present pursued was that of personal security. But his men were too hungry and short-sighted to share his inactivity.

Three of the band issued from their mountain fastness, towards the end of October last, for a professional excursion in the skirts of Periana. The roads were deserted, and no richly-laden passenger appeared to reward their industry. In this predicament a well-stocked farm tempted them by its comfortable appearance; with gun on shoulder they entered, carried off whatever was most portable, and amongst the rest of the goods and chattels bore away most unaccountably

the person of the owner, one of the richest *labradores* of the district of Archidona.

Pinioning the farmer with one of his own halters, they bore him off through a remote village, of which no geographer nor gazetteer speaks, and which stands recorded on the face of no chart—no uncommon circumstance in Andalucía. The name of the village is Trabuco, and as the robbers with their victim were passing through its further extremity, the news reached the villagers, then assembled at mass: it was early on some great festival. “*Los Abd-el-Kaders!*” was the word, which went through the congregation with the rapidity and shock of lightning.

The poor villagers were struck aghast; the becoming bearing of men, or encountering the dangers of a pursuit, was the farthest thing from their thoughts. But it happened that amongst those nearest to the altar was Don Ramon of Granada, surrounded by his friends. Don Ramon leaped to his feet in an instant; his companions imitated his example.

Don Ramon harangued the villagers with all the impressiveness and power of intense emotion, and produced a visible effect upon the congregation. The priest at the altar was astounded at this energetic interruption to the sacred ceremonies, the clergy interposed with their authority, and the disturbance was quieted until the end of mass. Then all the males rushed forth from the portal of the church; Don Ramon's eloquence was perfectly successful. There was a hasty mustering of arms, an effective distribution of the forces, and a rapid issuing of orders. In less than half an hour they had overtaken the robbers

on the road, and rescued the poor *labrador*, who wept with joy on his deliverance, threw himself on his knees, and offered thanks to the Virgin for her protection, to which, with unshaken faith, he attributed his preservation, the day being one of her fasts.

The moment the robbers were separated from their victim, Don Ramon and the entire *posse* fired a volley at them, which stretched the three bandits dead at their feet! There being no regular administration of law or justice in Andalucía, the people Lynch for themselves. They likewise rewarded their fatigue with the spoils of the slain robbers, from whose persons they took numerous watches, rings, and other valuables—a fine morning's work, for which their appetite was apparently whetted by the hasty mouthful of devotion which they snatched in church. Don Ramon feasted himself upon the writhings and contortions of the dying bandits, who had caned him on the mountain, and reloading his gun, exclaimed—“*Tengo acá una bala para el Abd-el-Kader!*” “I have here a ball for Abd-el-Kader!”

Don Ramon's zeal was at last rewarded by a distant shot at his formidable adversary, but Napoleons, whether lawless or legitimatised, are not so easily disposed of. Our Spanish Abd-el-Kader was desperately wounded, and lay for dead in a ratero's\* cabin for many tedious hours. The charmed bullet which was to shorten his days was not yet cast, nor its spells pronounced. Navarro recovered, slowly and painfully, but yet recovered to the full robustness of his chequered sierra life. During the period of his illness, from

\* Single robber.

Granada to the Guadiana, and from the garden-plain of Córdoba to the Mediterranean seaboard, comparative quiet prevailed. The labrador's heart bounded with joy, and the Andalusian matron no longer hushed her babe with the formidable name of "Abd-el-Kader," a worse bugbear than the ordinary "*brí!*"

The great marauder was believed to be dead. Not so, however; in the early spring Navarro again flung himself on horseback; his name as powerful, his resources as inexhaustible as ever. Never did he muster so many followers, nor plan such grand expeditions. His first exploit was to command the great salt-contract guards to withdraw from their stores to Santa Ella. The chief commissioner remonstrated, but Navarro was inexorable, and commissioner and guards obeyed! "For he," said the commissioner in his report, "who is alone in the midst of a plain obeys a captain of horsemen, although it be against his will."

Warming and quickening with his own activity of movement, our Abd-el-Kader pushed with his marauders as far as Tudela, and at times carried his depredations into Upper Aragon. José Maria and the Cura Merino were his only genuine prototypes, and both were surpassed by the zeal and intelligence with which he always looked to the commissariat department. The best horses of Andalusía, of Morisco breed and true Arab stock, were seized for the service of his dashing band, and mounted thus far better than the government cavalry, Navarro and his freebooters set all pursuit at defiance. They passed like a whirlwind from district to district: they flew *á uña de caballo*, "at the uttermost speed of horse's hoof."

Never was robber more popular with the poor, a quality which he shared with all successful pursuers of the craft. His liberality to them was as boundless as was his desire to phlebotomize the rich man's plethora. His well-timed largesses secured him an army of scouts and spies in every district of the country. None was so well informed as "Abd-el-Kader," either of where prizes lay, or where the government forces were in quest of him. To surprise him was, therefore, next to impossible, and his unpleasant knack of catching wealthy proprietors, and exacting ransom, was indulged *ad infinitum*.

Few of these troops of robbers are without their stray priest or friar, who imparts a species of superstitious consecration to their proceedings. "Abd-el-Kader" has a disgowned priest nearly always at his side, and another chief robber of the Ronda, between Seville and Granada, has for his adviser both spiritual and temporal—his brain-piecer in concerting plans for stripping the lieges of their sinful worldly possessions, and the depository of such secrets as molest the robber's conscience—a noted freebooter, Fray José.

A similar sort of union was that between Robin Hood and Friar Tuck, and José, like the English friar, can upon occasions wield a bludgeon with any man in the Sierra. Whether his absolutions are as efficacious as his blows may, perhaps, be prudently doubted; but unquestionably these degraded clergymen, however irregular it be, give absolution to their violent comrades *in articulo mortis*.

The same peculiarities may be seen in every part of the Peninsula, and in Galicia a guerrillo band of sixty

men held its ground till the end of 1840, a principal leader of which was the friar Saturnino, alternating between warfare and common robbery, at one time figuring as Carlist Facciosos, at another as pure Ladrones. On the Sierra de Ronda, towards Granada, is a small mount with three crosses on the top, which in that robber-infested district is known as "El Calvario." The resemblance, though accidental, to the hill of Calvary is perfect, whence the popular name. It is in fact the memorial of three robbers shot there in a conflict with passengers.



## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## THE WOMEN OF SPAIN.

THE dark-eyed daughters of Spain make no bad wives and mothers, and upon ordinary occasions they prefer the unobtrusive position which is best adapted to their sex, not courting the perils and fatigues of public life, but limiting their duties to the rearing of good citizens, in accordance with the sentiment of Madame de Genlis: "Let men command, and manage the public affairs, since they are our defenders." But, when great occasions arise, or occasions esteemed great, no women in Europe so soon throw off their weakness, or are so willing to sacrifice themselves on the altar of their country.

There was more than one instance last year of their attending on husbands and brothers at the walls of Seville and Barcelona, exposing their lives to all the perils of a bombardment. This soil is rich in women: in ancient times it produced the daughters of Numantia and Saguntum, and from it sprang, in modern days, to the scarp of unconquered Zaragoza, the renowned Manuela Sancho, the terror of the hosts of Napoleon. If women in the courts of Spain have filled ignoble parts, and formed intriguing Camarillas, there were some even there to make themselves illustrious. And the great Isabel of Castile was indebted for the preservation of her existence to the Marquesa

de Moya, who acted as the faithful guardian of her person, and repeatedly exposed her life in her defence.

When the Spaniard is in love, she is terribly sincere. She is no dealer in ambiguities; no nibbler at petty improprieties; no empty and despicable flirt. She is in earnest, and expects you to be the same. The fires are lit in a volcanic bosom; they flash from eyes of electric glances; they rush from them in lava tears. At one moment you are awed by an impassioned tigress, at the next lured by the gentlest lamb. But the tiger for the most part predominates. "I am no Gazmoña," said a Spanish lady to me once. "Gazmoña" is their most intensely contemptuous expression for hypocrite. "I am no coquette, trust me; no vain and heartless impostor. *Viva Dios!* When love bites me, the Gitanas are saints by my side!" No, indeed, Leonor was no Gazmoña. The daring frankness of her language, the rapid freedom of her glances, the open simplicity of her manners, all proclaimed that she was no Gazmoña. Yet the breath of scandal had never sullied her name; though for this, I believe, she little cared.

You mistake if you conceive that the Spanish lady differs much in exterior manner from other ladies in the more highly civilised parts of Europe. No such thing. The influence of fashion, and the spread of superficial accomplishments, assimilate and conventionalise the general aspect of intercourse and manners more and more daily, in all European countries. But there is an intensity, a sincerity, and an artlessness of character here that you do not meet elsewhere. I must add my belief, too, without being tight-laced, that there is somewhat too much facility and *abandon*.

The children of the South are the children of passion, and of no part of the South of Europe is this more especially true than of the delicious skies and odoriferous bowers of the Andalucian paradise. The eyes of the daughters of Southern Spain are at once deeply tender and magnificently lustrous, and their hearts are as tender as their eyes, their souls as passionate.

Where the restraints of refined society are removed, and there is no pretension to the rank of lady, all these characteristics are seen in their natural play and full development. Loves and jealousies spring out here in the open air, in luxurious exuberance of branch and foliage, drinking the radiance of the diamond-rayed sun that bathes them in a sea of light—loves and jealousies which, in the North, in their fullest manifestations, are but slight and sickly plants. The blood courses fuller and freer here through the veins; no pallid complexions; no feeble, colourless eyes; no light, thin hair is seen. The organs are all matured and powerful; the eyes dark, large, and lustrous; the hair black, profuse, and strong; the cheek brown and richly tinted. I speak of the young, and of the generality, or of those who are tolerably good-looking. An aptitude for love is impressed on all their features, diffused over their forms, imparted by the very air they breathe, and by the sunshine with which it is impregnated.

Love forms a large part of the Andalucian woman's existence; it is mixed up with her daily avocations; it forms the essence of her amusements; it goes with her to church! But it would be a cruel and brutal thing to infer that it is an impure love—a love which

leads to criminal excesses. There are probably somewhat more frequent lapses—very few more—than occur in Northern Europe. But these lapses are readily accounted for by a variety of causes. He is an ignorant coxcomb who asserts that they are much more frequent: and these love passages, however ardent, have for the most part their legitimate conclusion in marriage.

But talk to me of an Andalucían fair, possessed by the demon jealousy! I have seen, I have known, I have felt the edge of the retributive knife. Fortunately it did not penetrate in a perilous direction, or these pages would never have seen the light. It was a perfect model, that, of a dangerous *cuchillo*, a blade six inches long, worn in the bosom of a high dress, standing longitudinally like a whalebone, or its steel substitute. In this sultry climate stays are very little worn, and not at all by the common people. Jacinta never wore such a thing, and would have despised the incumbrance.

It was for no coquettish purpose that she wore this steel support, but for needful protection; and, if required, to strike in revenge. A strong shagreen case was sewn into the bosom of her dress, where the poniard rested as in a sheath; and at the point, to prevent any accidental puncturing of the skin, was strongly stitched a small plate, likewise of steel. The handle was of ebony, bound round with brass wire to impart firmness to the grasp; and on the end was a plate of hollowed brass, to give purchase to the ball of the thumb, and assist its muscular energy, in the act familiar to all Spaniards of striking with the little

finger towards the antagonist, and striking upwards. The blade was from Toledo, which still retains its "trusty" reputation, neither inlaid nor damasked, but of the purest steel and finest temper; it was as sharp at both edges as at the point, and transpierced a dollar without bending.

Such was the familiar plaything of Jacinta of San Salvador's—the dangerous toy which dwelt habitually in her bosom, and whose presence there no one would have ever suspected—so uniformly erect was her figure, so firm her *à plomb*, so shapely her contour, and so sustained her movements. The perfect elasticity of the steel which composed the blade made it bend to the slightest pressure when she stooped; and thus, while it would protect her in case of need, it served the graceful uses of a corset. To think that death should repose so near the source of life! That so rigid and terrible a weapon should be enshrined on that charming wave—those throbbing pulses of delight!

Jacinta was, to my mind, the best dancer in Seville. Her seguidilla was enchanting; her fandango glorious; her olé had destroyed more *sombreros* than any foot in Andalucía—for none was so arched and bending as hers, or swelled upwards beneath the zagalejo\* so gracefully. The very musician used to fling his hat to be trod on at her triumphant conclusion of the dance, his enthusiasm involuntarily excited in the midst of cold routine. But while Jacinta was a very lovely dancer, she was also a very jealous woman; and where her pride stooped to repose her affections, no

\* Short petticoat.

empress could be more exacting. The whole heart laid at her feet in homage must be hers; she would not brook the faintest semblance of infidelity. How I stirred her jealousy need not be told, or how quick her poniard was unsheathed. But to the curious in such matters, I could show the trace it has left.

The eyes of this Andalucian beauty were like burning glasses—black, lustrous, and terrible in wrath; almond-cut, and in repose hiding liquid fires. When the lids were raised, when the soul spoke in your favour, when the electric circle was complete, and the full glance directed towards you, that rapid glance was irresistible. There was no knowing whither those comet-fires might whisk you. It were well, beneath this sun, for the bosom's peace, to be blind! If glances here have the quick flash of lightning, they can likewise scatter like lightning. The Andaluza is absorbing, merciless. Except amongst the higher classes, many women are as regularly provided with a knife as a rosario, and prepared to stab (if needful) as well as pray. The knives of the men here are of a peculiar make. When shut they are of great length, and open they are like a sabre. The name of this weapon is *navaja*; and the aim, when used, is invariably to rip up the entrails. I have already described Jacinta's *cuchillo*, which was worn in a peculiar manner. The Triana women and lower classes of Sevillians carry their knives, for the most part, like the Manolas of Madrid, in their garter. So attached do they become to this mode, that even Lola Montés, the dancer, was found to carry a knife thus the other day at Warsaw.

But some women faint at the sight of blood, and sicken at the thought of shedding it. Spanish women are not tigresses, any more than women elsewhere; but when their jealousy is roused, they will have their revenge, and perhaps resort to poison. A Córdovan had stimulated to implacable rage the jealousy of his wife. She swore to take him off by poison, and of this he was made aware. For ten years he never ate anything but the simplest food, nor drank any beverage but the clearest water, with which it was impossible that poison could be mixed without detection; and was thus a constrained follower of the Temperance principle, to the great benefit of his health. He survived his wife, who took the poison herself, and died out of pure spite.

The ideas of national manners, which are picked up from a few plays and novels, are in the highest degree delusive. Not less so are those derived from a brief and casual residence, or from desultory and imperfect conversation with the natives settled in foreign countries. But the most ridiculous of all pretensions, was that of a temporary denizen of Gibraltar, who in a company where I was present, professed his perfect competence to pronounce upon the most recondite mysteries of Spanish life, from having cantered once or twice into Spain! A Spaniard, who was present, replied with the cutting proverb: *Ma sabe el bobo del suyo que el cuerdo del ageno.* "The fool knows more of his own affairs than the wise man does of his neighbours."

In England, people suppose that no young Spanish woman is ever without her dueña. The fact is, that

the guardian companionship of an elderly female relation, or servant, is scarcely more general here than in England under similar circumstances. The ardour of Southern natures makes it a little more desirable and more frequent ; but the habitual corruption of dueñas exists only in the imagination of playwrights. The animal called a Chichisveo is not so frequent as the British fop, and dangles upon married ladies as as rife in London as at Madrid. The term is purely Spanish, being derived sarcastically from *chicha* or infant's food, and was exported during the domination of the Philips, from the Spanish to the Italian Peninsula, where it figures as *cicisbeo*. The amatory balcony life of Spain is not so common as it used to be, ladies now sallying forth into the streets as freely as in the North of Europe. There is, therefore, no need for the despairing devotion which never extended beyond a neighbouring balcony, though the tinkle of a guitar may still be often heard in the southern cities, accompanying, from a *balconcillo*, such strains as these :—

Coyundas tiene la Iglesia  
Que son lazadas de sirgo ;  
Por tu cuella en la gamella  
Verás como pongo el mio!  
Donde no, desde aquí juro  
Por el santo mas bendito,  
De no salir deste balion  
Sino para capuchino !

In the Church for tender folk  
There are ties of silk so fine ;  
Put thy neck, love, 'neath the yoke,  
See how soon I'll then put mine!  
If thou spurnest all my love,  
Ne'er from this shall I retire,  
By the blessed saints above,  
Save to be a shaven friar !

“Snow ! Snow ! What is snow like ?” I once was asked, by a beautiful girl, in Seville. “Is it like *sal*,\* is it like *manteca* ?†” “Like neither,” I

\* Salt.

† Butter.



replied. "Is it like my handkerchief?" she proceeded, doubling up one of cambric. I shook my head. "Is it like fine white paper? Like the downy feathers of an *oca*?\*" I smiled. Her southern ardour burst into inexpressible impatience, and "*por el amor de la Virgen*," she exclaimed, "tell me, show me what it is like!" "Bring me some hot water," I said. "*Ay Dios mio!* Hot water for cold snow." "Pray, bring the water." Away she went upon her errand, and I for my shaving-box and a good-sized basin. She returned in almost breathless haste, and reached down a large tin vessel, (jugs are scarcely known here) exclaiming "*Pues ahora!*"† I proceeded to make a lather with the shaving-brush. "What! are you going to shave?" she asked. Again I smiled, made prodigious lots of lather, and at last nearly filled the basin, the water in which diluted the lather and gave it a bubbled and frothy appearance. "*There's snow*," I said; and away she ran, delighted with her new-found treasure, to show it to all the family. During the preceding quarter of a century, snow had fallen but once at Seville, and that so late at night, that none but a lucky few saw it, so speedily was it melted in the morning sun. I acted merely the part of a Doctor de Nieve or mountebank, who sells fictitious snow at the Spanish fairs, and swears that it possesses extraordinary virtues.

"It is their sky and not their minds they change, who run across the sea:" so sings the Latin bard. I know not as to your mind, fair reader, (for this question peculiarly affects you,) but of one thing I am certain,

\* Goose.

† Now, then.

that you must change your petticoat. A flannel petticoat is a thing unheard of in this climate; and therefore the affecting scene, in which Rousseau's female friend stript herself of that garment to warm his body, would be here impossible. In summer even, a calico *vertugardin* is nearly out of the question; and in the coldest winter, ladies in the cut of this garment, do not go beyond the consistency of baize, rateen, or Espagnoletta.

The Andalucían Dama, or fine lady, is very fond of the companionship of her *perrito*—small dog—of gentle blood. The Italian greyhound, and the English spaniel of the King Charles's breed, are very highly prized. There are also still prettier spaniels of a genuine Spanish stock, very small, silken-eared, playful and monkeyish in their ways, and likewise diminutive hounds. The necks of these domestic favourites—the tricks little spaniel being always to be preferred—are usually girt with collars supplied with tinkling little bells of brass or silver—round and ornamented, as well as musical. These *cascabeles*—so they are called—make pleasant music in the patio and the street, and are often heard to tinkle on the church floor, whither the faithful little animal follows its mistress, and reposes, just behind her, at her feet, whilst she is praying. White, with cinnamon-spots, is the colour most preferred, or entirely white, or entirely black, or black with long brown ears.

In the midst of the high-sounding titles, “la Señora Doña This,” and “la Señora Doña That,” to which every lady is by courtesy entitled in Spain, and many whom we should not consider ladies, inferior actresses,

milliners, and the like, it is refreshing to meet an occasional simplicity of style, an old-fashioned, patriarchal dignity, which cares not to strut about with fine, but unauthorised titles. Those women who have lost their husbands go by the plain name of "Widow Such-a-one," a dowdy appellation, which, in our own refined society, would not be tolerated for an instant—indeed, would be interpreted into a deliberate insult—but which is here the chosen designation of all ladies who have lost their lords, unless they have actual rank in the peerage. I was struck by this circumstance on perusing the signature to a letter of the widow of the heroic but unfortunate General Riego, one of whose aides-de-camp in that last unhappy Andalucían expedition, is my bosom-friend. The letter was signed thus plainly, yet touchingly : "*Viudo del Riego.*"

The Spanish lady does not, like the English, merge her family-name in the name of her husband. Marriage does not, as it were, rebaptize her. She is still the same Doña Isabel de Villanueva, or Doña Eugenia de la Torre, that she was before she went to the altar. She is doubtless sometimes described as la Señora So-and-so, the family name of her husband, but rarely. So detested in Spain is the inelegant, and almost ridiculous "Missis," that English ladies who have been some years resident, almost invariably reject it, and make their friends call them "Doña Maria," or, "Julia," or whatever their names may be.

I cannot impress upon my readers too strongly, how judicious and elegant a reform it would be to substitute "Madame" invariably for "Missis." Try the

effect with the most aristocratic, as well as the most vulgar name. How much better does "Madame Plantagenet" sound than "Missis Plantagenet," "Madame Wiggins," than "Missis Wiggins!" The Spaniards use the word *miz! miz!* to call a cat.

I must warn all Englishmen breaking the ice in Spanish—and the Andalucian ladies are extremely fond of forcing strangers to speak Castilian, even though speaking French or English themselves—to beware of one particular blunder, into which an Englishman at first is sure to fall. Every second sentence in conversational language begins with "but," or "yet," or "still," of which "*pero*" is the Spanish equivalent. Take care to pronounce this *pair-o*; for it is a thousand to one that, but for this warning, your invincible English habits of speaking will place you at every third word in a ludicrous light towards the lady you are addressing, and make you blurt it forth, as if it were "*perro*"—*dog!*

Though we pronounce ourselves far in advance of Spain, there are points in which we might, with advantage, take a hint from Spanish customs. Spain has an illustrious order for distinguished female merit, and England has none.

This order was established by a Queen of Spain, and it is called "the Order of noble Dames of Maria Louisa." One of the first acts of the young Queen Isabel, after attaining to the plenitude of royal power, was to elevate to this dignity, her namesake, Doña Isabel Dominguez of Guevara, mother to the Minister of War, Serrano, from whom the new order of events may be said to have sprung at Barcelona; and likewise

to confer its cordon upon the Countess de Campo-Alange, relict of one of the bravest officers in modern Spain, distinguished alike in the Wars of Independence and Succession, who fell, while charging with characteristic ardour the Carlists before the walls of Bilbao. The same honour was afterwards conferred on the mother of the illustrious General Córdova.

What rank in England has the relict of statesman, judge, or general? What badge to denote that she was his? Four years since, a new Order of female Merit was much spoken of at home, and the crowd of brilliant female writers has increased since that period. Fair artists, too, have sprung up in considerable number. Are we to be outstripped by Spain in the recognition of eminent services rendered to our country by genius, valour, and wisdom?

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

## NATIVE DANCES—THE FAN.

Love is the true atmosphere of a Spaniard. It pervades his balmy climate, it radiates from his magnificent sky. It warms with the same irresistible glow the peasant's bosom, the hidalgo's, and the king's. Alfonso VIII. was from his boyhood a warlike monarch. Before a beard was seen to blossom on his chin, he had begun to display his military talents, to wage and to win battles. Yet he was well nigh excommunicated by that church which he so well defended (and the terrors of excommunication restrained him not), because of the idolatrous love which this tender-hearted king retained up to his death for the beautiful Jewess of Toledo. Think of a Catholic king having a Jewess for his mistress, in the age and country of intolerance, in the twelfth century, in Spain!

The orphan son of Don Sancho the Desired, and the grandson of Alonso the Emperor, deprived of his mother Blanca at four years old, tossed like a shuttlecock amidst the feuds of Castros and Laras, the Guelphs and Ghibellines of Spain, his dominions invaded by his uncle Ferdinand of Léon, forced to become a reigning king and warrior in his eleventh year, might well have some irregularities excused for such rough training. If he loved not wisely, he fought full well, winning deathless fame in the memorable

battle of Las Navas de Tolosa. And if he wore harness like a kingly warrior, he could also foot featly in palace hall and lady's bower his zarabandas with the Toledan beauty, La Judayca the graceful, by whom churchmen were so scandalized, having been celebrated and imitated all over Spain—for Alfonso was beloved from childhood.

Yes, love is the atmosphere of a Spaniard, and dancing is love's expression. He will go without bread, but will have his *Doña Luisa*; and on every *día santo* in the year (is not the number pretty well 400?) he will tread his seguidilla to the tinkle of the guitar and the clack of the castanet. The rage for the native dances, in Andalucía especially, is inextinguishable.

Not content with the opportunities afforded for enjoying this amusement in the little balls and dancing *réunions* held every week, and at the *Romerías*, fairs, and rural festivities, amateurs present themselves on the stage at Seville, Cadiz, and Granada, and perform their favourite dances for the benefit of popular actors. The Seguidilla, the Bolera, the Fandango, the Olé, the Manola, the Sevillana, nearly all are varied by numerous modifications; but the character of each is essentially national. The Bolera has maintained its ascendancy upon the Spanish stage beyond all competitors; and the most fascinating of this class is the Bolera Robada, at the close of which the swain unceremoniously ravishes a kiss.

A curious variety of the Bolera not yet known in England, is the Bolera Jaleada, in which the bystanders animate the dancers with their voices, as Spanish sportsmen cheer on their dogs by shouts. The

time is marked and the steps accompanied by a loud and strongly aspirated "*Hal-lal-la-lal!*" as if the design were to encourage the *figurantes* to greater exertions, and the effect where a numerous audience joins in the cry is most remarkable. Of all these dances, the Fandango is perhaps the most characteristic. It has often been described.

There is of late a great rage throughout Andalucía for the dancing of young girls; and in the smaller pueblos some juvenile dancers from Seville, called "*Las Mollares Sevillanos*," or "*The tender little Sevillian Danseuses*," have won such torrents of applause, as only burst from southern bosoms. This troop is to be seen at nearly every considerable festival, and the rigid sobriety of the people makes this pleasing art more passionately enjoyed.

The black-eyed sylphs (whom in England you would call children, but who here, at the age of their sovereign, are almost women), nearly always wear Gitana costume, though but few are real Gitanas. The true Gitana, however active and graceful, is rather despised, and, to win unbounded admiration, the artist must have neither Jewish, gipsy, nor known Moorish blood, but be a true-born Spaniard. Then may the national pride stoop to universal applause.

The first Bolera (*première danseuse*) in one of these troops, is Manuela Peroz, known as "*La Nenila*" or the little child—the smallest yet most accomplished dancer amongst them. This charming creature—a perfect divinity on the most reduced scale—accompanies and regulates every dance with guitar or castanets, and ends with the enchanting *Olé*.



A favourite dance all through Spain is La Jota Aragonesa, a peculiar movement of the maids of Zaragoza. The air by which it is accompanied is very spirited, and produces as great an effect upon the patriotic Aragonese as the Ranz des Vaches on the Swiss. The sounds are jumping, brisk, and electric, and even the adored Boleras of Andalucía are sometimes intermixed with this gay and animated dance. Next to Riego's Hymn the Jota Aragonesa is the most popular and stirring political tune in Spain, and has frequently produced effects little short of those to which the *Marseillaise* has given birth in France. The regular Jota is composed of eight dancers, four male and four female—the same number as in a full quadrille—but the contrast of style is most remarkable. The quadrille, as danced by us, is moping and gingerly, as if we were treading amongst eggs; while the Jota is, in the highest degree, lively, animated, and bounding.

Follow me over the bridge of boats at Seville, glancing as you pass at that heap of four thousand melons,—the finest in the world,—till we reach the suburb Triana. We enter that mean-looking house, which is crowded and lit up for festivity. What a scene! yet how truly national. Some three hundred of the mechanical classes are assembled in a rugged patio open to the air, the men and youths all dressed in the Majo jacket and sombrero; the girls, for the most part, in gipsy or half-fancy costume. There is a *maestro de ceremonias* who will make room for you as a stranger; and the music consists of one fiddle, two guitars, and castanets on the fingers of some twenty

crack dancers. In the centre of the floor near the *maestro* stands a bald-headed, tall, and lanky man of rank, noted at Seville for being so *fanatico por la danza*, that he is a constant attendant at all those gatherings. The lively and sarcastic wit of the Andalucians makes itself heard from all parts of the room in perpetual sallies, the principal interlocutors being a youthful and precocious Majo and a Titiritero or mountebank-showman. The Olé, the most charming of dances, is announced, and by a genuine Gitana. All is hushed.

When Rubí glided to the middle of the floor, there was a buzz of approbation, a murmur of delight, that plainly spoke her admitted superiority—that she indeed was the *bailadora* of the night. “*Incedit regina* ;” in that assembly she was acknowledged mistress. Rubí was in the very flower and bloom of youth—as yet rather opening than expanded. Of stature tall, but full and rounded to the limit consistent with grace, she was distinguished by remarkable smallness of the retreating parts of the figure, neck, waist, and ankles. The beautiful wave of her bust and shoulders was matched and balanced by the fulness beneath, where the development of her form was aided by the perfect freedom of her movements, as well as by habits of constant exercise. Rubí was the type of youthful womanhood.

Her *traje* \* was quaint and bizarre enough to arrest the most careless passer’s glance, yet graceful, if not elegant, and put on with singular taste. It was worn too with ease, and with a consciousness that it became

\* Costume.

her—excellent qualities both. Rubí was a perfect artist, for she knew the value of effect. Her robe was a Gitana dress of yellow, blue, and white, with a zig-zag scroll-work in black running across the bosom and along the bottom of the skirt in numerous tucks.

This singular adornment was evidently a reminiscence of the Arabesque scroll-work in the neighbouring Alcazar; and as her skirt waved and bounded, the figures looked like Arabic characters, making her movements cabalistic and mysterious. From the apex of each lower angle of the scroll hung a small ball, likewise black, which whirled fantastically with the motions of its mistress; and every portion of her dress, as well as figure, seemed endued with a strange and mystic life.

It needed no warmth of imagination or fancy to rivet the eye upon Rubí. A coronet of flowers and ribbons, intertwined with a wild negligence, caught up and confined the masses of her profuse black hair, two bracelets sparkled upon each arm, two necklaces upon her throat and bosom, large crescents of gold were tremulously pendent from each ear, and a locket, likewise of gold, rested coquettishly over the left breast. As she reached the centre of the floor, she gave a slight turn, and turned again in the contrary direction—her arms gracefully rounded, and her fingers playing the enticing castanets. The cross twist caught up her short, full skirt, and exposed the *pantorrilla* \* to the top of the gold-wrought clasp of her lilac silk stocking.

\* Calf of the leg.

“*O lé!*” exclaimed the quick Andalusian crowd.

A purer outline than Rubí's limbs, sculptor has seldom modelled. Sinewy and muscular, yet delicately fine, rounded, and tapering to small extremities, the *garganta*, or bosom of her foot (for by this elegant metaphoric language is the instep of beauty described in Spain), was a jewel to the eye, so exquisitely was it arched; and the foot itself was pressed, without being tortured, into a shoe of singular smallness. The sleeve of the parti-coloured robe descended only a few inches down the arm, unfolding to view the rosy elbow and the dazzling shapeliness of limb. All was firm, if not so white, as alabaster. Her dress, without being indelicately low, displayed her magnificent shoulders, kissed by her soft and floating tresses, of the glossiest black and the thickest exuberance.

Rubí's features were worthy of such a form. Her aspect was decidedly oriental; her air of singular command was due in part to a lofty and expansive forehead, completing the perfect oval of her face. Her colour was a rich and sunny brown, and the warm blood coursed almost visibly beneath the transparent skin, tinging her cheek with the glow of health and joyousness, and reddening her ripe and humid lips, which looked like coral lifted from the sea. Her chin was somewhat prominent and exquisitely rounded, her nose slightly aquiline and modelled with the utmost delicacy, the fine nostril and the short upper lip in constant play and motion (true index of acute feeling), and a small and rosy mouth enshrining a row of pearls.

But what gave to her face its indelible character,

and made it such a face as once seen is never forgotten, was the large, lustrous, and magnificent eyes—black, not in the conventional sense of our northern beauties, but blacker than night, or jet, or coal. An intense depth of dazzling, soul-piercing blackness—eyes of immense volume and roll, now soft as dew, now keen as lightning, fringed with long silken lashes of raven hue. What human power is comparable to the influence of such eyes! *Ojos bellidos, ojos de buey!*\* Homer understood their effect when he made heaven and earth bow to ox-eyed Juno. To add to the singular expression of this feature in Rubí, besides being itself of an almost inordinate size, the pupil occupied so large a space with its black brilliance in the midst, that the bluish-tinged white of the eyeballs was scarcely seen except when in the frequent play of the feature the iris was turned aside. Rubí was the true-born child of a southern clime, and her glance had a magnet's power.

“*Buena va la danza! Buena va la danza!*”† exclaimed the precocious Majo, clapping his hands, with sparkling eyes and nostrils dilated with delight. “The Gitanilla opens it *à las mil maravillas.*”‡

“She has a trick of the heel,” said the Titiritero, “worth my sombrero-full of dollars. The rest are but wooden pegs to her, for I love to clear my throat, and to crow my mind aloud. *Caramba*, I never would bite my tongue!”

“You had better hold it.”

“At this blessed hour of God, she's one of the best

\* Beautiful eyes, eyes like the ox's!

† Well goes on the dance. ‡ To the thousand wonders.

dancers in Andalucía." This utterance of the sacred name was meant in no irreverence, but is here habitual.

"An old one shaking his bones," proceeded El Titiritero, amidst roars of laughter, "is more pleasant than proper; but fresh (as we Andaluzes say) neither smells nor stinks. Palafox would mar a fandango now, though he got up a stirring dance at Zaragoza."

The last hit told singularly well, the old Vestris on the floor having been a captain under Palafox, now Duke of Saragossa, at the famous siege.

But admiration of Rubí's movements soon absorbed all other feelings; and as she warmed in her joyous and flinging evolutions, the *O lé*, an ejaculation of delight, from which the dance derives its name, burst rapidly from every lip. Round and round she bounded, her arms elegantly arched, her figure magnificently sustained, the *agaçante* castanet answering sharply to every movement of her twinkling feet. Now she proudly bore herself back, now bent eagerly forward, now turned within narrow compass on the floor, waving her haunches like a true gitana, and flinging out her feet alternately to a stupendous height—for the dance, a compound of the fandango and cachucha, is more absorbing than either. At its characteristic close some twenty sombreros from the heads of admiring Majos flew round her on the floor, and were bent and trodden by her triumphant feet—this part is indispensable—while "*O lé!*" was shouted by a hundred voices, and all were in a whirl and furor of delight.

Old Palafox seemed more enchanted than any in the assembly, though he was obliged to procure from an aguadero a glass of cold water to allay a swelling on his chin, where Rubí, in one of her majestic flings, had kicked him; and the mountebank, filching and munching from a Turroneiro's basket a small cake made of almonds and honey, with a sarcastic leer at the maliciously-treated veteran, hummed the words :—

“ Corazon es una cosa,

Ay Dios, que no se come !”

“ Heart is a thing folks cannot eat ;

Heart is not food, although 'tis meat !”

A fair here is a serious thing—lasting generally for a month. It is so likewise throughout Spain, from the feast of the Pillar at Zaragoza, to that of Santiago, in Galicia. Religion, dancing and marketing, go hand in hand at these long gatherings—three graces linked, as it were, material and spiritual. It is impossible not to perceive here again an oriental phase of society—a primitive and patriarchal state, where well supplied towns are rare, and communication slow and unfrequent. The annual fair becomes thus indispensable, and the scattered population meet to barter, make love, acquaintanceship, and money. Dancing is a perennial plant at the feasts and fairs of Andalucía, and the stimulating castanet rattles to the treble of the mule's bell.

The wonderful grace of the fan is nowhere understood but in Spain. Armed with it the coquette is arrayed in panoply of proof. Cupid should be painted with a fan-like quiver. The *abanico* is so essential a

part of the Spanish fair, that an English beauty without her bustle would be more at home. It is her kill-time, her kill-pain, her kill-pretty-fellow. Its crescent, growing and waning all within a second, has more enchantment than the moon's, and has quite as important a position in astronomy. For it is at once the coquette's observatory, quadrant for taking a lover's longitude, kometensücher or searcher for brilliant eccentrics, eclipser of her own radiant countenance, and admirable telescopic assistant. There is a magic in it and an influence little short of the diabolical.

As the hands of the Andaluzas are invariably pretty, and their arms, for the most part, finely proportioned, and always—even in the streets—naked to the elbows, it displays these graces to perfection. It assists the artillery of the eyes, by first hiding and then unveiling their full overpowering flash. It is eloquent to express what lips may not reveal.

There is nothing in fact which a well-educated fan cannot say—and, unlike its mistress, who can talk but one language, it can readily converse in twenty. At church it is a great assistant to devotion, for its evolutions as regularly accompany every *padre nuestro* as the twisting of the beads in the Rosario. Out of church it is the grand exponent in the absorbing art of love. The delicate hands of the Gaditanas, the most beautiful women of Spain, on the Alameda of Cadiz, open and shut this enchanting toy with a coquetry quite seductive.

The use of the fan is an art which, like pianoforte playing or dancing, can never be learned unless you



begin in early youth, when the hands are flexible as wax, and the imitative and perceptive faculties perfect. I have tried it for hours under a fair preceptress—for the fans of Spain are peculiarly difficult—and never could either open or shut it without the aid of both hands. It is done by an effort so easy as to be invisible. Strange that so much grace should be displayed in so slight a toy—that it should concentrate such electric force in a touch—the familiar *abanicazo*.

As umbrella-making is ever a thriving business in our lugubrious climate, fan-making is carried on with equal and indispensable activity in these sunny regions. Every town contains at least one *abaniqueria*, or extensive fan-factory; and it is a sufficient index of the excessive sultriness of summer, and the extensive calls for this article of manufacture, that the men fan themselves in the *cafés*.

It is a curious fact that the Spanish language contains no word corresponding to the term *coquette*; and if you remark this circumstance to a well-informed Spaniard, he will generally answer, that formerly in Spain there were no women of this odious character, and that now that they are to be found in Spanish society they have no name assigned to them. There is some truth in this, though with the accustomed exaggeration. Sincerity and artlessness are undoubtedly, for the most part, characteristic of the daughters of Spain, though the now universal practice of resorting to public walks in the evening has done much to destroy this beautiful candour. There is more coquetry, I believe, on the *Alameda* of Cadiz, than at any other

public resort in Europe, beyond the limits of Paris. The nearest approach to the term "coquette" in the Spanish language is *galanceta*, which rather signifies "pretty miss." The word *coqueta* is indeed to be found, but belongs exclusively to the Aragonese dialect, and signifies (oddly enough) a slap on the palm of the hand.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

## THE BATTLE OF THE PETTICOATS.

AMONGST the most remarkable incidents of the siege of Barcelona in September and October last, was an assault upon the gates by an army of 6000 women! At the commencement of the siege the female population and children retired from the city, unwilling to expose themselves unnecessarily to the tremendous operations which were about to ensue, and retired, as usual with the sex, with no small noise, confusion, and disorder.

Anticipating a speedy termination of the siege, and in no degree prepared for that unparalleled resistance of the ragged Patulea which has made this event for ever memorable, they withdrew from the walls in their summer clothes, which the intense heat that prevailed in the early part of September caused to be of the thinnest description. But before the end of October a premature winter set in, the weather became wet and bitterly cold, and the matrons and daughters of Barcelona, shivering in the blast, and suffering from the frequent rains, against which their gossamer garments were a miserably poor preparation, hourly besieged the quarters of the Captain-General, Don Lorenzo Sanz, and implored permission to enter the city and carry away from their houses those articles of

clothing and other necessities, for themselves and children, which the occasion made indispensable.

This permission was at first refused on grounds of policy, but fresh petitions being subsequently poured in, and the utmost earnestness of entreaty employed to bend the commander's determination, Sanz yielded at last, and published a general *bando*, by which females were permitted to enter Barcelona upon that day only, and three points of approach were assigned—the Puerta del Angel, or principal gate, San André, and the Cruz Cubierta, or Covered Cross.

A great fault committed by Sanz, and one which led to subsequent disasters, was his remissness in not consulting the Junta of Defence within the walls of Barcelona in the first instance, and making sure of their permission to enter. It was lazily assumed that the Junta could offer no opposition to the design, as the parties who sought to be admitted consisted exclusively of the wives, sisters, and daughters of the belligerent inmates of the city. But the Barcelonese warriors regarded the intrusion as not only suspicious but a positive snare, and were clearly of opinion that it was connected with a plan of the besiegers to surprise the city—a result rendered by no means improbable by the familiar treachery of partisan warfare; and upon this surmise the defenders of the Catalan capital acted rather vigorously, as the result will show.

The time assigned for entering the city was between the hours of seven and eight in the morning, and all were to have left the gates on their return by five o'clock on the same evening, after which hour it was announced that stragglers would be fired on. Parti-

cular limitations were stated, and stringently enforced. No letters or newspapers were allowed to be carried for the insurgents' perusal, and no provisions were permitted to enter. The women were searched beforehand to make sure of their compliance with these orders, and in all other respects the severities of a strict blockade were rigorously enforced.

But while these preparations for a peaceful inroad were going on without the walls, the Barcelonese within were sternly resolved to allow not even their household gods to enter; their women were regarded, as would that Adam had looked on his in Paradise, in the light of a satanic snare; they dreaded lest their valour should ooze from their lips in tender salutes, and their heroism melt like snow in the warm embrace of their too long separated beauties, whose southern ardour would be more than a match for the firmness of Coriolanus; they thought—that is, the few classics amongst them thought—of the Trojan horse and his bellyful of warriors, they twitted their mischievous Helens on the wall, and dreaded Narvaez's forces, "*et dona ferentes.*"

Their scouts had made them aware of the enterprise; and whether it be true or not, as alleged by the partisans of Sanz, that that general had forwarded to the Junta, on the evening previous, a copy of his order for permitting the women to advance—a fact which is generally denied, and which places Sanz's conduct in rather an odious light—they had come to the firm resolve that the d—l a petticoat should enter!

On the morning fixed for the movement, this singu-

lar array of full 6000 women, all huddled and blended together in most unmilitary confusion, was seen to proceed from Gracia and the surrounding villages, with hearts not a little tremulous, yet apparently undaunted, in the direction of the hostile wall.

Some had come, through a stormy night, a distance of twenty miles. The pinching cold gave them impulse, if not courage, and the thought of enwrapping their limbs in the comfortable mantas within, and binding round their waists their warm Zagalejos, sustained the sinking hearts of the weak, and gave tenfold boldness to the viragos of the party.

Courage is no rare quality amongst the female Barcelonese, any more than amongst their fair neighbours of Zaragoza ; and few were the bristling lines of bayonets which the majority were not prepared to face in that cutting October weather, for the spectre of a shawl or the shred of a petticoat ! They passed the advanced posts of the army, they encountered the grinning muzzles of the great guns on the wall, they marched undaunted to the gates.

What was their surprise and dismay to perceive that these were inexorably closed against them, and to hear from the sentinels that they could on no account be admitted. Had the harrowing act of cruelty been sworn to them beforehand, they could not have believed it. Their blankets, their shawls, and their petticoats ! Their petticoats, their shawls, and their blankets ! Were they to be left to shiver and to starve in the outer world, and their ever-loving lords to be the heartless dragons, by whom permission for one single hour, to seek these needful articles of

clothing, was to be sternly refused? It could not be. The ghosts of their emaciated limbs would cry to La Mancha's sheep for vengeance! Well might it be said that their husbands wore the petticoats, if they kept them to themselves inside the city, and would not even give a skirt to their dames.

Their eloquence, alas! was wretchedly unsuccessful, and like true Barcelonesas, they proceeded at once to more energetic demonstrations, but were rudely repulsed by the guard. Their rage now became ungovernable, and their feelings were raised to the highest pitch of resentment. They resorted, without delay, to vigorous *vias de facto*,\* and determined to effect an entry by force. The sentries held their bayonets in charge, and placed the savage points in unpleasant proximity with their assailants' persons. But this was no new sight for Barcelonesas, and only served to exasperate them afresh.

The more fish-fag and determined of the invading army despised the little weapons of the defenders of the city, dashed aside their bayonets, and leapt upon the astounded sentries. Not mad Bacchantes played such pranks; not Lupercalian roysterers kept themselves warm in the still colder month of February by such furious antics in honour of uncouth Pan.

They mangled the citizen-soldiers' faces, tore their hair, damaged their eyes, and covered their cheeks with scratches; threw them on the ground, disarmed them, rushed over their panting bodies, and flung their muskets in the ditch! The Junta of Defence, and improvised authorities of the city, became seriously

\* Overt acts of violence.

alarmed, two battalions of Patulea were called out to reinforce the ordinary guards and pickets, and the gunners were sent to the ramparts. The women showed fight with a determined valour which deserves to be immortalized, and proves that those who performed such exploits for no loftier prize than a petticoat, would have probably outmatched both Greeks and Crusaders in a nobler cause. And yet what nobler than that peculiar garment which the French call *vertu-gardin*, "The Shield of Virtue!"

"*Furor arma ministrat.*" The ladies took off their stockings and filled them with stones. They brandished these formidable weapons round their heads, and wielded them like life-protectors. At every blow a bearded soldier fell. Others, who preferred a serviceable shawl to the flimsy mantilla, tied a ponderous stone in one end, and from the other plied it as a flail. Others, again, made sacks perform the functions of mallets, and baskets of basket-hilted swords, sacking the town with the former weapon, and carrying it by storm with the latter. Nay, it was said that one Amazon with a basket made a rival soldier "hop the twig." Some with their nails did terrible execution, and all performed prodigies of valour with their tongues. Veterans fled from the aspect of their enraged dames, and the voices of the assailants were more potent to scare the defenders than a battery of field-artillery. For half an hour these new and unheard-of hostilities raged with unremitting violence, and Barcelona trembled to its foundations.

The Patulea dreaded an advance of the Captain-General, who was doubtless, they thought, prepared



to take advantage of the prevalent confusion; so they resolved to "*acabar la guerra.*" Three pieces of artillery were accordingly fired at the hostile army of Amazons, and the two battalions of Patulea followed up this decisive demonstration by the discharge of several volleys of musketry in quick succession.

No flock of wild geese, alarmed by the fowler, ever fled in greater precipitation; away they scampered, matron and maid, in the confusion of a general panic, and never halted till they reached the main street of Gracia, more than half a league distant, the head-quarters of the Captain-General. Loud and bitter were the execrations poured upon this functionary's head for not making sure of their favourable reception before he issued his general order. Happily, though many were scratched, and some slightly wounded, not one amongst the whole army of 6000 met with a serious mishap.

The *patulea* are not ceremonious, but none were brutes enough for that. The cannon were loaded, and so was the musketry, but both were fired over the assailants' heads; so that the angels were merely fluttered and frightened, dragged a good deal in the mud through which they plunged topsy-turvy in their precipitate flight, and scratched a little in the face by the onslaught of their inordinate valour.

The only serious part which remains to be told is, that these unhappy women were left for a month longer shivering and starving in the cold and wet, with no protection either of clothing or bed-furniture to preserve them from the inclemencies of a rigorous winter. Subscriptions were opened for their assistance,

and some useful aid was afforded by a Junta of Relief. But all might have been avoided had Sanz acted with the commonest discretion; and some English were hotly persecuted for unburthening their minds on the subject.

END OF VOL. 1.

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